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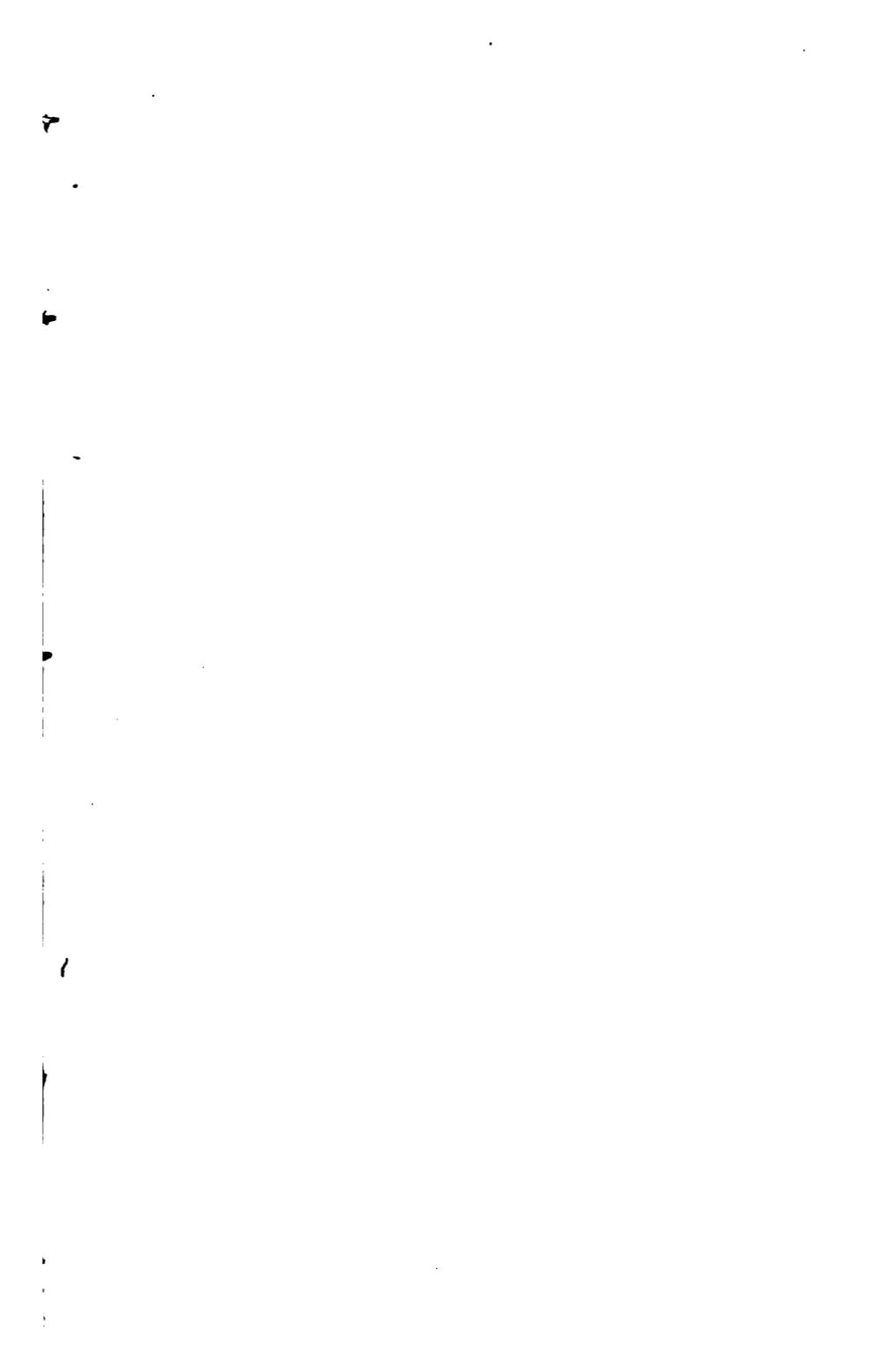
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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

## HISTORIC SCENES.







Painted by J. Mayes June 1846

Engd by F. G. Lewis. Engd to the Queen.

Agnes Strickland

# HISTORIC SCENES

AND

## POETIC FANCIES.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF

“LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.”

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## PREFACE.

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THIS volume contains my earliest literary productions, written when the vivid feelings and perceptions of a young heart and ardent imagination found their natural language in poetry. Some of these are perhaps already known to the reader, having appeared anonymously, with my initials; and, when I grew bolder, with my name. The titles and subjects of many of them have been unscrupulously appropriated; and, in more than one instance, entire poems have been claimed by persons who certainly never saw them till after they were in print. Under these circumstances, I have been induced to gather

these scattered leaves together, and publish them in a form that may enable me to vindicate my claims to the original and genuine authorship of "The Life-Boat," "The Seven Hearts of Condé," and others of my pirated poems. Blended with these will be found many that have never before appeared, written after the season of the *beau ideal* had been succeeded by that of reflection, and the romance of youthful fancy chastened and sobered down by the experience and realities of life, and the lessons which a long series of years spent in the investigation of the evidences of historic truth could scarcely fail to impart.

Such as the volume is, I venture to hope that it may prove an acceptable offering to all "gentle readers," especially those of "The Lives of the Queens of England," and that, like that work, I may have the happiness of seeing it in the hands of the youthful members of a family as well as in those of their parents.

Her late Majesty Queen Adelaide having been graciously pleased to accept the dedication of this

volume, with the gratifying expression “That she should feel proud of seeing her name connected with any of my writings,” I inscribe it as a tribute of grateful respect and admiration to the honoured memory of that amiable and much-lamented Princess, who, in her death, as in her life, afforded the brightest example of Christian holiness, and must ever be regarded as one of the best, and certainly the most faultless, of our Queens.

*Reydon Hall, Suffolk.*



REYDON HALL, SUFFOLK.

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## HISTORIC SCENES.



## HISTORIC SCENES.

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### THE SISTER CITIES OF THE THAMES.

DRAW back the dusky curtain of the Past,  
And cast a retrospective glance with me  
O'er the twin cities, London, Westminster,  
And intermediate hamlets, which are now  
Blent in one overgrown Metropolis.  
Pause, and survey them as they once were seen,  
In days of old—days never to return--  
When royal Saxon monarchs founded first  
Their pleasant palace by the silvery Thames,  
And Thorney Island saw a second time  
The stately Abbey, in her wild morass,  
Upear its massy fabric, destined yet  
To third revival, in more glorious form,  
By that quaint, much-abused Plantagenet.\*

\* Henry III.

b 2

Who made the western minster what we see,  
Unmatched memorial of his life and reign,  
Which hath for many a century survived  
The blood-bought conquests of his warlike son,  
And every proud achievement of his race;  
Yea, all the changes those six centuries  
Have wrought in this o'ercrowded wilderness.  
Sweet sylvan names, as if in mockery,  
Cleave to the noisome, pestilential haunts  
Of crime, and its attendant, squalid want.  
Field lane and Saffron hill, where grew of yore  
The autumn crocus in its purple pride,  
Freshly and free, without the city walls.  
Swart labyrinths of horror! who may dare,  
Even in thought, to analyze the change?  
The lane of Rosemary retaineth now  
No savour of the fragrant herb of grace,  
Which furnished posies to adorn the bier  
When youth and beauty, in their purity,  
Were borne to virgin graves bedecked with flowers.

There was a garden once on Holborn hill,  
Where Ely's bishop grew good strawberries,  
In the fifth Edward's reign (as Shakespere tells)  
Which that sore-bullied prelate, Doctor Cox,  
To calm the ireful wrath of maiden queen,  
And save his threatened rochette, did resign  
To greedy Hatton, after long debate;  
Yet still insisted on his privilege  
To take a floral quit-rent, roses red,

Full twenty bushels gathered ere o'erblown,  
In Ely-place, his see's fair appanage.  
Who dreams of roses in its purlieus now?  
Where is the line of summer palaces  
That graced the Strand? their gay parterres beset  
With daffodils, and pinks, and jessamines,  
Which garlanded old Thames, from fair Whitehall  
Down to the nether Temple, in the days  
Of our proud Tudor monarchs and their peers.  
Those stately terraces now slope adown  
In steep and narrow streets of merchandize  
To the black busy wharf.

## Elizabeth

Would never recognise the sites where she  
Feasted with Essex, and held councils grave,  
At Burleigh-house, with her sage minister  
And his small wily son; from whom the names  
Of Cecil and of Salisbury streets derived,  
Defining still the ancient boundary  
Of that historic ground, their fair domain.  
Bridewell, the vagrant's penal home, was once  
A stately palace, where our monarchs held  
Blithe revels with their courts at festive times,  
Or with their royal queens, at Lenten-tide,  
Went daily forth to hear black friars sing  
Matins and vespers song, and duly paid  
Their Easter offerings at Powle's ancient fane.  
Sometimes it liked them at the pulpit cross,  
Among their lowly lieges, to attend,  
And take their station, on the Sabbath noon,

To hear the Boanerges of the day,  
Who preached, beneath the canopy of heaven,  
With stormy eloquence, to eager crowds—  
His theme no abstract dry philosophy,  
Dull doctrine of the schools, or dogma nice,  
For subtle casuists to define, and half  
Disprove in proving, but truths practical  
Which those who run might clearly comprehend,  
And stand excuseless for their wanderings,  
After the faithful shepherd had proclaimed  
God's judgments against sin, their need to strive  
For his restraining grace, by frequent prayer;  
And keep themselves unspotted from the world,  
Amidst the strong temptations which beset  
Man's soul in its terrestrial pilgrimage.

Where is the cross at Charing, fondly raised  
By our first Edward, in his love and grief,  
To consecrate to holiest use the spot  
Where rested in its progress to the tomb,  
The bier of his Castilian Eleanore ?  
Charing and murky Bloomsbury had then  
Green lawns and fruitful orchards, where men sought  
For sabbath quiet after work-day toils.  
Blithe children gathered daisies in the fields  
Of Martin and St. Giles, the people's parks;  
And city prentices braced quivers on,  
And fettled yew-tree boughs, to try their skill  
In feats of archery at Lambeth Butts,  
At Easter and gay Whitsun holidays,

When manly sports united all degrees.  
And gentle ladies, too, looked on and smiled,  
And spake kind words to him whose arrow pierced  
The painted popinjay, at quintain won  
The pendant ring, or made the luckiest hits  
At foot-ball or the golf, with gallant force.  
Fair maids and youthful bachelors stole forth,  
At peep of day, to catch their Valentines,  
And kept their random plight inviolate,  
Till Cupid's anniversary returned.  
Our bluff King Hal and his first royal Kate,  
While yet the mist hung grey on Shooter's Hill,  
And dewdrops glistened on each trembling spray,  
Rode forth a-Maying, with their jocund court,  
In the green meads and hawthorn glades of Kent,  
Attended by a motley company  
Of loving lieges, from gay London town,  
Who came to bid good Morrow to his grace,  
And shouted with delight to see him wear  
The first-found blossoms of the merry month—  
A goodly prize, I ween, to him who brought  
The welcome offering to the jovial king.

Where are thy garlands now, delicious May?  
Who honours thee with old observances?  
Bold Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck,  
Are banished clean—thy queens remain uncrowned,  
Thy milkmaids have forgot their choral songs,  
And merry dances, 'neath their pyramid  
Of glittering measures, scoured more silvery bright,

And heaped with flowers for that blithe holiday.  
Fall'n is the towering May-pole in the Strand,  
Once quaintly framed, in fashion of a mast,  
With flowery ropes, and sails emblazoned bright,  
And yards all gaily decked: but when complete  
The giant shaft lay prostrate in the dust,  
Baffling, in sooth, Cockaigné's utmost power,  
To rear it up aloft, till York's bold duke,  
The sailor prince, old England's darling then,  
Came, with his laughing shipmates, to their aid,  
And planted it amidst exultant cheers.

The tide of population had not swelled  
Above the quota fondly then esteemed  
A nation's wealth, nor human life become  
So rank a weed as statesmen deem it now  
That Mammon rules the land, and drives a car,  
More merciless than that of Juggernaut,  
O'er all the gracious sympathies which knit  
The social bonds of this extended chain,  
Of teeming life, in links of brotherhood.  
How widely severed now! when strange extremes  
Of splendour and of abject misery  
Jostle each other in our crowded streets.  
Not peace and mercy, but their opposites,  
Scorn and fierce hatred, meet, and are held back  
From open outrage by that feeble curb,  
Which both uneasily obey—the law!  
What is it when fell anarchy stirs up  
Her frenzied millions to resist its power?

A twisted cobweb on the lion's mane.  
Who doth not, in the present state of things,  
Recal the mystic symbol which dismay'd  
The slumbers of the Babylonian king,  
In the prophetic visions of the night,  
The giant image with its golden head  
And brazen body, limbs of iron, based  
On clay foundations, crumbling 'neath the might  
Of that incongruous fabric. Such, alas,  
Swift tottering to its fall, we now behold  
Our once united, free, and happy land!  
Where is the high, ennobling spirit flown  
Which sweetened toil, lent brave Adversity  
The martyr's smile, and taught Prosperity  
To feel and use its privilege aright:  
By making others happy, comforting  
The sad in heart, and cheering labour's sons—  
Not with degrading alms, but fellowship  
In all the hopes and pleasures which endear  
The name of country to a patriot heart?

But when will Mammon's blinded worshippers  
Perceive their peril, legislators learn  
That selfish ends and aims must ever lead  
To self-destruction? Those who sow the storm  
Must reap the whirlwind as their recompence.  
Lo! Avarice in every thoroughfare,  
Hath raised and multiplied with fell delight  
Her garish temples to the Power of ill:  
Where day and night his votaries decoy

Deluded thousands, and make merchandize  
Of souls of men. Ah! not of men alone,  
For childhood serves apprenticeship to sin  
In those unhallowed courts, and woman comes,  
With glaring eye and forehead unabashed,  
To quaff the liquid fire that drowns remorse,  
And sends her forth a creature doubly lost.  
Shall not the cry of those unhappy ones,  
The suicidal multitudes—who drink  
Madness and death in licensed marts of crime,  
And barter faith and hope for endless woe—  
Arise accusingly before the throne  
Of heavenly justice, 'gainst the guiltier few,  
Who, for the sake of lucre, spread the snare,  
And all who see the ill and sanction it?

THE SISTER CITIES OF THE THAMES.

HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

WHAT theme can be more replete with interest, both in a moral and national point of view, than the historic associations connected with the rise and progress of the sister cities of the Thames? The fact that Christianity is the mother of civilization and statistic prosperity, can scarcely be more fully demonstrated than by calling to remembrance what the western nucleus of our present mighty metropolis was before Sebert, the first Christian king of Kent, planted the earliest Christian Church (the original Westminster Abbey) on the ruins of a heathen temple in the wild morass, anciently called Thorney Island. This desolate tract derived its name from the tangled brambles with which it was covered, and was inclosed between the Thames and Long Ditch, a slender tributary, which, diverging from the parent stream between the spot now occupied by Manchester-buildings, and the south of Privy-gardens, Whitehall, wound its way westward, in the direction of the present Tothill-street, and

curving to the south, formed the extreme boundary of a pigmy isle, then the haunt of the heron and the otter alone, but destined to become the seat of royalty and learning, in fact, the cradle of the laws and liberties of the embryo Britannic empire, and the scene of the most important events in the gradual progression of that empire to its present gigantic importance. The date of the earliest royal palace in Thorney Island is lost in extreme antiquity. Edgar the Peaceable speaks, in one of his grants, of his "new palace at Westminster." Edward the Confessor died in that apartment of the House of Lords since known by the name of the Painted Chamber. It is a curious fact, that the only approach to that ancient abode of royalty and learning was by water, up to the close of the eleventh century, when the first connexion between Thorney Island and the main land was effected by the consort of Henry I., "Matilda, the Good Queene," who, among her other statistic improvements, built a bridge over Long-ditch, in King-street, at the east end of Gardener's-lane. The sewer in Downing-street is the last trace of this stream, Princes-street occupying the ground forming the main channel of Long-ditch.

That the first printing-press in England was erected in Westminster Abbey, by William Caxton, in Edward IV.'s reign, is a circumstance, as connected with that venerable pile, more worthy of remembrance than the legend of the fisherman and St. Peter, which we are told induced the royal founder, Sebert, to build the humble prototype of our stately Abbey on so apparently unpromising a site as Thorney Island. The story is as follows:—A humble Christian convert, a fisherman, on whose mind the history of St. Peter and the miraculous draught of fishes, had made a deep impression, dreamed, or fancied, while he was watching his nets by moonlight on the

broad bosom of the Thames, opposite that spot, that St. Peter appeared to him, in his rude coracle, and charged him with a message to King Sebert, enjoining him to found a church in Thorney Island, and dedicate it to him. Sebert, without cross-questioning St. Peter's envoy, too closely, obeyed the requisition, perceiving, no doubt, capabilities in the spot. The conventual brethren whom he placed there drained and reclaimed the morass, as a necessary preliminary to the foundation of the abbey, under the auspices of Miletus, Bishop of London, who also restored St. Paul's, the more ancient cathedral of the eastern city of the Thames, London.

King Sebert's royal foundation in Thorney Island was scarcely completed, ere it fell a prey to the destructive fury of the invading Danes, by whom it was burned down. It was rebuilt in the year 961, by Edgar the Peaceable, assisted by his ecclesiastical minister and architect, Dunstan, and was again restored, greatly ornamented, and further endowed by Edward the Confessor.

The Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns, and their foreign prelates introduced a more magnificent style of architecture than the simple ecclesiastical structures of their Anglo-Saxon predecessors. Henry III., whose pursuits were of a peaceful and civilizing nature, gratified his taste for building by re-edifying the abbey entirely, according to his own designs, as a complete and harmonious whole. Although in carrying this, his darling project, to perfection, Henry emptied his exchequer and exhausted his credit, he gave daily employment to hundreds of his most industrious and deserving subjects, instead of leading them to slaughter in foreign wars, where the outlay of English treasure must have exceeded tenfold the sums he expended in erecting this glorious and lasting monument of the advance of the polished arts in his reign. Leaving,

however, the western minster to vindicate the claims of its royal architect to the grateful remembrance of a generation capable of appreciating the national value of peace sovereigns, and their works, we proceed to give a passing sigh over the extinction of the green spots which formerly, intervening between the sister cities of the Thames and their hamlets, afforded health, air, and exercise to the people.

FIELD-LANE, SAFFRON-HILL, ETC.

According to the celebrated map of Aggas, in 1560, the north side of Holborn was occupied solely with the bishop of Ely's palace and grounds, and a single row of houses with gardens behind them. Field-lane, the foul and frightful haunt of misdoers, was a country lane, communicating with the meadows between Holborn and Clerkenwell. A narrow path wound up the fair and flowery Saffron-hill, leading to a large extent of pasture-ground. The pretty Turnmill brook prattled on one side of the pasture, while the wall of Sir Christopher Hatton's garden bounded it on the other. A lane between two clipped hedges of hawthorn, led to the Smoothfield, or Smithfield, which was probably kept rolled and mowed.

The infamous notoriety at present attached to Chick-lane and its purlieus in that immediate neighbourhood, originated in their vicinity to Black-boy-alley, the head quarters of a gang of robbers, who, after long congregating there, were at last captured, and a small party of twenty-one were hung one morning under the auspices of the paternal government which conducted such affairs in the last century; the locality of this wholesale slaughter was called by the people Jack Ketch's common. A strange antithesis to the ancient Arcadian nomenclature of the crime-stained district.

## THE STRAWBERRY GARDEN ON HOLBORN-HILL.

The excellency of the strawberry garden which occupied the eastern side of the hill, sloping down to the Holbourn, is familiar to the admirers of Shakespeare, some of whom perhaps read the following lines without identifying its locality:—

GLoucester.—My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them?

BISHOP OF ELY.—Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

*Re-enter the BISHOP OF ELY.*

BISHOP.—Where is my lord, the duke of Gloucester?  
I have sent for those strawberries.”—RICHARD III.

Shakespeare had a firmer historical foundation for the strawberries from Ely palace garden, at Holborn, than he has for some of his historical incidents.

The bishop of Ely, Dr. Morton himself, is supposed to have been the oral authority for the events of that bloody council at which he was present. Hall, Sir Thomas More, and Speed, give the detail nearly in the same words. Here is their collated narrative.

“The lords of the privy council had, on the 13th of June, 1483, assembled in the great council room of the Tower of London, to deliberate on the coronation of their young monarch, Edward V., of which the time was so near that pageants and subtilties were making night and day, and much victual killed, that after was cast away. Suddenly the protector, Gloucester, came in among them, just at nine o'clock, from Crosby House, Bishopsgate-street, where he lived at that time.\*

\* Speed's Chronicle, 897.

He saluted them courteously, saying merrily, by way of excuse for his late attendance—"I have been a sleeper to-day!"

After a little conversation with them he said to Dr. Morton, bishop of Ely—"My lord bishop, you have good strawberries in your garden at Holborn, pray you let us have a mess of them."

"Gladly, my lord," replied the bishop; "would God I had some better thing ready to pleasure you!" In all haste he forthwith sent his servant for a mess of the strawberries.

Then the Protector, seeing the lords fast in conference prayed them to spare him for a little while, and left the council room.

Whether he retired to make a fruit breakfast on the Holborn strawberries and found them acid, which affected his temper, our chronicler sayeth not, but proceeds to note "that betwixt ten and twelve he re-entered the council chamber, much altered in manner and countenance, with a wonderfully sour and angry aspect, frowning and fretting, knitting his brow, and gnawing on his lip. So demeaning himself, he sat him down in his place.

"Much were the lords dismayed, and sore did they marvel at his sudden change of cheer, nor could they surmise what thing did him ail."

Gloucester sat silent awhile, till the attention of the assembled nobles was centered in his portentous aspect; he then began to speak.

"What are they worthy to have that compass the destruction of me, near as I am of blood to the king, and protector of his royal person and the realm?"

The lords at this sat sore astonished, wondering at whom this question pointed, each man knowing himself to be innocent of the charge it implied.

Lord Hastings, presuming on the love that Gloucester had had for him, thought he might be the boldest, and therefore answered, and said—

“ Worthy to be punished heinously, whosoever they be who are the doers.”

The other lords echoed his words.

“ Yonder sorceress, my brother’s wife,” responded Gloucester, “ and others with her, be they.”

His accusation pointed at the queen mother, Elizabeth Woodville, then in Westminster sanctuary, from whom he had lately taken her second son, the duke of York.

Many of the nobles present, who favoured her party, shrank back abashed at hearing her thus mentioned, but Hastings, who was privy to the execution of her son, lord Richard Grey, and her brother, earl Rivers, at Pontefract simultaneously with this council, kept up the mysterious conversation, as Gloucester proceeded.

“ Ye shall all see how that sorceress (Elizabeth Woodville) and that other witch, her confederate, Shore’s wife, have by their witchcraft wasted my body.”

And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to the elbow upon his left arm, and showed the limb *wearish*, withered, and small; but it never was otherwise.

Hastings, who would with all the satisfaction of a political partisan have listened to any calumny, however improbable, on the unfortunate queen, Elizabeth Woodville, was startled at the name of his own mistress, Jane Shore, being linked in such improbable partnership with the hapless queen-mother. “ For every man present,” resumes our chronicler, “ well knew that, of all women, the queen most hated Jane Shore.”

“ Certes, my lord,” stammered Hastings, “ if they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment.”

“ What!” retorted the Protector, “ servest thou me, I

ween, with 'ifs?' I tell thee they *have* so done! And that I will make good on thy body—traitor!"

He struck his fist, as in anger, on the board, with a great rap, on which, as at a signal previously concerted, a voice without the council room responded with the shout of "Treason!" Then a door clapped, and in came rushing men in armour, crowding the council chamber, till it might hold no more. Anon the Protector said to the lord Hastings—"Traitor, I arrest thee."

"What me, my lord!" exclaimed Hastings.

"Yea, thee, traitor!" quoth the Protector.

Then one of the armed men let fly at the lord Stanley, who shrank beneath the council table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for swiftly as he swerved yet came the blood about his ears.

Quickly all the privy councillors dispersed themselves in the adjacent chambers, excepting only the lord-chamberlain Hastings, whom the Protector bade shrieve himself apace, for—

"By St. Paul," said he, "I will not to dinner till I see thy head be off!"

It booted Hastings not to ask why? He took a priest, such as first came to hand, and made short shrieft,—longer would not be suffered, so much was the Protector's haste to dine.

So Hastings was brought forth to the green, before the chapel, within the Tower, (St. Peter's.) His head was laid down upon a log of timber, and there struck off. His body, with the head, was carried to St. George's chapel, Windsor, and interred beside the grave of his friend, Edward IV.\*

Such was the first manifestation of the lord-protector Gloucester's real intentions. None of the privy council

\* Fabian. Speed.

durst afterwards deliberate on the coronation of their unfortunate boy-monarch, Edward V., whose deposition, and subsequent murder, speedily followed. Yet this last council held in his name, commenced by his guardian's peaceable and cheerful request for strawberries, grown on Holborn-hill.

The council room in the Tower of London, a sort of gallery running the whole side of the White Tower, gloomily lighted with one window, and furnished with an oaken table, said to be the one on which Gloucester struck his hand, remains at present a silent witness of the narrative which Shakespeare himself has scarcely made more dramatic than the chroniclers from whom he drew his inspiration.

The fruitful orchard and fair pleasaunce in Ely-place, which had thus become classic ground, changed its name to Hatton-garden, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, in consequence of passing, certainly not by a process in equity, into the hands of Sir Christopher Hatton, of dancing celebrity, who subsequently was promoted to the dignity of lord-chancellor. In the year 1574, when only gentleman of the privy chamber, he stood sufficiently high in the good graces of his royal mistress as to venture to cast a covetous eye on the goods of the church, and coolly demanded of Dr. Cox, the bishop of Ely, to grant him a life lease of Ely house and its appurtenances. The old prelate received this proposal in the same spirit as Naboth, when required to treat with Ahab for the alienation of his vineyard, and even when her majesty's intimation that it was her pleasure had wrung from him certain temporizing compliances, his scruples of conscience at becoming a party to the plunder of his see caused him to draw back and use remonstrances, which elicited from Elizabeth the following characteristic billet:—

“PROUD PRELATE,

“I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you know that I who made you what you are can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement —— I will immediately unfrock you.

“ELIZABETH.”

The profane oath with which the royal declaration is affirmed is necessarily omitted here. The poor bishop, finding that might overcame right, submitted to the spoliation, but drily entered the queen's letter, oath and all, in the episcopal register of Ely, as his own vindication to his successors from the reproach of being a willing party to this disgraceful transaction. He also endeavoured to preserve, at least, seigneurial rights in the property, by reserving to himself free access through the gate-house, the power of walking in the garden, and leave to gather therein twenty bushels of roses in their prime.\* Seven years afterwards we find Hatton not only revelling in this appanage of the see of Ely, but receiving solicitations for the reversion of the bishopric itself, when it should please God to release “the old tired father,” as Aylmer, in his letter to Hatton on that subject, styles Dr. Cox, Hatton being then residing in Ely house.

#### THE PALACES OF THE STRAND.

The Strand was, in 1355, an open highway, with here and there a nobleman or prelate's house, which subsequently gave names to the streets that now intersect that busy locality. There stood Cecil House, where queen Elizabeth was wont occasionally to dine or sup, when she

\* Harleian MS. British Museum. *Life of Hatton*, by Sir Harris Nicolas. Knight's “London.”

transacted business of a secret nature with her great minister, sir William Cecil, afterwards lord Burleigh. On one of these occasions, it is recorded that she went with him and his son to take a private view of the house of her absent favourite, the earl of Essex, in that neighbourhood, he being then under a passing cloud of her displeasure. Each of the stately mansions in the Strand had pleasure-grounds, descending by terraces, to the river edge, having also stairs and boat-houses—the most fashionable access to the palaces at Westminster and Whitehall being in those days by water.

The Strand was a favourite residence for the magnates of the court as early as the days of the Plantagenets, for Matthew of Paris tells us, that Henry III., who was very much alarmed at thunder, being overtaken by a sudden tempest when in his barge on the Thames, sought refuge from the fury of the elements by landing at the stairs of Durham House, the residence of his former favourite, but great political adversary, Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester. The earl, who was also the husband of Henry's sister, and one of the great officers of state, hastened to the water-side to receive and welcome the royal guest; and, observing that he was trembling with agitation, assured him that he had no cause for fear, as the storm was spent. "I am beyond measure afraid of thunder," replied the king, "but by the head of God I fear thee more than all the thunder in the world."

Durham House became, subsequently, the town residence of the bishops of Durham, till it was abstracted from the church by Henry VIII., and fitted up with unexampled splendour, for the temporary abode of Anne Boleyn, during his eager courtship of that unfortunate object of his fickle passion. There, in the course of a few brief years, he, by the side of his fourth consort, Anne of Cleves, sat moodily in royal pomp, to witness the grand

jousts which took place, in the tilt-yard of that mansion, in honour of his nuptials with the ill-treated Flemish bride. Durham Yard is now occupied by the Adelphi buildings.

Durham House was a bone of contention between the rapacious Dudley, duke of Northumberland, and the lady Elizabeth, who claimed it as the representative of Anne Boleyn, to whom it had been granted by king Henry, but it was detained, by the strong tenure of possession, by the unprincipled statesman who then guided the councils of her dying brother. Towards the latter end of her reign this celebrated historic site was bestowed by Elizabeth on Sir Walter Raleigh.

#### BRIDEWELL PALACE.

The ancient palace of Bridewell, built by king John, was one of the royal residences of our kings and queens. It was rebuilt by Henry VIII., who often abode there with his first consort, Katharine of Arragon; finally it was given by his son and successor, Edward VI., to the city of London, as a house of correction and workhouse for vagabonds and disorderly persons. A clause was added by the young founder, which gave the honest wayfaring poor right to claim refreshment and lodging within its walls; but, according to the spirit of modern improvement, such hospitality has passed into a dead letter.

#### THE PULPIT-CROSS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Paul's pulpit-cross was erected for the express purpose of street-preaching to the civic multitude. It stood in the centre of St. Paul's churchyard, then a busy thoroughfare. At this pulpit cross was originally convened the folk-mote, or general consultation of the London citizens, and

here the best preachers regularly addressed sermons every week to a mixed congregation, the only sitting accommodation being a covered gallery provided for the sovereign of England and the royal family; for the majority of hearers consisted of those who, alas, are seldom seen within the walls of any place of worship—the houseless, the indigent and half-clad.

St. Paul's Cross was, it is true, occasionally profaned by political sermons. Dr. Shaw, for instance, preached against the legitimacy of the hapless young king Edward V. and his brother and sisters, but his sermon was received with such righteous indignation by the people, that the incendiary priest died soon after of shame and remorse.

It was from this popular out-door pulpit that the doctrines of the Reformation were promulgated by Latimer, Ridley, and many other celebrated orators of our protestant church.

Aylmer, bishop of London, a great favourite of queen Elizabeth, preached frequently at this station. Once, when a matter of dispute occurred between him and the lord-mayor of London, the prelate threatened to tell the city magistrate his mind from "his chair at St. Paul's cross, when the lord-mayor must hear all he chose to say without reply."

The great and learned men who adorned the church of England in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, many of whom aided in the translation of the Bible, did not disdain to preach the gospel to the poor at St. Paul's Cross; indeed, it may be gathered from Isaac Walton's beautiful biography of our great church of England divine, Dr. Hooker, that the series of Lent sermons preached at this pulpit for the people of London streets was the test of the ability of preachers before advancement to bishoprics and

the high places of our church. The sovereigns of England did not disdain to become listeners.

An intimation was set forth by James I., that he meant to attend divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral, March 2, 1620. His majesty was met at the great west door by the lord-mayor and his train, and went in procession to the choir, where an anthem was sung. Then they proceeded to the cross, where the bishop of London, receiving his text from his majesty, preached a sermon which was afterwards circulated through the kingdom with great effect, the object being to raise funds to repair the old Cathedral.

Charles I. attended at this popular pulpit to hear sermons many times in the course of his reign. In the year 1636 he went there in state with his court. The insurgent populace soon after rose and tore down the Cross of St. Paul's, forgetting, in their ardour of religious destructiveness, that from it the Reformation had been promulgated in the city.

#### CHARING CROSS.

The beautiful Gothic cross which was erected by Edward I., on the central green of the village of Charing, to commemorate the spot where the body of his beloved consort, Eleanor of Castile, rested for the last time, on its way to Westminster Abbey, was built of fair white marble, cemented together with mortar made of the purest lime, Dover sands and the white of eggs, and the strongest work, which united the whole into so solid a mass of masonry, that in the reign of Henry VIII., when it was first begged by one of the greedy courtiers of that prince, it defied the rude assault of all the axes and hammers that essayed to break down the carved work thereof, and was for a time allowed to stand, because the expense of pulling

it to pieces was considered more than the material was worth. It was of the column form, with a stately ascent of eight steps, and must have been a noble situation for out-door, in those days, literally field preaching. Like St. Paul's Cross, the cross in Cheapside, and at St. Mary's Spital, it was a popular station for such purposes, as well after as before the Reformation. These useful adjuncts to the established church were all demolished by the puritan faction in the troublous times of Charles I. The site of Charing Cross was subsequently occupied by the equestrian statue of that unfortunate monarch, after the restoration of his son, Charles II.

Charing, St. Martin, St. Giles, Marybone, and Bloomsbury, sometimes called Lomesbury, were all detached hamlets in the open fields, previous to the sixteenth century, and regarded as rural spots, where floriculture was practised. Stowe tells us there was actually a hermitage in the solitary regions of Charing Cross.

#### THE POPULAR GAMES AND PASTIMES OF THE OLD METROPOLIS.

The wisdom of our ancestors provided seasons of rest and recreation for those who rowed the vessel, as well as those who steered.

It was one cause of the popularity of Henry VIII. in the early years of his reign, that he often provided public pageants to give the people a holiday and a show. On the 1st of May, 1515, he, with his first royal consort, to whom posterity still attaches the distinctive epithet of "good queen Catherine," and his favourite sister, the newly wedded widow of France, Mary Tudor, her jolly bridegroom, Brandon duke of Suffolk, and a goodly train of nobles, knights, and gentle ladies, rode a-maying from

Greenwich Palace to Shooter's-hill; and all the "loving commonaltie" of London and Westminster rose up betimes to go a-maying, too, with their liege lord, and enjoyed the treat of seeing how the archers of the king's guard, dressed like Robin Hood and his outlaws, met their graces and invited them and their noble attendants to enter the good greenwood, and see how outlaws lived. Whereupon king Henry pleasantly performed his part in the popular drama by turning to the queen, and asking her "whether she and her ladies would venture into a thicket with so many outlaws?" The royal Catherine set all the married women present a good example by replying right lovingly to her lord, "that where he went, she was content to go."

Then the queen's grace and all her ladies lighted down from their palfreys, and the king leading her by the hand, they were conducted to a sylvan bower formed of hawthorn boughs, flowers, and moss, opening into a booth or arbour, where a breakfast of venison and other substantial dainties was laid out, of which the royal party partook. As they turned their steps towards Greenwich, they were met on the road by a flowery car, drawn by five horses, each ridden by a fair and gaily decorated damsel, personating the attributes of Spring.

The horses had their names lettered on their head-gear, the damsels theirs on their dresses. In the car was the lady May, attended by Flora. The encounter took place at the foot of Shooter's-hill. As soon as the fair actresses caught sight of the royal cavalcade, they burst into sweet song, and preceded their graces, carolling hymns to the May, till they reached Greenwich palace.

As for the Londoners of low degree, "the smug apprentices and washed artizans," the motley rout of men, women, and children, who had risen betimes to meet and go a-maying with the king and queen and their gay court,

and having seen the forest pageant, returned with glowing cheeks, light hearts, and hands full of wild-flower posies, in time to bring up the rear of the milk-maids' procession,—were they not better primed for the duties of the day than the pale listless beings who creep shivering to the gin-shop for the fatal draught which sends liquid fire through every nerve and vein, and paralyzes the brain it influences?

That great sovereign queen Elizabeth, who understood so thoroughly the way to please her lieges of low degree, never failed to honour all little popular customs with her observance. Even in the last year of her reign, and the sixty-ninth of her age, she was up betimes, and went a-maying with all her court in the green glades of Lewisham.

May garlands and May games were rigorously interdicted and put down, as sinful vanities, by the puritan legislators of the Commonwealth, but were destined to see a gay revival in the May-day anniversary that succeeded the restoration of royalty, when the Londoners decorated so lofty and elaborate a May-pole for the Strand, opposite the church of St. Clement Danes, that they could by no means contrive to set it up. While they were in great perplexity as to the means of accomplishing their object, it happened, by lucky chance, that his royal highness, the duke of York, came along the Strand with a party of his sailors, and volunteered his assistance, and so effectively accorded it, that in the course of a few minutes, he and his shipmates succeeded in rearing aloft the giant shaft, and fixing it with cords after the manner of the mast of a man-of-war, to the infinite admiration of all beholders.

But alack! we have neither May-poles nor sweet May-garlands, in this dull century. The poor little sweeps are the only fraternity who now honour the May with a floral pageant, and we should be sorry to see those sooty "Jacks

in the Green" deprived of their holiday; but although their sable hue renders them appropriate Morris, *ergo*, *Moorish* dancers, and it would make Heraclitus laugh to see their merry grins and antics, they are but sorry successors to the bright May queens and fair Maid Marians of the olden times, nor do they venture to personify bold Robin Hood, Will Scarlett, or even Friar Tuck.

Those quaint street dramas, mingled pantomimes, ballets, and masks, were enacted by an unlettered but shrewd-witted corps who improvised as they went along. How they delighted the good commons of England! and the gentles, too, if the playful strokes of satire in which they abounded did not hit the great ones too hard.

The May games came, it is true, but once a-year, like Christmas, with her sweet carols, holy recollections, festive observances, and blessed charities; but then there was the pleasant anticipation to enliven the months of toil which must be plodded through, the work-day realities of life that intervened, between the people's festivities. I once saw written up behind the shutter of the play-room in a ladies' boarding-school: "There are only 8511 hours to the holidays." What an agreeable hour had been wiled away in making this calculation by the little maiden whose hand inscribed the childish record!

The great body of the people are but children of larger growth, and are as much in need of pastimes—nay, more so, for they require wholesome exhilaration to enable them to bear up against the wear and tear of toil, and the stern realities of life. Deprived of innocent amusements, they droop, they become listless, morose, dangerous, they cease to love their country. There are persons who maintain that the pleasures of religion, and a knowledge of their duties, are sufficient, or ought to be sufficient, to enable the working classes to endure the hardships of

their lot with patience, if not with cheerfulness; but this is to infer that the majority of those who are doomed to a life of toil and suffering have attained to a perfection of Christian heroism not often practised by those who preach its necessity. Solomon tells us, "There is a time to work, and a time to play." Why should those who work be denied their share of pastime?



## QUEEN MARY'S WELCOME.

“ O’ER Leven’s dark towers the young May moon has  
risen,  
And our Queen, our bright Mary, has ’scaped from her  
prison.  
Good speed to the shallop, that bears o’er the wave  
The fortunes of Scotland, the fair and the brave.  
She raises the signal—her gold-broidered veil,  
With its border of crimson, it floats to the gale,  
And gleams in the moonbeam, all glorious to see,  
Our Queen, our own Mary! Once more she is free!  
We see her, we know her; and there by her side,  
Stands the gallant young stripling, her champion and  
guide.  
Oh! Willie,\* the landless, the orphan shall win  
Prouder name by this deed, than the lords of his kin.

\* Willie Douglas, commonly called Willie the Orphan, or Little Douglas.—See the “ Historic Illustration.”

Though traitors have broken their faith and her laws,  
Our Queen hath good friends still to fight in her cause:  
Ay, men pure and stainless, who never have sold  
The honour of Scotland for England's base gold.  
Oh, many's the vigil we've kept for her sake  
On this storm-beaten rock that o'erlooks the broad lake,  
Till practised through darkness and mist to descry  
Every object that varied its surface flit by.  
Long months we have watched for this moment in vain,  
And each night found us still at our eyrie again.  
How our hearts throbbed and fluttered with eager delight,  
When we first marked the shallop unmoored for her flight!  
As it glided the castle's dark shadow beneath,  
Every pulse was suspended—we scarce drew a breath  
Till we saw it, still trembling 'twixt hope, fear, and doubt,  
O'er the moon-lighted waters shoot vent'rously out.  
But the peril is over! she springs to the shore—  
She is Queen of the true men of Scotland once more!"

They gather around her, that stout-hearted band,  
They kneel at her feet, and they kiss her fair hand;  
But brief are their greetings; 'tis death to delay;  
The fleet steeds stand ready: the word is—" Away!"

Queen Mary has mounted; a blush on her face,  
As they murmur of "beauty and womanly grace;"  
For soft as the moonlight that kisses her brow,  
Or the plume that waves o'er it her bearing is now;  
Yet no daring moss-trooper that scours Ettrick side,  
More firmly can sit, or more fearlessly ride.

Like a bird just escaped from its cage in her glee,  
She feels the bold spirit that gladdens the free.  
One touch to her courser, and off like the wind,  
She leaves mountains and woodlands and waters behind;  
And she proudly looks back to her friends with a smile,  
As she dashes the first through the rocky defile.

“ Now, forward dear lady, the race is for life,  
Push onward amain, through the broad plains of Fife;  
We must pause not for breath, nor to tighten a girth,  
Till we've won the steep bank of the wide-rolling Firth.  
Then hey for the ferry!—St. Margaret to speed!  
May the boatmen be ready and true at our need!”  
They have crossed the wild waters, and there, on the strand,  
Fair escort, and tried, the brave Livingstones stand;  
And the Hamiltons, foremost in courage and zeal,  
Pour down to the muster from bonny Kinneil.  
Already an army sweet Mary commands,  
Who'll avenge her, or die with the arms in their hands;  
And brightly the monarch has smiled through her tears,  
As she bows to her yeomen, and welcomes her peers,  
While they gaze on her beauty and vow “ 'tis a cause  
To win cowards to fight for true glory's applause.”  
Now gallant Lord Seton lead on to the west,  
For the Queen comes to Niddry this day, as thy guest;  
Brief warning hast thou to prepare royal cheer,  
To shoot the wild moor-fowl, or slay the red deer,  
Yet fling wide thy portals, and blithe will she be,  
Though rude be the fare, to take breakfast with thee.

Ah, grey roofless castle, how changed is the scene  
In thy desolate halls, and thy courts lone and green,  
Since thy lord knelt in homage to welcome his Queen,  
And they rang with the shouts of the loyal array,  
Who feasted with Seton and Mary that day,  
While gaily the strains of the minstrels arose—  
“Here’s a health to Queen Mary! and death to her foes!”

## QUEEN MARY'S WELCOME.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE escape of Mary Queen of Scots, from Lochleven Castle, is one of the most striking passages in the history of female royalty. The time, the place, the beauty and exalted rank of the illustrious heroine, her wrongs, and her distress, the chivalry and courage of the gallant spirits who had undertaken to effect her deliverance, the peril of the enterprise, and its success, combine all the elements of a romance. Yet the adventure creates a more powerful impression related in the graphic simplicity of truth, as it really befell, than when worked up with imaginary circumstances into a tale of fiction, even by the magic pen of Scott in the pages of "The Abbot."

The fatal concatenation of events, which had the effect of entangling the royal victim in the toils of her guileful foes, cannot be developed here. The broad outline of the outward and visible facts is familiar to almost every reader, but to expose the undercurrent to view by documentary evidences, and to make manifest the hidden

workings of iniquity, requires a wider field than these brief pages can afford. I must, therefore, refer the public to my long-promised "Life of Mary Stuart," which will shortly appear in my new series of royal female biographies,\* based on documentary sources, for particulars which can scarcely fail of removing the obloquy with which mercenary writers, the ready tools of self-interested calumniators, have endeavoured to blacken the name of this hapless lady.

The confederate lords into whose hands Mary, confiding in their solemn promises to treat her with all honour and reverence as their sovereign, rashly surrendered herself, at Carberry-hill, not only shamelessly violated their pact, but after exposing her to the most cruel insults from the very abjects of the people, incarcerated her in the gloomy fortress of Lochleven, under the jailorship of the mother of her illegitimate brother, the earl of Murray, and the wardership of the sons that person had had by her late husband Sir Robert Douglas, of Lochleven, for the lady of Lochleven was a married woman when the earl of Murray was born.†

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more doleful abiding place for the fallen queen, in her affliction, than that which had been thus injuriously and by a refinement of malice, selected for her by her perfidious foes. The castle, which is of extreme antiquity, said indeed to have been founded by Congal, a Pictish king, is of rude architecture, consisting of a square donjon keep, flanked with turrets, and encompassed with a rampart; it is built on a

\* "Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the regal succession of Great Britain."

† See many dispatches from the English envoys resident in Scotland. State Paper Office, from 1534 to 1536.

small island, almost in the centre of the wild expanse of the deep, and oftentimes stormy, waters of the loch, which is fifteen miles in circumference. The castle island consists of five acres, now overgrown with trees and brushwood. In the midst of this desolation tradition points out one ancient stem, of fantastic growth, said to have been planted by the royal captive as a memorial of her compulsory residence in the castle. The boughs of this tree, which is called "Queen Mary's Thorn," are constantly broken and carried away as relics by the visitors, whom the interest attached to the memory of that unhappy princess attracts to the spot, which her sufferings have rendered an historic site of melancholy celebrity.

The events of the long dreary months which Mary wore away in this wave-encircled prison-house, bereft of regal state, deprived of exercise and recreation, and secluded from every friend save her two faithful ladies, and a little maiden of ten years old, the voluntary companions of her durance, as well as the occupations where-with she endeavoured to beguile her sorrowful hours, will be found very fully detailed in my biography of that unfortunate queen, with many recently-discovered facts.

Towards the end of March, George Douglas, the youngest son of the lady of Lochleven, whose manly heart had been touched with generous sympathy, or, as some assert, with a deep and enduring passion for his fair ill-fated sovereign, made a bold and almost successful attempt to convey her out of the castle, in the disguise of a laundress. The queen, however, being identified by the whiteness and delicacy of her hands, which she had raised to repel one of the rude boatmen, who endeavoured to remove her hood and muffler to get a sight of her face, she was brought back, and George Douglas was expelled from the castle with disgrace. But

though banished from his house, he lurked concealed in the adjacent village, where he had friends and confederates, and, doubtless, inspired many an honest burgher and peasant with sympathy for the wrongs of their captive sovereign, by his description of the harsh restraint to which she was subjected within the grim fortress of Lochleven. At Kinross he was joined by the faithful John Beton, and other devoted servants of the queen, who were associated for the emancipation of their royal mistress, and had long been lurking, in various disguises, among the western Lomonds, to watch for a favourable opportunity of effecting their object.

Douglas had left, withal, an able coadjutor within the castle, a boy of tender years, of mysterious parentage, and humble vocation, who was destined to act the part of the mouse in *Aesop's* beautiful fable. This unsuspected confederate was a youth of fifteen, who waited on the lady of Lochleven in the capacity of page. He is known in history by the names of Willie Douglas, and the Little Douglas; in the castle he was called the Lad Willie, the Orphan Willie, and the Foundling Willie,\* for he was found, when a babe, at the castle gates. Home, of Godscroft, says, "He was the natural brother of George Douglas,"† a statement perfectly reconcileable with the story of his first introduction into the family of the late laird of Lochleven. Such incidents are not of unfrequent occurrence in the daily romance of life, and often has it happened that the appeal made to the parental feelings of a profligate seducer, in behalf of a guiltless

\* "Life of Lord Herries," Edited by Pitcairne, Abbotsford Club, p. 101.

† "Life of James Earl of Morton," in the "Lives of the Douglases," p. 302.

child of sin and sorrow, has awakened feelings of feminine compassion in the bosom of the injured wife, and the forlorn stranger has received a home and nurture through her charity. This appears to have been the case with regard to Little Willie and the lady of Lochleven; for, whether she suspected his connexion with the laird her husband or not, he was taken in, and brought up under her auspices, and as attendant on her person. Frail as she had been in her youth, and cruel and vindictive in her treatment of the lawful daughter of her royal seducer, whom it irked her pride to consider as her sovereign, it is nevertheless pleasant to trace out the evidence of some good in the harsh lady of Lochleven.

The foundling Willie remained in the castle, after the death of the old laird, an orphan dependent in the family, but his subsequent actions prove that he had received the education of a gentleman; for not only could he read and write, but he understood enough of French and other languages to be sent on secret missions to foreign princes. To these acquirements Willie added courage, firmness, and address, seldom paralleled in one of his tender years.

There is not any circumstance in the course of Mary Stuart's career more striking than the fact that, in this dark epoch of her life, when deprived of all the attributes of royalty, oppressed, calumniated, and imprisoned, two friends like George and Willie Douglas should have been raised up for her in the family of her deadliest foes. The regent and his confederates, men whose hands had been soiled with English gold, had not calculated on the existence of the chivalric feelings which animated those young warm hearts with the determination of effecting the liberation of their captive queen.

“ Mary being deprived of pen and ink at this time,” says her French biographer, Caussin, “ wrote her instruc-

tions with a piece of charcoal, on her handkerchief, which she employed the boy Willie Douglas to dispatch to the lord Seton." John Beton, who still lay, perdue, among the hills, was the ready bearer of this missive, and arranged everything for the reception and safe conduct of his royal mistress, in case she should be fortunate enough to reach the shore in safety. For many nights he, with lord Seton, George Douglas, and others, kept watch and ward on the promontory which commanded a view of the castle and the lake, in expectation of being apprised, by signal, that the project was about to be carried into effect.

On Sunday, the second evening in May, all things being in readiness, and the family at supper, Willie Douglas, who was waiting on the lady of Lochleven, contrived, while changing her plate, to drop a napkin over the keys of the castle (which were always placed beside her during meals), and having thus enveloped them, succeeded in carrying them off unobserved. Hastening with them to the queen, he conducted her, by a private stair, to the postern, and so to the water-gate of the castle, which he took care to lock after him; and when the boat had gained convenient distance from the shore, flung the keys into the water. These mute memorials of the adventure were found covered with rust when the loch was drained, early in the present century. They are now in the possession of the earl of Morton, at Dalmahoy House, where I saw them and the rude iron chain which formerly linked them together, but which, being rusted through, fell to pieces when taken out of the water. The Lochleven keys are five in number, large and small, of antique workmanship, and are all carefully enshrined in a casket lined with velvet, and preserved as precious relics by the noble representatives of the chivalric George Douglas.

The boat which Willie the Orphan had adroitly secured

for the service of his captive sovereign, was that belonging to the castle, and the only medium of communication for the castellan and his *meiné* with the shore. Immediate pursuit was, therefore, almost impossible. The companions of queen Mary's flight were, her faithful attendant, Mary Seton, ever near her in the hour of peril, and a little girl of ten years old, of whose safety her majesty appeared tenderly careful, as she led her by the hand. The other damsels, a French lady of the name of Quenede, gave a remarkable proof of her personal courage and devotion to her royal mistress; for, not being quick enough to reach the castle gate till it was locked behind the retreating party, she fearlessly leaped out of the window of the queen's apartment into the loch, and swam after the boat till she was received within that little ark in her dripping garments.

Meantime, lord Seton and his gallant associates, who were anxiously reconnoitring from their eyrie the progress of the little bark and its precious freight across the lake, remained in a state of the greatest excitement, not daring to believe that so feeble an instrument as the orphan Willie had succeeded in achieving an exploit which the bravest peers in Scotland might have been proud of having performed, and her own royal kinsmen, the allied princes of France and Spain, had not ventured to attempt. But all doubts and fears were dispelled when they recognised the stately figure of their queen, distinguished from the other females by her superior height, rising in the boat and giving the telegraphic signal of her safety, as previously agreed, by waving her veil, which was white with a crimson border, the royal colours of Scotland. The moment that auspicious ensign was displayed, fifty horsemen, who had lain concealed behind the hill, sprang to their saddles, and, with lord Seton at their head, galloped

down to the shore, where George Douglas and Beton, with another party of devoted friends, were already waiting to receive and welcome their enfranchised sovereign, as she sprang to the land. The fleetest palfreys that Scotland could supply had long been provided, and concealed by George Douglas's trusty confederates in the village, in anticipation of the success of this enterprise, and were now ready caparisoned for the queen and her ladies. Mary mounted without delay, and, attended by the faithful companions of her perils and escape, scoured across the country at fiery speed, without halting, till she reached North Queen's Ferry, about twenty miles from Lochleven. Embarking in the common ferry-boat at that port, she and her company crossed the rough waters of the Firth, and landed, tradition says, at the ancient wooden pier, which formerly jutted out into the sea, just above the town of South Queen's Ferry. There she was met and welcomed by lord Claud Hamilton, and fifty cavaliers and other loyal gentlemen, eager to renew their homage, and burning to avenge her wrongs.

Lord Seton conducted his royal mistress to his own castle at West Niddry, distant seven miles from South Queen's Ferry, where she partook of his hospitality, and enjoyed the repose of a few hours, after her moonlight flitting. West Niddry now forms part of the fair domain of the earl of Hopeton. The roofless shell of the stately castle, which afforded the first safe resting-place to the fugitive sovereign, is still in existence. The changes of the last few years have conducted the rail-road line between Edinburgh and Glasgow in close proximity to the ruins of the feudal fortress, which gave rest and shelter to the royal fugitive, after her escape from Lochleven. The grey mouldering pile, in its lonely desolation, arrests for a moment the attention of the musing moralist or anti-

quarian among the passengers in the trains that thunder onward to their appointed goal through solitudes that recall high and chivalric visions of the past. But Niddry Castle should be visited in a quiet hour by the historical pilgrim, who would retrace in fancy the last bright scene of Mary Stuart's life, when, notwithstanding the forced abdication which had transferred the regal diadem of Scotland to the unconscious brow of her baby-boy, she stood a queen once more among the only true nobles of her realm, those whom English gold had not corrupted, nor successful traitors daunted.

One window in Niddry Castle was, within the memory of many persons in the neighbourhood, surmounted with the royal arms of Scotland, together with a stone entablature, which, though broken, is still in existence, in the orchard of the adjacent grange, inscribed in ancient letters with the day of the month and the date of the year, and even the age of George lord of Seton, at the memorable epoch of his life when the beauteous majesty of Scotland, whom he had so honourable a share in emancipating from her cruel bondage, slept beneath his roof in safety.

Lord Seton had been an old and faithful servant of his queen. He was the master of the royal household, and had been present at her nuptials with the beloved husband of her youth, king Francis II., of France. On her return to Scotland, after the death of that sovereign, Mary offered to advance Seton to the dignity of an earldom, but being the premier baron in parliament, he refused to be the puisne earl, giving humble thanks to her majesty for her proffered grace at the same time. Mary then wrote the following extempore distich in Latin and also in French :

“ *Sunt comites ducesque denique reges;*  
“ *Setoni dominum sit satis mihi;*”

which, in plain English, may be rendered thus :

“ Though earls and dukes, and even kings there be,  
Yet Seton’s noble lord sufficeth me.”

“ After that unfortunate battle of Langside, the said lord George Seton was forced to flee to Flanders, and was there in exile two years, and drove a wagon with four horses for his subsistence. His picture in that condition,” adds the quaint, kindred biographer of the noble family of Seton, “ I have seen drawn, and lively painted, at the north end of the long gallery in Seton, now overlaid with timber. From Flanders, the said lord George went to Holland, and there endeavoured to seduce the two Scots regiments to the Spanish service, upon a design thereby to serve his sovereign the queen, the king of Spain being very much her friend. Which plot of his being revealed, the states of Holland did imprison and condemn him to ride the cannon; but by the friendship and respect the Scotch officers had to him, he was by them set at liberty, notwithstanding this decision of the States.”\*

Lord Seton outlived these troubles; he was preserved to enjoy the reward of his integrity after those who pursued his life had been successively summoned to render up an account of the manner in which they had acquired and acquitted themselves of their usurped authority, till all were clean swept away. It is a remarkable fact that the most relentless of the persecutors of their hapless sovereign, Mary Stuart, especially those who for a brief period were the most successful in their ambitious projects, Murray, Lennox, Marr, Lethington, and Morton, all by violent or untimely deaths preceded their royal victim to the tomb.

James VI. testified a grateful sense of the services Lord

\* Continuation of the “ History of the Houses of Seytoun, by Alexander, Viscount Kingston. Printed for the Maitland Club.”

Seton had rendered to queen Mary, by preferring him and his sons to the most honourable offices in his gift.

Mary herself rewarded George Douglas to the utmost of her power, in various ways, but above all by facilitating his marriage with a young and beautiful French heiress of high rank, to whom he had formed an attachment, and as his poverty was the only obstacle to this alliance, she generously enabled him to make a suitable settlement on his bride out of a portion of her French estates, which she assigned to him for this purpose by deed of gift. "Services like his," as she wrote to her uncle, "ought never to be forgotten."

A simple black marble tablet in the chancel of Edensor Church, to the left of the altar, marks the grave of John Beton, on which a Latin inscription records the fact, "that he died at Chatsworth, in his thirty-fourth year, worn out with the fatigues and hardships he had encountered in the service of his royal mistress," adding as his best and proudest epitaph, "that he had assisted in delivering that illustrious princess from her doleful prison in the Laga Laguina." (Lochleven.)

Poetry is the handmaid as well as the inspiration of chivalry, and if ever the deeds of brave and loyal gentlemen deserved to live in song, surely the achievement of the loyal associates who rescued their oppressed queen from her cruel captivity in Lochleven Castle, ought to be thus commemorated, and their names had in remembrance long after "the marble that enshrines their mortal remains has perished and its imagery mouldered away."



## THE GRACE-CUP.

HAVE ye seen the famed Grace-cup, whence Becket, of old,  
Quaffed the sack and the clary from ivory and gold?—  
Oh, your saints were good fellows, no doubt, in their time,  
When they fathomed such goblets, and thought it no  
crime!

He bids ye “be sober”\*—meet caution, I ween,  
When the cover was raised, and the bumper was seen!  
Oh, the rubies and garnets that shine round the brim  
Were less bright than the nectar that sparkled on him!

How the red wines of Burgundy, Guienne, and Bour-  
deaux,  
In their sweetness or strength, in this goblet would flow,  
How the hippocras mantled, and royal tokay  
Was pledged to the great on each festival day.

\* In allusion to the motto on the cover—“Sobrii Estote.”

“Drink your wine, and with gladness!”\*—a pleasant behest  
To the warlike Angevins who thronged to the feast,  
While each stout Norman baron, with smiles on his face,  
Thought the primate’s fair grace-cup a cup full of grace.

Sure Morville, le Breton, and cruel Fitz Urse,  
And Tracy, whose children inherit a curse,  
Had ne’er harmed the kind saint, had he given them a sup  
Of the grace-drops that smiled in his beautiful cup.

From the church passed the goblet away to the crown,  
And then from the king to some peer of renown,  
Till it came to the hands of a brave Howard knight,  
Who drained it each day when he’d fought a good fight.

And at last he declared that he never had seen  
A bowl so well suited to grace England’s queen;  
So he left it to her, as he had not a mate,  
And the cup passed from Howard to noble queen Kate.

And now it has come to a Howard again,  
Long, long, in his halls may the relic remain,  
And the time-honoured chieftain of Corby, with joy,  
For years pledge his Grace-cup, and taste no alloy.

\* “*Vinum tuum bibe cum gaudio*,” is inscribed round the upper  
rim of the cup.

## THE GRACE-CUP.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE Grace Cup derives its name and use from an amusing little fact illustrative of the manners and customs of the Scotch nobles in the eleventh century, when that royal Christian civilizer, Margaret Atheling, the consort of Malcolm Canmore, observing that they had an irreverend habit of rising and quitting the table before grace could be pronounced by her chaplain, promised to reward all who could be induced to tarry for that ceremony with a draught *ad libitum*, from a large gold cup of the choicest wine, which was passed from hand to hand round the board, after the thanksgiving for the meal had been duly said. The bribe offered by the beautiful young English queen was too agreeable to be resisted by the hitherto graceless northern magnates; each was eager to claim his share of the grace-cup, as this social goblet was called; and the custom thus instituted in the palace became so popular, that it was observed in the barons' halls, and wherever festive cheer was to be found throughout the land, even

in the convent refectory, where, as all were constrained by the monastic discipline to assist in singing the grace, the cup could only have been circulated in imitation of the practice of the court. The fashion of the grace-cup was, of course, adopted in England by all degrees who could afford to honour a custom so much in unison with national taste. Every person of consequence could boast of a grace-cup in the middle ages; and even at the period of the Reformation they are occasionally enumerated and described in inventories of plate and jewels, and bequeathed in wills, of which there are examples in *Testamenta Vetusta*. The grace-cup, commemorated in the foregoing song, derives peculiar interest from having been the property of the celebrated Thomas a'Becket, archbishop of Canterbury. It is engraved with his initials, "T. B.," interlacing a mitre, and being stamped with the peculiarly formed little cross, which is well known to have been the royal mint-mark of Aquitaine, at the period when Eleanor, the consort of our Henry the Second, was the sovereign of that duchy, there can be no doubt of its authenticity; and the probability is, that it was presented to him as a little peace-offering by that queen, who, though she at first affected to look with contempt on her husband's Saxon chancellor, as a man from the ranks of the conquered people of the land, subsequently learned to regard the untemperizing archbishop of Canterbury as one of the master-spirits of the age.

Becket's grace-cup is made of richly-chased gold, surrounded with a broad band of ivory. It will hold about half a pint, and is of the chalice form, with a cover, which is elaborately studded with knots of rubies, garnets, and pearls. The discoloration of the latter, and the rude cutting of the gems, indicate great antiquity. On the cover is engraved the restraining injunction, "Sobrii

*Estote*"—Be sober; and round the rim of the cup is this inscription: "*Vinum tuum bibe cum gaudio*"—Drink your wine with gladness; whereby we learn that the archbishop was of the temperance school, forbidding the abuse, though he permitted the use, of wine to make glad the heart of man.

It would be out of place to relate the events of Becket's life here, involving as they do a great question of church-and-state government, which still furnishes matter of discussion, notwithstanding the summary manner in which four of the knights of Henry the Second's privy chamber took upon themselves to silence the sturdy primate. Without presuming to decide who was right and who was wrong in the quarrel, which commenced by Becket resigning his office of lord-chancellor, as soon as his royal master had promoted him to the archbishopric of Canterbury, and refusing to exercise the functions of two offices which were, properly speaking, incompatible, it will merely be necessary to notice, that the barons and the politic portion of the prelates took part with their sovereign against the bold Saxon primate, who had made himself very troublesome by standing up for the rights of the people, and asserting the independence of the church of the royal control. Henry, after a hard struggle, got the better of him, drove him out of England, confiscated his personal property, and appropriated the revenues of his see to his own royal use, save such parcels as he bestowed upon his courtiers. Six years afterwards, Henry fell dangerously ill of a fever at Domfront, in Maine; and, fancying he was near death, made his will, and expressed certain qualms of conscience on the score of his dealings with Becket, which induced him to promise and vow that if his life were spared, he would be reconciled to him. The king of France, appearing to act as mediator

between him and the banished primate, an interview took place at Montmireuil, as soon as Henry was strong enough to bear the excitement; and then and there a pacification was arranged; but just as Becket was going to give his royal master the kiss of peace, Henry took umbrage at his using the words, "That he gave him this kiss to the honour of God," and they had nearly entered into an open quarrel again. At any rate, the reconciliation was postponed till another time, but was at last effected through the good offices of the archbishop of Rouen. Beckett carried matters with a high hand; insisted on the restitution of all his property and the revenues of his see; and when he got back to Canterbury, he thought proper to excommunicate all who hesitated to restore their share of the spoil, and not only these, but a certain knight who cut off one of his horse's tails after his return. Nor was this all; for he, having armed himself with the pope's licence for that purpose, went so far as to suspend the archbishop of York and all the prelates who had taken part against him. The excommunicated persons went in a body to make their complaints to the king, who exclaimed, in a transport of rage, "What, then, is there not one of the numerous servants who eat my bread who will avenge me on this vile priest?"

Such hints fall not from the lips of despotic princes in vain: Hugh Morville, Hugh Brito, or Le Britton, William Tracy, and Richard Fitz-Urse, four knights in Henry's household, took upon themselves the office of ridding their royal master of the object of his ill-will. They embarked for England; and without confiding their design, as it is said, to any one, proceeded to Canterbury; and, entering the cathedral, where finding Becket alone at the altar, engaged in his private devotions, they exclaimed, "Thou traitor, come forth!" "Here be I,"

replied Becket, confronting them—"no traitor, but the archbishop."

Then the whole party rushed upon him with furious execrations, and beat out his brains with their clubs.

However opinions might vary as to the proceedings of Becket, a general feeling of horror was excited by his massacre. Yet the ferocious assassins evaded all punishment, having contrived to effect their escape ; they fled to Knaresborough Castle, which was a royal fortress, where they remained. Henry protested against the crime, but did not punish its authors, presuming that they had perpetrated it under the idea of rendering him a service. He found himself, however, in so awkward a predicament, in consequence of the indignation of the great body of the people and the threats of excommunication from the pope, that he was under the necessity of submitting to a painful and disgraceful penance before he could obtain absolution.

The four knights who had brought their liege lord into this scrape by taking upon themselves the base office of unlicensed executioners, are all reported to have come to disastrous ends. Oral tradition still preserves the memory of the whimsical hereditary inconvenience which the crime of William Tracy is said to have entailed upon his descendants in the following rude proverbial rhymes :

" The family of the Traceys  
Have the wind in their faces ;  
Let them turn as they will,  
They are plagued with it still."

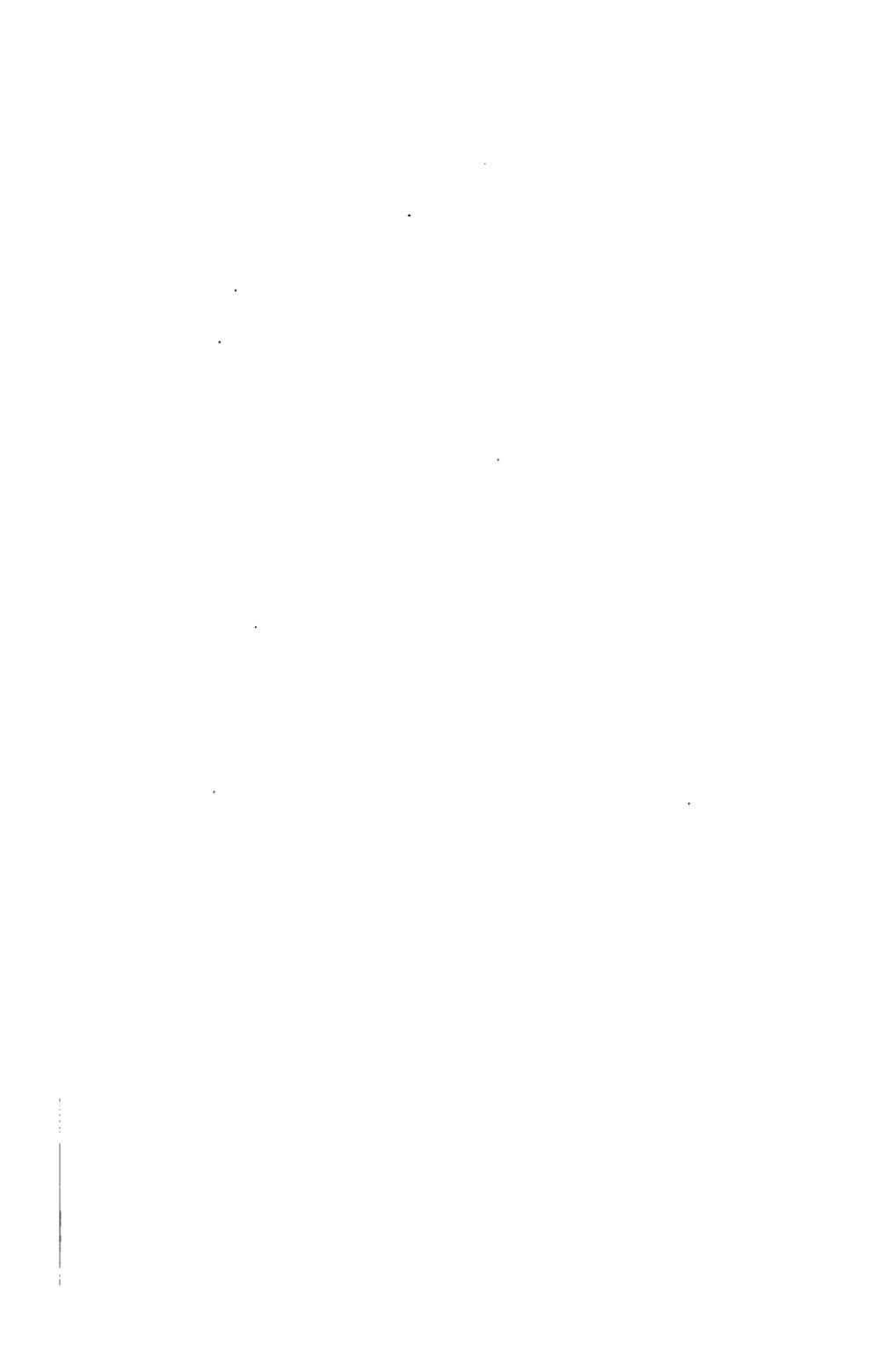
The canonization of Becket, his gorgeous shrine in Canterbury Cathedral, the miracles, 270 in number, imputed to him after his death, and established in the opinion of the credulous, by the juggleries performed at his tomb,

have done more injury to his reputation than all the actions performed by himself, for which he was really accountable, during his life. Persons of strong sense were disgusted, and smiled in contempt; those whose religious principles were untainted by the inventive superstitions of the times, grieved in silence over follies which, at last, became wearisome to the majority of the people. A strong revulsion of popular feeling took place in the reign of Henry VIII., when the idolized martyr of Canterbury Cathedral was cited to a posthumous trial before that prince, and being pronounced a contumacious traitor during his life, and a notorious impostor after his death, his name was erased from the calendar of saints, and his bones expelled from their shrine with great contumely. The veneration in which these relics were held had lasted upwards of three hundred years, and proved a source of great wealth to the City of Canterbury, as well as to the ecclesiastical community there, in consequence of the constant resort of strangers to the shrine. Fifty thousand foreigners alone are said to have visited it annually. The names of the royal and noble votaries who came to solicit the intercessions of St. Thomas of Canterbury with propitiatory offerings of silver and gold, jewels and embroidered vestments, are occasionally to be traced by the antiquarian in the local chronicles which record their gifts and oblations, and are forgotten by every one else; but the characters of the lively company of Canterbury pilgrims, whom the creative genius of Geoffrey Chaucer called into existence, will be remembered as long as wit and poetry retain their influence over the minds of men.

Every age has its peculiar phase of spiritual romance; that of miracles, shrines, and pilgrimages has passed away, and we should as soon expect to see full grown men flying kites, and amusing themselves with dolls and

baby-houses, as the denizens of the nineteenth century returning to the superstitions of their forefathers. In this world all things are progressive, and exploded systems are never adopted a second time; were it otherwise, we should plead for the revival of the good old custom of the grace-cup, which has been superseded at fashionable tables, by a course of cordial drams in Lilliputian glasses, circulated with mysterious and confidential whispers of "*Noyau*," "*Maras quina*," "*Eau de vie*," &c., instead of the edifying response formerly ejaculated by the guests after the thanksgiving had been pronounced.

Henry the Second having made himself heir to Thomas à'Becket's personals, the grace-cup passed into his hands, and was probably sold by his august widow, Eleanora, a few years afterwards, to assist in making up the ransom of her son Richard, Cœur-de-Lion. A trifling hiatus of more than three centuries occurs in the pedigree of our grace-cup, which we next find in the possession of Sir Edward Howard, the valiant lord-admiral of England, who was slain in a fierce naval engagement, in Conquet-bay, April 13, 1513, on the deck of a French galley, which he had boarded. In his will, he bequeathed Becket's grace-cup to the queen, Catharine of Arragon; it afterwards passed into the hands of the ducal house of Howard, and was presented or left by Charles, duke of Norfolk, to the late Henry Howard, esq., of Corby, in whose possession it was when these lines were written in the year 1840.



## THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BIGODS.

WRECK of past ages! on thy mouldering towers  
No feudal banner waves its silken fold;  
No archers now direct their deadly showers  
From thy lone heights, as in the days of old,  
When he of iron soul and stalwart mould,  
The haughty Bigod, in his tameless pride,  
Held with the lord of England parlance bold;  
And the chafed lion to his teeth defied,  
And taunt for taunt with answering scorn replied.

And spake of his stronghold on Waveney's shore  
With stern regret, as fortress whence he might  
Have braved securely, till the storm was o'er,  
The royal anger in its fellest height—  
Nor cared for proud Plantagenet's despite ;

But there, in his rebellious hardihood,  
The sap, the siege, the desultory fight,  
Fiercely repelled, and made resistance good  
Through each reverse, unawed and unsubdued.

Bright visions of departed grandeur rise,  
In shadowy splendour, as I gaze on thee,  
Lone, crumbling pile! they sweep before mine eyes,  
The varied scenes of pomp and pageantry  
Thy walls have seen, but ne'er again will see;  
When to the lofty harp's inspiring chime  
High tales were sung of love and chivalry,  
In the wild numbers of spontaneous rhyme,  
By gifted minstrels of the olden time.

And high-born beauty, in the graceful dance,  
Trod the light measure to the rebec's sound—  
Or led the mask in quaint device, perchance,  
Or for her lordly sire the wine-cup crown'd  
Ere the deep pledge of revelry went round;  
While haply in the guarded keep below,  
Or murky dungeon's solitude profound,  
The fettered captive pined in hopeless woe,  
Mourning his adverse fate, his battle's overthrow.

Deserted towers! no steel-clad warder now  
O'erlooks with watchful eye the quiet vale,  
From its green willowed depth to upland brow,  
For plumes and pennons waving in the gale—  
And hostile chieftain in his warlike mail,

With steed caparisoned, and couchant lance—  
Such as in ancient chronicle and tale,  
Stand forth portrayed, and poesy's romance  
Presents embodied to our mental glance.

Their date is past—the strife of feudal war  
Disturbs no more sweet Waveney's peaceful side;  
No rival clarions now resound from far,  
Nor life's red current stains his silvery tide;  
But those unruffled waters, as they glide  
Through smiling meads of ever-verdant hue,  
Reflect the snowy lily's queen-like pride,  
Throned on the waves, all beautiful to view,  
And mirror back the heavens' delicious blue.

And where the martial pride of helm and spear  
Flashed in the western sun's declining ray,  
On massive walls, now desolate and drear,  
Sits the lone, mournful spirit of decay,  
Time's ruthless daughter, robed in lichens gray,  
Throned in their dust, and sternly waving round  
The iron sceptre of her gloomy sway,  
O'er mouldering turret, parapet, and mound,  
With clustering ivy-leaves profusely crowned—

Ivy aye flourishing in adverse days,  
Unchanged by summer suns or wintry showers,  
With faithful love a mantling veil displays,  
And clings more closely when the tempest lowers;  
And there the delicate and starry flowers

Of sweetest jasmine yield their fragrant breath  
To every breeze that sweeps their pendent bowers,  
And from those heights, where once the shafts of death  
Were sternly launched, fling their light graceful wreath.

## THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BIGODS.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THIS interesting relic of the feudal times is seated on the most considerable of a cluster of round green mounds on the extreme verge of the county of Suffolk, separated from Norfolk only by the river Waveney, which flows at the foot of this fortalice, and formed a part of its defence, enabling the manorial *nobile*, by whom it was held, to render it inaccessible by laying all the lowlands under water. Bungay Castle derives some historical as well as local interest from having been the stronghold of the powerful Anglo-Norman earls of Norfolk, of the house of Bigod, who, from the time of the Conquest, claimed and for nearly two centuries exercised, the high and important office of hereditary earl-marshal of England.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that it was the peculiar province of that great state official to preserve good order in the court by preventing quarrels, and enforcing the ceremonial observances of royal etiquette in all its venerative solemnity. This duty com-

elled him, whenever he saw pugnaciously-disposed persons inclined to raise brawls in the presence-chamber—a circumstance of not unfrequent occurrence in the days of feudalism—to advance and interpose his silver-tipped ebony baton, or rod of authority, between them, with a suitable admonition, warning them to desist from transgressing the respect due to royalty; and if he found them contumacious, to commit them to the Marshalsea prison, there to be dealt with according to the sentence of the privy-council and the pleasure of the king.

More especially, was the earl-marshal bound to interfere for the chastisement of those who were guilty of the offence of *lese majestæ*, by presuming to bandy proud and unbefitting words with the sovereign. Occasionally, however, the sovereign seems to have been in need of some valiantly-disposed functionary in his household to keep his own earl-marshal in order, when that dignity was hereditary in the combative family of the Bigods—a race in whose craniums the organ of veneration could never have existed.

Matthew Paris tells us that Henry III. was once treated with so much insolence by his turbulent earl-marshal, Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk, that he at length exclaimed, in a menacing tone—

“What, sir earl, are you so bold with me, whose vassal peer you are? Could I not issue my royal warrant for threshing out all your corn?”

“Ay,” retorted the earl-marshal, undauntedly; “and could not I, in return, send you the heads of your threshers?”

Henry refrained from trying the experiment, though he threatened to punish his refractory servant in a signal manner for his contumacious words. Roger Bigod retired to his stronghold at Bungay, laid all the lowland meadows

round it under water, and set him at defiance. After his death, his son, Hugh Bigod, succeeded him in the dignity of earl-marshall of England ; the memorable altercation which took place between Edward I. and Hugh, proves that the latter had inherited, not only the baton, but the sturdy independence of his father. The king, it seems, required him to serve under the banner of another nobleman, to whom he had assigned the command of the army designed to put down an insurrection in Guienne. Hugh Bigod, having no liking to the expedition, told the king that he was ready at all times, as the duties of his office prescribed, to lead the vanguard where he commanded in person, but he would not cross the sea to serve under any one else; and nothing on earth should compel him to march a foot for that purpose.

“ By the eternal God ! ” exclaimed the angry monarch, “ sir earl, you shall either march or be hanged.”

“ By the eternal God, sir king,” returned the undaunted earl—“ I will neither march nor be hanged;” and with these audacious words, left the royal presence.

Edward I. was not a prince to be defied with impunity, like his feeble-minded sire, Henry III.; and he took such vigorous measures for the chastisement of his insolent servant, that Bigod, finding himself in an awkward predicament, is said to have given utterance to the following baronial impromptu :

“ Were I in my strong castle of Bungay,  
Upon the water of Waveney,  
I would ne care for the king of Cockayne,  
Nor all his braverie.”

Hugh Bigod was overtaken and arrested by the king’s warrant, before he could reach his feudal shelter, and compelled, in spite of his late bravadoing, to compound for his

life and limbs by resigning his hereditary office of earl-marshall of England to Thomas of Brotherton, the second son of king Edward, by whose representative, the duke of Norfolk, it is at present held. Bungay Castle was also bestowed by the king on his new earl-marshall, and still continues in the possession of his noble representative.

The ruins of this castle are extremely picturesque, hanging gardens having been planted in terraces on the still massive walls of the ivy-clad turrets, leading, by successive flights of stairs, up to a gallery on the summit of the highest battlement, which commands a panoramic view of the pastoral vale of the Waveney, and the lovely wooded uplands with which it is surrounded.

DEATH OF EDWARD OF LANCASTER,  
PRINCE OF WALES.

ON fatal Tewkesbury's bloody plain  
The desperate strife was done,  
And red on slayer and on slain  
Went down the evening sun:  
The rival Roses' deadly feud  
Had there been fought once more,  
And England's best and noblest strewed  
The cold earth in their gore.

For prince and peer of high renown,  
For either party's sake,  
Had strove that day, and England's crown  
Had been the mighty stake.  
The haughty victor in his pride,  
O'er prostrate squadrons passed,  
"This was our sternest strife," he cried,  
"And this must be our last!"

“ Where is the young aspiring chief,  
The rebel host who led!  
The Red Rose yet retains a leaf—  
He is not with the dead.  
Nay, bring him forth—the princely boy—  
My triumph’s incomplete,  
Till I can, with exulting joy,  
Behold him at my feet.”

“ Dread king, I place him captive there,  
So take him to thy grace.”  
“ Can this be Lancaster’s proud heir,  
That hath so fair a face?”  
Nay, scoff not, though his face be fair;  
For I’ll avouch him yet,  
By his high bearing in despair,  
A true Plantagenet.

And mark how that young dauntless eye  
Returns thee, scorn for scorn;  
He will not blench from royalty,  
Though captive and forlorn:  
And though he acts a foeman’s part,  
As rival to thy throne,  
The blood that warms that princely heart,  
Claims kindred with thine own.

Sole relic of the Crimson Rose,  
The royal stripling stands;  
Before his stern vindictive foes,  
And their victorious bands.

The boldest baron then I ween,  
That e'er couched knightly lance,  
Could scarce have met with that calm mien  
King Edward's deadly glance.

“Now speak, presumptuous boy! and say  
How thou durst hither bring  
Yon rebels to disturb the sway  
Of England's rightful king?”  
The youth replied, with answering scorn,  
“Wouldst learn the cause from me?—  
I fought to win my father's crown,  
Usurped, false York, by thee!

“I was the heir of England born,  
A subject's son wert thou,  
And thou hast to my father sworn,  
And broke a liegeman's vow.”  
With mailed hand the angry king  
The royal stripling smote;  
And sternly cried—“Would linnets sing  
The soaring eagle's note?”

At that dire signal murderous men  
Advanced with cruel joy,  
And naked steel was gleaming then  
Around the princely boy.  
The scorn that from his proud eye flashed,  
His lips might not impart;  
For four remorseless weapons clashed  
Within his gallant heart.

DISPENSING SCHOOLS

From passing in their victim land,  
    I see a direful bitterness abroad;  
"How are your Marquises now?" they said,  
    "Are all here in the sunken?"  
But in their hearts of hidden malice,  
    Bitterness is they write.  
They know by the struck that will  
    A secret's wild despair.

Unknown, with the world names  
    As I am and Lancaster,  
They all bear long unavenged names—  
    They were they that is lost;  
Unknown, savagery, and sense,  
    And were many and power  
With all the virtues of the gross,  
    Scared bitterness is this hour.

The memory of her longings dies,  
    For me a widow and full  
The love of the errant Queen  
    Was still impotent all.  
"And is it thus we meet?" she cried,  
    "By Edward, my fair one;  
"I wond that I see thee had died,  
    My child—my precious one!"  
  
"There were a man's hope and joy,  
    I wond thee see a flower;  
The looks shew been a peasant boy,  
    The looks been call mine own!"

Thy morning sun in blood is set,  
And yet, oh! woe is me!  
My gallant young Plantagenet,  
I cannot weep for thee.

“I’ve wept for lighter things than this,  
Like one whose hope was fled;  
But now I know what sorrow is,  
I have no tears to shed.  
Oh! hadst thou in the battle died,  
‘Midst glorious deeds laid low,  
I then had felt a mother’s pride,  
Amidst a mother’s woe!

“But butcher work was here, my child,  
On thee most foully wrought;  
And murderer’s o’er thee grimly smiled—  
Distracting, cruel thought!  
Yet shall not Heaven’s dread vengeance sleep—  
A curse is on their line;  
And hearts that now exulting leap,  
Shall feel the pangs of mine.

“A sibyl’s spirit, stern and high,  
Now swells my labouring breast,—  
‘Tis born of my strong agony,  
And will not be repressed:  
I see York’s house made desolate,  
Its sceptre in the dust—  
I see its murdered infants’ fate—  
I see that God is just.

“ The sword that made me childless ne'er  
Shall from their house depart;  
There's vengeance—vengeance, even here,  
For my distracted heart.  
For thee, my boy, so foully slain,  
Shall York's best blood atone;  
And son of theirs shall never reign,  
On England's royal throne.

“ And though thy fair majestic brow  
No earthly crown shall wear,  
Yet well I know thou smilest now  
At regal pomp and care.  
Nor recks it that in nameless tomb  
That princely form must rest,  
Thy soul hath met a brighter doom,  
And dwells amidst the blest!”

DEATH OF EDWARD OF LANCASTER,  
PRINCE OF WALES.

HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

Of all the events by which the long protracted struggle of the rival roses for the crown of England was marked, the battle of Tewkesbury excites the deepest interest. It was the closing act of the tragedy as regarded the fortunes of the house of Lancaster, and involved the destruction of the last hope of a dynasty which had for sixty years occupied the throne, and played a conspicuous part in the history of Europe.

Seventeen days after the defeat and death of the earl of Warwick at Barnet, the consort and son of the deposed and captive Red-rose sovereign, Henry VI., arrived with their weary host at Tewkesbury, on the evening of the 3rd of May, 1471, having performed a fatiguing march of seven-and-thirty miles, without food or refreshment. They were on their way from Bristol to the Welsh border, where the queen hoped to be able to form a junction with the army of Jasper Tudor, earl of Pembroke, and, having been prevented from crossing the Severn at Gloucester,

expected to be able to do so here. Their plans were disarranged by the startling news that Edward IV., with his victorious troops, much superior in numbers, well-appointed for the field, and with a fine train of artillery, of which the queen's army was entirely destitute, was encamped within a mile and a half of the town. A council was immediately held to settle what was to be done in this desperate emergency. The queen was urgent to continue the retreat by crossing, without delay, the Severn, which now lay before them. Somerset objected that the foe, being so near at hand, would probably attack them in the rear, and cut off the hindmost, and, as no one would like to be in that predicament, disorder, desertion, and revolt would ensue, and that as they had the choice of the ground, it would be more advisable to entrench themselves where they then were, and defend themselves, if attacked, so manfully as to change the present unfavourable aspect of their affairs.

Margaret, who had a dark presentiment of the evil fortunes that awaited her party, replied with tears "that she could like well enough of her cousin Somerset's opinion, if nothing more dear to her than her own life were at stake, but she feared, lest, while they sought to improve the desperate fortunes of the party, the life of the prince of Wales, in whom the whole hope of the nation did consist, might be endangered, and, therefore, wished that either the battle might be deferred or his safety ensured, by sending him back to France, or to some safe retreat, till they saw how the event of the conflict turned."

The honour of the princely heir of Lancaster was piqued at this degrading proposal of providing for his single safety. He who had spent his bold infancy in camps and fighting fields, and had received the accolade of knight-

hood, when only eight years old, under the standard of his victorious mother, on the field she had fought and won for the deliverance of his royal father, might not endure the thought, ten years later, of playing the truant when there was an opportunity of doing battle for his father's crown. He agreed with Somerset, that it would be best to fight, and take such fortune as the God of battles might award to their cause.

The distress of the queen at this determination, and indeed, her whole demeanour from the moment she received the tidings of the defeat and death of the earl of Warwick and the re-capture of king Henry, are strangely at variance with the masculine characteristics attributed by Shakespeare to the heroine of the Red-rose, to whom he makes his gibing crook-back, Richard of Gloucester, address the insulting taunt—

"Then you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster."

The Margaret of Shakespeare is clearly a poetic creation, combining the Amazonian qualities of a Thales-tris or Bradamante, in the commencement of her struggle, with the wild pathos and terrific energy of the frenzied Hecuba of the Greek tragedy, in its close. But the Margaret of fiction only resembles the Margaret of history in her calamities and persevering firmness, in clinging to the last plank of the foundering bark of Lancaster. The Margaret of history was a woman of passionate impulses, strong partialities and prejudices; a daughter of the south of Europe, reared in the very atmosphere of poetry and romance—a creature of smiles and tears, incapable of disguising either her hatred or her love. She owed her occasional successes not to her Amazonian

prowess in the field, but to her feminine powers of attracting champions to the cause of her unfortunate lord by her beauty and eloquence. Sometimes we see her more than man in her courageous determination, her fortitude, and patience, and anon depressed and trembling, with all the excitable sensitiveness of her own feeble sex.

George Chastellaine, the Burgundian chronicler, records the fact, "that he heard queen Margaret after relating to the duchess of Bourbon, at St. Pol, the perilous adventures of herself and the young prince, her son, in the forest of Hexham,\* declare, 'that when she had prevailed on the robber to become their preserver instead of their murderer, and he testified his friendly purpose by tenderly carrying the o'er weary boy, who was incapable of pursuing the journey on foot, she experienced a severe pang at seeing that precious child in the arms of a man who was accustomed to shed Christian blood as a trade.' "

A sentiment apparently over-delicate at that moment, and certainly the more remarkable from the lips of a princess who had sanctioned sanguinary executions, and witnessed the terrible scenes of slaughter which had nearly decimated England during the wars of the Roses. Such are, however, the inconsistencies of the human heart—more especially of the female heart. The victorious heroine of the Red Rose at Wakefield, surrounded by the fierce barons of her party, who had fathers, brothers, or sons to avenge, suffered herself to be inflamed with the vindictive spirit which animated them, that terrible epidemic of civil warfare, which, like the evil influence of controversy in the

\* For a full account of these, together with many curious incidents never before introduced into the history of this queen, see her amplified life in the forthcoming edition of the "Lives of the Queens of England."

struggles for supremacy between professors of rival creeds, tramples down all the sweet and holy charities of life, and transforms those, whose mission was intended to be that of consolation and mercy, into destroying fiends. The forlorn fugitive of Hexham forgot the imperturbable coolness of the dictator of camps and councils in the tender instincts and apprehensions of maternal love. Again, at Tewkesbury, when she perceived that the life and hopes of her only son were inevitably about to be staked on the last cast of those unthrifty gamblers, who, with the odds against them, were recklessly bent on playing out the losing game of Lancaster to their own ruin as well as hers, and those dearer to her than her own life, she spake and acted, not like a Thalestris or a Bradamante, but according to the genuine impulses of woman's nature.

The obstinate determination of Somerset not to retreat having silenced all opposition, the weary host, instead of recruiting their exhausted powers by rest and refreshment, had to set to work, late as it was, to dig the trenches and fortify the ground he had chosen for the encampment. By dint of the most energetic exertions, and toiling all night, this task was completed before morning.

The Lancastrian troops were then strongly entrenched within a thickly wooded cover on the rising ground of Tewkesbury Park, about a quarter of a mile from the town, and a furlong to the south-west of the stately abbey, with the lofty hill of Bredon to their right, and the marshy plain in front, where the Avon and Severn unite their streams—a position of peculiar strength, if they had been sufficiently acquainted with the ground to avoid its perils. When king Edward reconnoitred this encampment, he perceived that it would be very difficult to dislodge his foes, unless by some stratagem, and observing that Somerset had left one opening, as if for the object of

making a sally, he determined to play on his fiery, impetuous temperament, in order to draw him from his vantage-ground.

On the morning of Saturday, May 4th, the duke of Gloucester commenced the attack by bringing up the artillery which was under his direction to sweep the little wood; but Somerset's archers galled his men so sharply from their covert, that by the king's direction he sounded a retreat, then Somerset, thinking to secure the victory, issued forth at the head of the battalion he commanded, and commenced a hot pursuit.

The Lancastrian host was divided into three bodies, of which Somerset led the forward wing, the earl of Devonshire the rear-guard; the prince of Wales was placed in the van, to encourage the troops by his presence and bold bearing; but the real commander of that battalion was sir John Wenlock, an experienced veteran, but who had changed his colours so often, that no reliance could be placed on his principles; it is, therefore, difficult to account for his being chosen for a post of such extreme importance, unless we may suppose, that having been a trusted state-officer in queen Margaret's household, ever since her marriage, he had obtained that influence over her mind which is often possessed by old servants, and had persuaded her that all his desertions of her cause had been prompted by some laudable intention of serving her; and that, as she had restored him to her favour and confidence, the appointment had proceeded from her. This conjecture is the more probable, as there was no good will existing between him and Somerset, the actual commander-in-chief of the host; and, whether with treasonable intent or not, his disregard of Somerset's orders, for him to advance to his support, involved the loss of the battle; for that nobleman having fallen into the snare provided for him by his sag-

cious foes, found himself suddenly opposed to the main body of the Yorkists, with king Edward at their head, and, being unable to cope with such desperate odds, was forced to retreat. After some hard fighting and great loss, Somerset, by taking a circular direction, succeeded in gaining his former post, where, finding Wenlock sitting inactively on horseback, at the head of his laggard troops, on the very spot where he left him, he rode furiously up to him, and, exclaiming, "Traitor!" clove his skull with his battle-axe. The troops under Wenlock's command were panic-stricken by this ferocious action, and fancying, perhaps, that Somerset — who had changed sides more than once himself — was going to fall on them, fled in all directions, regardless of the prince of Wales's attempts to rally their broken ranks. Meantime, the duke of Gloucester, having obtained a reinforcement of two hundred fresh men, led back his battalion to the onslaught, and followed by the king his brother, made one of his tremendous charges on the rear-guard of the Lancastrian host, carried the trench, and drove their cavalry upon the front ranks of their comrades, who were thus forced down the little sudden acclivity on the edge of which they were drawn up into the crook of the river Avon, which, partly masked by the fringing brushwood, on the rising ground, flowed dark and deep below, swollen above its banks with the recent heavy rains. The scene must have been terrible beyond description, for when the foremost ranks gave way, and were thus driven into the waters, where, embarrassed with their heavy armour, they had not a chance for life, the fugitives, who were pressing upon them from behind, unaware of the nature of the ground, precipitated themselves after them, without the power of drawing back, into the same fatal stream, where a far greater number of the Lancastrian cavaliers were

drowned than those who perished by the sword, which three thousand are known to have done.

The fortunes of the fight being thus decided in favour of the White Rose, diligent search was made for the prince of Wales, who was believed to have escaped, for his body was not found among the slain. A proclamation was then made by the royal victor, "offering the reward of a hundred pounds a year to any one who should produce him either dead or alive, with a promise that his life should be spared, if he had been captured." On these conditions, sir Richard Crofts, a knight who had taken the unfortunate young prince as he was flying towards the town, surrendered his illustrious prisoner to king Edward, and received the promised reward.

When the hapless heir of Lancaster was brought into the presence of his victorious foe, his fine person and noble bearing created no slight sensation of surprise. King Edward, after sternly regarding him for some moments, without being able to intimidate him with his eye, demanded of him, in a menacing tone, "How he durst so presumptuously enter his realm with his banner displayed against him?"

"I came," replied the prince, undauntedly, "to recover mine inheritance, my father's rightful realm, which thou, being his liegeman, hast wrongfully usurped."

King Edward, exasperated at the unexpected sincerity of this bold answer, basely struck the gallant stripling on the mouth with his gauntlet, at which indication of his displeasure his two brothers, the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, who were, of course, glad of the opportunity of ridding themselves of so formidable a rival to the claims of their family, drew their daggers, and, assisted by the marquis of Dorset and lord Hastings, despatched the princely captive. The spot pointed out by local tra-

dition as the scene of that murder still bears the name of the Bloody Field.

This circumstantial account of the manner in which the gallant springing young Plantagenet was cut off, is related by Hall, Holinshed, Speed, Stowe, Polidore Vergil, and, in briefer terms, by Fabian, and all the topographical historians of Tewkesbury, confirmed by the local traditions of the place.

Some later historians have disputed the popular version of the death of the son of Henry VI., because Fletewood and Warkworth, two contemporary writers of good authority, have stated that he was slain in the field, calling on his brother-in-law, the duke of Clarence, for help. The luckless heir of Lancaster must have had sufficient experience of the honourable disposition of "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," to be aware that he was the last man in the world to succour him; for, independently of the jealousy that had been excited by his marriage treaty with the younger co-heiress of Warwick, in regard to the royal succession, Clarence had fixed his affections on the whole of that rich inheritance which he intended to appropriate to his own share.

The circumstances of the proclamation issued by Edward IV. offering a reward for the apprehension of Edward of Lancaster, and the fact that Sir Richard Crofts obtained the annuity in consideration of that important service, are, apparently, indisputable evidences of the veracity of Hall and Speed's statements. Fletewood and Warkworth probably noted down their narratives from general report, before the full and authentic particulars of the manner of the Lancastrian prince's death had transpired—if, indeed the former, who is a stanch partisan of the house of York, had been disposed to record matters so little to the credit of Edward IV. as his viola-

tion of his solemn guarantee of sparing the life of the royal captive in the event of his being taken alive. But treachery was one of that king's characteristics, and of his unprincely evasion of his promises another instance occurred, in connexion with the battle of Tewkesbury, too remarkable to be omitted, as it affords indisputable evidence of the manner in which Richard of Gloucester rendered himself instrumental in the perpetration of those deeds of which Edward cared not to incur the personal odium.

When the duke of Somerset found the day irretrievably lost, he, with Longstrother, the prior of St. John's, and twenty other Lancastrian noblemen and knights, having cut their way through the victorious Yorkists, fled to the Abbey, and succeeded in taking sanctuary there. They were closely pursued by their foes, headed by king Edward himself, who, with his drawn sword in his hand, and words of deadly menace on his lips, was about to follow his intended victims into the church, but, at the south door, the vengeful conqueror was met and withstood by the courageous priest, who, while the storm of battle was raging round the sacred pile, had been officiating at the altar, and now, raising the chalice and patina, charged him "not to violate the sanctity of that holy place by staining it with the blood of the fugitives who had fled thither for refuge, but to grant them pardon, that he might himself obtain mercy at the last day."

The royal leader of the victorious host of York submitted to the requisition of the ecclesiastic, and left his trembling quarry to imagine that he had granted them their lives, or at least that they would be permitted to remain in sanctuary unmolested. Sorrowful witnesses were they on the morrow, which was the second Sunday after Easter, of the exultant Te Deums and solemn offices

of thanksgiving that were sung in that abbey, to commemorate the crowning triumph of the White Rose. But if, relying on the implied promise of king Edward, they fancied that the bitterness of death was past, they were the more deceived. Edward, who meant not to offend the church, or fly in the face of popular opinion by a personal violation of the privilege of sanctuary—a privilege, of which his own queen and his new-born heir had so recently been under the necessity of availing themselves,—had a ready subterfuge for the evasion of his implied promise. He had given commission to his brother, the duke of Gloucester, to arrest and bring under the sentence of martial law all the Lancastrians, of any note, who had escaped the carnage of the battle-field. Armed with this general order, therefore, which, without specifying, included those who had on the Saturday received an evasive promise of grace from the king, Gloucester entered the abbey on the Monday morning following, at the head of two hundred men, seized the luckless fugitives, and dragged them to the market-cross, where a mock tribunal being erected for him to sit in judgment upon them, they were arraigned before him of high treason, and receiving sentence of death from his lips as lord high steward of that commission—their heads were immediately stricken off in his presence. Such were the summary processes of that frightful epoch.

The time and circumstances of the capture of the hapless queen are almost as much matter of dispute as the manner in which her son met his death. According to some writers, when she saw the total rout of her army she was borne fainting, in her chariot, through the gates of Tewkesbury park, and by her faithful friends conveyed to a small religious house in the neighbourhood, where, at the end of three days, she was brought to king

Edward, at Worcester;\* others affirm, that she was found, half-dead with grief, in her chariot, not knowing whether her son were alive or dead, and in that state was brought into king Edward's presence; if so, she must have been a witness of the heartrending tragedy, and this is the view Shakespeare has taken.

There is a curious illuminated MS., called the Chronicle of Tewkesbury, preserved in a convent at Ghent, which contains a contemporary representation of the battle that was fraught with the destruction of the last hopes of the royal house of Lancaster. The artist, doubtless one of the Benedictine brethren of Tewkesbury Abbey, has apparently taken his sketch from the central tower of his own church, after the Lancastrians were driven from the high ground into the marshy meadow below. The local features of the landscape are, however, portrayed with about as much regard to the rules of perspective as if the illuminator had studied the elements of drawing in a china factory at Nankin. The figures are numerous and gaily coloured, but very rudely delineated. It contains a good deal of quaint detail, and some individuality. One group, which represents four knights surrounding the body of a dead youth, in a royal-blue mantle, stripped from his breast to display a variety of wounds, is evidently intended to describe the death of the prince of Wales.

The obsequies of the unfortunate heir of Lancaster were hastily performed with those of a great many persons of inferior rank, who were permitted to receive Christian burial within the nave of the abbey church. He was interred under the central tower, and a fair gray

\* See the Life of Margaret of Anjou, in the "Lives of the Queens of England."

marble slab, with rich funeral brasses, was subsequently placed, to mark the spot, through the fond care of some nameless friend to whom his memory was dear: perhaps his young widow, after her forced nuptials with Richard of Gloucester had restored her to wealth and power, was able, through the agency of that faithful servant of her mother, John Rous, of Warwick, to arrange that matter with the monks of Tewkesbury, to whom the Beauchamps had been great benefactors.

The Dinely MS., an antiquarian itinerary of the days of Charles II., contains the following notice of this monumental memorial of the last royal scion of the Lancastrian sovereigns, with a little pen-and-ink etching of its appearance when seen by the notator:—

“This fair tombstone of gray marble, the brasses whereof have been picked out by sacrilegious hands, is directly under the tower of the church at the entrance of the choir, and said to be laid over prince Edward, who lost his life, in cold blood in the dispute between York and Lancaster. Richard Crookback ran him into the heart with a dagger.”

The last sentence is a quotation from York’s Union of Honour.

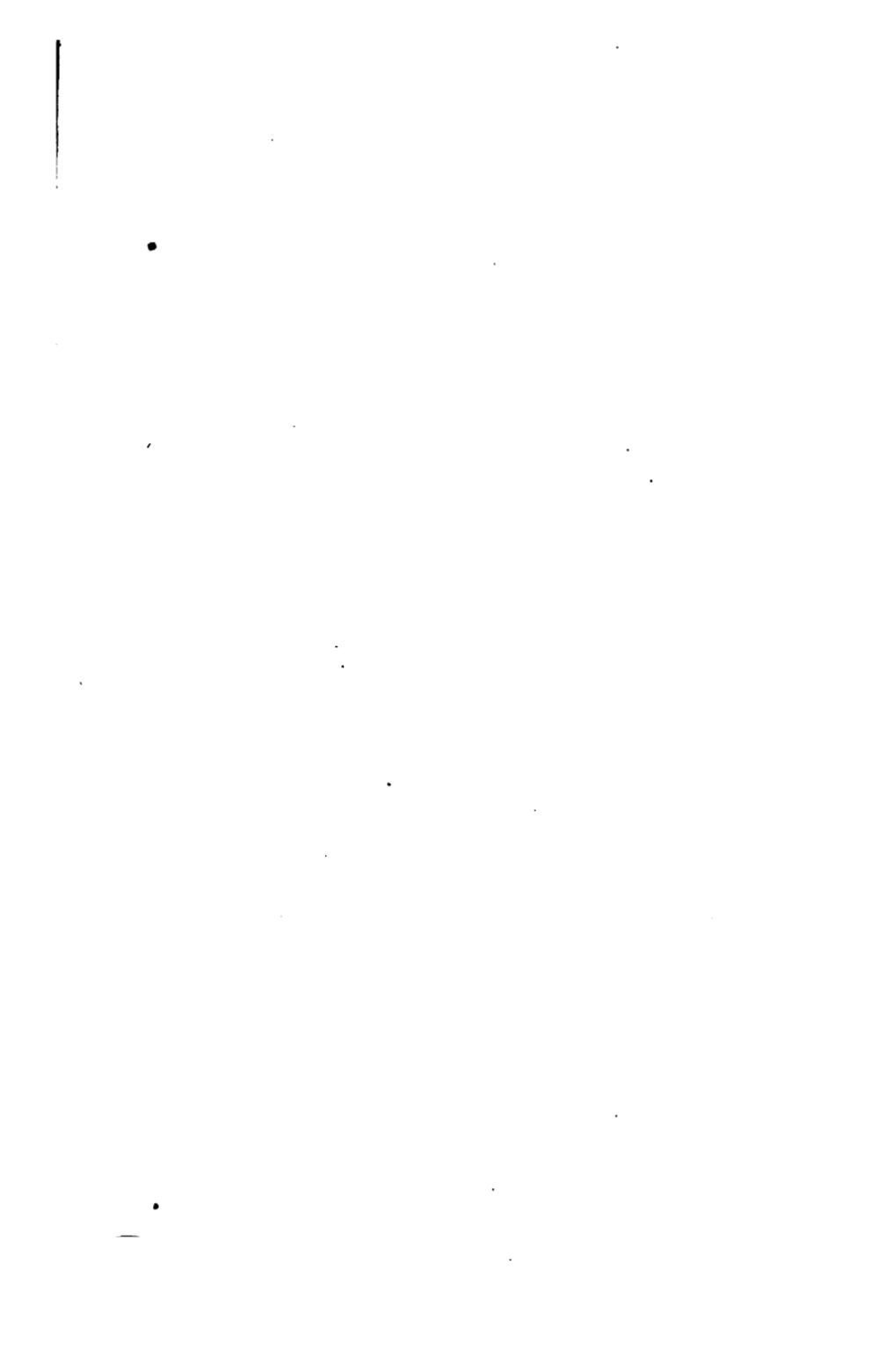
When Tewkesbury church was under repair in the present century, this interesting relic was removed, and long remained, with other broken monumental marbles, among the rubbish in a corner of the north cloister, where it was found by the Rev. E. Davies, the present vicar, who, to preserve it from further desecration, had it placed under the font in the south transept.

A feeling which did great honour to the inhabitants of Tewkesbury led them to place a brass tablet over the grave of the prince, with a Latin inscription to this effect:—

"Lest all memory of Edward, prince of Wales, should perish, the pious care of the worthy people of Tewkesbury has prepared this tablet to mark the place of his interment."

Within seven years after the mangled form of the young, the beautiful, the intrepid Edward of Lancaster had been consigned, without funereal honours, to his untimely grave, in Tewkesbury Abbey, the portals of that church were unfolded to admit the remains of his sister-in-law, Isabella, duchess of Clarence, who died in premature childbed, not without suspicion that her death had been hastened by poison, to enable Clarence to offer the reversion of his hand to Mary of Burgundy. The jealous displeasure conceived by the duchess of Clarence at having to give place to her younger sister after her marriage with the Lancastrian prince of Wales was the exciting cause of Clarence's treachery and subsequent desertion of the cause of the Red Rose. A little later, in March, 1478, the swollen corse of Clarence himself was brought for interment very privately to Tewkesbury Abbey, and laid by his consort's side, with little reverence, and no manifestation of sympathy from any one. His memory was branded with many foul stains, in addition to the dis honourable part he had acted towards queen Margaret and her son. The marvellous tale, that he drowned himself in a butt of malmsey, in the Tower of London, might probably be explained by the equally suicidal fact, that he died in a state of intoxication, or the more generally rumoured statement that he had been privately despatched by order of the king, his brother, in order to be rid of him without incurring the popular odium of bringing him to the scaffold. Margaret of Anjou had, in the agonies of her maternal grief, invoked the most frightful maledictions on all

the parties concerned in the murder of her son. That Clarence, Gloucester, and Hastings all came to violent deaths, and every male of the house of York was cut off before one generation had passed away, may be regarded as striking fulfilments, not of the rash imprecations of a weak and suffering creature of clay, but rather of the awful truth of God's denunciation, that he will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.



## THE FUNERAL OF KING CHARLES I.

THROUGH the deep azure of the wintry night,  
Unnumbered stars shone tremulously bright,  
Slow moving on in their majestic march,  
And spangling with their glories Heaven's high arch;  
Through boundless space they journey on sublime,  
In their appointed course, unchanged by time,  
Which changes all things—yet they still are seen,  
From age to age, immoveably serene;  
The wreck of nations, and the tide of years,  
The crimes they silently behold, the tears,  
The hopes, the fears, the passions that enthrall  
The pilgrims of this low terrestrial ball,  
To them are nothing—less than winds that sweep  
The heaving bosom of the restless deep;  
Or they would weep, whene'er they glanced below,  
At the dread sum of human guilt and woe.

What mark they now of Fortune's dire reverse?  
See! o'er the snow-clad plains a lonely hearse,  
Towards stately Windsor's solitary towers,  
Winds through deserted vales and leafless bowers;  
Which in congenial melancholy gloom,  
Appear like mourners conscious of the doom  
Of him their royal lord, who oft in vain  
Had sighed to visit these loved scenes again;  
And after weary years of absence, past  
In woe and wanderings, *thus* returns at last.  
He comes! but stretched upon a bloody bier,  
O'er which nor wife nor child may shed a tear;  
All, all are distant whom his soul held dear.

But at what hour, and in what humble guise  
Are paid the lord of England's obsequies?  
No solemn trains in long procession bring  
To their last home the relics of their king;  
Nor royal nor funereal pomp are there,  
Nor death-march pealing on the midnight air,  
Nor blazing torch nor tapers shed their light  
Through the dim chapel at the burial rite;  
Nor through St. George's silent cloisters swell,  
The mournful echoes of the muffled knell,  
The holy forms denied, which Christians pay  
E'en to the meanest peasant's lifeless clay.

What though no stately canopy is spread,  
With crowns and trophies meet for royal head,

See o'er the murdered monarch's sable pall,  
Emblems of innocence, the snow-wreaths fall!  
White goes he to his grave!—In like array  
He took the crown on his inaugural day,  
When through the Abbey's thrilling fabric rang  
The applauding shouts that drowned the trumpet's  
clang,  
“God save King Charles, long live our gracious  
king,  
May every year to him new blessings bring;  
Long may king Charles in peace and glory reign”—  
But who, alas, of all the flattering train,  
Who hailed him in the sunshine of his power,  
Abide the darkness of this mournful hour?  
Deeds and not words, bear witness for yon band  
Of faithful liegemen, who united stand  
In the dim shadowy aisle, and nobly prove  
Their stainless fealty with devoted love:  
That glorious six who dauntlessly arose,  
Scorning all perils, and from traitor-foes  
Wrung boldly the reluctant boon, that they  
In sacred earth their murdered lord should lay.

Stern mourners these, in whom all softer woe  
Is lost in indignation's fiery glow;  
Theirs are the burning tears avengers shed,  
Where wrath prevails o'er sorrow for the dead;  
Wrath for his countless wrongs, his lawless doom,  
The malice that pursues him to the tomb.

His wrongs, his griefs, his insults are forgot,  
In this calm hour, and *he* regards it not.  
The man of many sorrows is at rest  
And this last outrage troubles not the blest.

Lo! silently his nameless grave above,  
Are given the tears and unbought prayers of love;  
And though no monumental marbles grace,  
Nor pompous records mark his resting-place;  
Yet men unsullied by reproach or fear,  
In reverential sorrow gathered near;  
The while a faithful hand inscribed the bier  
With one brief line, engraved with pious care,  
Which simply told a monarch slumbered there  
Who in the dust his sceptre had laid down,  
And changed an earthly for a heavenly crown.

## THE FUNERAL OF KING CHARLES I.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE calamities of the sovereigns of the royal house of Stuart have for the last century and a half been adduced as a sort of proverbial reproach against them, implying that their misfortunes were to be regarded as proofs of their unworthiness. This is no new theory: Job's comforters were impressed with the same notion, and wasted much essayical declamation in trying to persuade the much enduring man to think so too. And this rhetoric was apparently the bitter drop that made Job's cup of suffering overflow. It was these injurious inferences that conquered his powers of endurance. He could bear anything but that; and with a burst of sarcastic eloquence drove them from their false position, and reproved their want of charity.

They had forgotten that adversity is a trial often laid on the just to strengthen and improve virtue, for "those whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

The Stuarts, one and all, shone brightest in the hour of

trial, and their misfortunes were the means of eliciting traits of the most generous and ennobling character from their adherents. Sordid and selfish aspirants for place and pension forsook, it is true, like rats, the falling towers they had helped to undermine, but a considerable section of the moral chivalry of the land chose rather to be crushed with the majestic ruins than to withdraw in the time of danger. The history of no other royal house affords so many beautiful exceptions to the proverbial inconstancy and time-serving propensities attributed as a general reproach to the servants of princes as that of Stuart. The loyal courage of the true-hearted gentlemen who delivered Mary Queen of Scots from her wave-encircled prison at Lochleven has already been commemorated. Less brilliant in its manifestation, not less worthy of admiration, was the patient fidelity of the devoted ladies who shared her second captivity for nearly twenty years in England, attended her to the scaffold, and, with affection that survived the fatal termination of her existence, refused to forsake her lifeless remains till they had seen her long-delayed obsequies solemnized in Peterborough cathedral. Scarcely sixty-two years later, when the national honour of England and the sacred character of her laws were again violated by the perpetration of a second royal murder, prefaced by the farce of a mock trial, for which that of Mary Stuart had afforded a disgraceful precedent, the bleeding remains of her grandson, Charles I., were fearlessly followed from the scaffold to St. James's palace by two gentlemen. One of these was Juxon, bishop of London, the meek prelate who had ministered the last consolations of the church, of which he was so conscientious a witness, to his royal master, the other was Charles's faithful servant, Mr. Herbert, who had waited upon him during his captivity, assisted, with streaming eyes and

trembling hands, to array the royal victim for the scaffold, and attended him there. It was the courageous perseverance of Herbert that, at last, succeeded in wringing from the military dictator, Cromwell, and his tools (the packed committee of Parliament, who had voted the death of their sovereign) a reluctant permission to inter the body of their victim in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, the desire which Charles had always expressed of being laid in Henry VII.'s chapel, by the side of his father, James I, having been negatived by Cromwell, who, not contented with usurping the realm, was determined to appropriate the sepulchre of his master to his own use.

Herbert, who was not only one of the assistants, but the historian of the funeral of king Charles I., records that, having obtained, on his second application, an order from the committee of Parliament, bearing date 6th of February, 1648, authorizing him and Mr. Mildmay to bury the king's body at Windsor, it was removed from St. James's Palace on the following day, February 7th, in a hearse covered with black velvet, drawn by six horses covered with black cloth, attended by the gentlemen who had waited upon his majesty at Carisbrook Castle, and other places, since his majesty's going from Newcastle. Mr. Herbert showed the governor, colonel Whychcot, the committee's order for permitting Mr. Herbert and Mr. Mildmay to bury him, the late king, in any place within Windsor Castle that they should think meet and fit. They then carried the king's body into the dean's house, which was hung with black, and after to his usual bedchamber within the palace. After which they went to St. George's chapel to take a view thereof, and of the most fit and honourable place for the royal corpse to rest in.

They at first thought that the tomb-house, built by cardinal Wolsey, would be a fit place for his interment

but that place, though adjoining, yet not being within the royal chapel, they waived it, and proceeded to the vault where king Edward IV. had been interred, on the north side of the choir near the altar, that king being one his majesty would often make honourable mention of, and from whom he was lineally descended. That, therefore, induced Mr. Herbert to give order to N. Harrison and Henry Jackson to have that vault opened, partly covered with a large fair stone of touch, raised within the arch adjoining, having a range of iron bars gilt, curiously cut, according to church work, &c. But as they were about this work, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Lindsay, and with them Dr. Juxon, bishop of London, entered the chapel, they having also demanded and obtained licence from the parliament to attend the king's body to his grave. Herbert and Mildmay, thinking fit to leave the choice of the place of burial to those great persons, they in like manner viewed the tomb-house and choir; and one of the lords beating gently upon the pavement with his staff, perceived a hollow sound, and thereupon ordering the stones and earth to be removed, they discovered a descent into a vault, where two coffins were laid near one another, the one very large, and of an antique form—the other little. These they supposed to be the bodies of king Henry VIII. and queen Jane Seymour, his third wife, as indeed they were. The velvet palls that covered their coffins seemed fresh, though they had lain there above one hundred years.

The lords having agreed that this vault should be the place of interment, being about the middle of the choir, over against the eleventh stall on the sovereigns' side, “The king's body was then brought from his bed-chamber down into St. George's Hall, whence, after a little stay, it was, with a slow and solemn pace, (much sorrow

in most faces being then discernible,) carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall; and the governor, with several gentlemen, officers, and attendants, came after.

“It was then observed that, at such time as the king’s body was brought out from St. George’s Hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast, that by the time the corpse came to the west end of the royal chapel, the black velvet pall was all white, (the colour of innocence,) being thick covered over with snow.

“And so,” said his sorrowing servants, “went our king all white to the grave.” A remark that bore allusion to the stainless purity of his character, which his greatest calumniators have never ventured to impugn. It was remembered by the superstitious, that Charles was dressed in white on his coronation-day, instead of the imperial purple worn by his predecessors, and that choice was now considered typical of the martyr’s robe with which the church has fondly invested him.

Juxon, bishop of London, who had not shrunk from the painful duty of attending his royal master on the scaffold, to minister to him in the hour of death the last solemn office of our church, was preparing with equal courage to perform the mournful duty of reading the burial-service over his lifeless remains from the Book of Common Prayer, which he had open in his hand—perhaps the small folio copy still in existence, whose pages, sprinkled with the blood of the royal victim, bear indelible witness of the tragedy,—the bishop was, however, rudely interrupted by the roundhead governor of Whitehall, colonel Whycheot, who would not suffer the holy rite to be performed. The royal remains were, therefore, consigned to the grave without any other prayers than the silent ones of his faithful

servants, as they took their last farewell. The coffin being quite plain, without either insignia or lettering to distinguish it from any other, the earl of Lindsay, before it was lowered into the vault, cut with his penknife on the leaden band, which encircled it, this brief inscription :

“ King Charles, 1648.”

When the grave had closed over the mortal remains of the murdered king, no token or memorial was allowed to remain whereby the place of his repose might be identified. After the Restoration, it was expected that Charles II. would have solemnized the long-delayed obsequies of his father, and erected a superb monument to his memory. Want of funds, reasons of political expediency, or more probably a reluctance to recal painful recollections of the past, or, it might be, indolence, prevented the performance of this duty; and it was insinuated, as an excuse for the omission, that it was impossible to discover where the body had been deposited.

Pope alludes to this rumour in the following beautiful couplet in his “ Windsor Forest :”

“ Make sacred Charles’s grave for ever known—  
Obscure the spot, and uninscribed the stone.”

Barkstead, the regicide, and others of his party, took advantage of this supposed mystery to invent and circulate several absurd tales regarding the disposal of the body of Charles I., the falsehood of which was satisfactorily exposed when Henry VIII.’s vault was opened, in 1813, in the presence of the Prince-regent and Sir Henry Halford, who rendered honourable testimony to the fidelity of Herbert’s narrative. The coffin was discovered exactly as described, with the inscription rudely cut by the agitated hand of the faithful earl of Lindsay, and the lid being raised, it was found to contain the body of king Charles.

Southey, in one of his fine laureate odes—the funereal song of the princess Charlotte—thus commemorates the life-like appearance of the remains of the royal victim:—

“The murdered monarch, whom the grave,  
Revealing its long secret, gave  
Again to sight, that we might spy  
His comely face and waking eye;  
There thrice fifty years it lay,  
Exempt from natural decay,  
Unclosed and bright.”



## THE CAPTIVE OF CARISBROKE.

STERN Winter was o'erpast, and Britain's Isle  
Hailed the approach of April's rainbow smile;  
Her flowery steps were seen on hill and vale,  
And breath of violets scented every gale;  
The banks and meads were clothed in brighter green,  
And swelling buds on hawthorn boughs were seen;  
And grove and garden gaily 'gan to wear  
The fresh unfolding liveries of the year,  
While tuneful birds upon the merry wing  
Sang choral anthems to advancing Spring;  
All nature seemed to find a cheerful voice,  
And in soft showers and sunshine to rejoice.

But mournful were these beams to her who sate  
In Carisbroke's dark towers all desolate;  
For, oh! sad orphan of a royal line,  
Amidst these smiling hours, what pangs were thine!  
Pangs that have ne'er been told; yet not the less  
Didst thou, poor captive! feel their bitterness.

And, in thy lonely sorrow, sigh to rest  
Thy aching head upon a mother's breast;  
And think of brothers, sisters, far away,  
The loved companions of life's early day.  
Or memory, striking sadder chords, would dwell  
In anguish on thy murdered sire's farewell;  
And previous scenes of fond paternal love,  
Which e'en stern Cromwell's iron heart could move;  
Move, but not soften, though his tears confess'd  
A human feeling struggling, yet repress'd.  
And could thy pleading eye have looked within  
That close sealed breast, thou wouldest have seen  
how sin

Stung in the foretaste, yet, with strong control,  
Stifled the voice of conscience in his soul.  
He who had caused his master's blood to flow,  
Could send thee, hapless orphan, in thy woe,  
To weep thy bitter tears in those dread towers,  
Where thy loved sire had spent his weary hours  
Of harsh restraint! Those dismal walls could tell  
Their mournful tales to thy fond heart too well,  
Of all he suffered there, each pang he bore  
On thee in thought repeated o'er and o'er!  
Or bewildering fancy with her mournful power,  
Recalled the image of a darker hour,  
And brought before thee, in thy prison room,  
The block, the axe, the scaffold's fatal gloom,  
The sable coffin and the grisly pair  
Of visored ruffians grimly waiting there.

Was not that scene in thy lone solitude,  
Waking, re-acted, and in dreams renewed?  
Till thou with tear-swollen eyes wouldest sink to sleep,  
And from heart-rending visions wake to weep;  
While sorrow's cankerworm in secret fed  
On thy young cheek, and stole its tender red;  
And lines of high and melancholy thought.  
On thy fair brow were prematurely wrought,  
E'en the same touching and expressive grace  
Which grief had written on thy father's face;  
And thine eyes brighten'd with the fatal ray,  
Which speaks the silent progress of decay.

Thou wert 'midst ruthless traitors left alone,  
Remote from all who loved thee—hapless one!  
All, save that tender boy\* condemned to bear  
In all thy griefs a brother's equal share:  
Doomed, like thyself, in life's fresh morn to know  
All a true Stuart's heritage of woe.  
To whom thy spirit clave as death drew nigh,  
And felt its bitterest pang to burst that tie,  
And leave him, when thy mournful eyes must close,  
A helpless captive 'midst unpitying foes—  
E'en those who slew thy father, and essayed  
Thee to detain in bonds, young royal maid!  
But strove in vain—thy spirit felt the call  
To happier worlds, and burst its mortal thrall,

\* Henry, duke of Gloucester.

Within the solitary room forlorn,  
Where the lone captive lay, 'twas marked one morn,  
By jealous jailers sternly gathering round  
The guarded door, that stillness more profound  
Than usual reigned, yet none suspected death  
Had hushed the deep, low cough and labouring breath  
Of that poor sufferer, whom at night they left,  
Of human sympathy and aid bereft!  
They knocked unheeded, and they called in vain,  
On her who ne'er should hear rude voice again.  
Could she have 'scaped? They entered and they saw,  
A sight that thrilled their ruffian hearts with awe  
If not remorse, for there,—the hour unknown,  
Her pangs unwitnessed,—she had died alone!  
Without one tender watcher near her bed,  
To smoothe the pillow for her sinking head!  
And there she lay with her dark mournful eyes  
Fixed with appealing glances on the skies!  
Her lips apart and fingers clasped in prayer,  
As monumental marble, cold and fair!  
Her pale cheek pillow'd on the holy book,  
Which told her Saviour near, though all forsook,  
That precious book, to her in sorrow 'bless'd,  
Her murdered king and father's sole bequest!  
Had been her lamp of comfort through the gloom,  
While journeying lonely to an early tomb,  
She passed through paths of anguish, meekly trod,  
An angel, to the presence of her God!

## THE CAPTIVE OF CARISBROKE.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

HISTORY records, perhaps, more startling tragedies, but no tale more piteous than the fate of the second daughter of Charles I.—that tender and prematurely crushed flower, princess Elizabeth, who died in the second year of her cruel confinement in Carisbroke Castle.

This hapless scion of royalty was born at St. James's Palace, January 28th, in the year 1635, and early gave indications of goodness and precocious intellect. Her portrait, when a child of seven years old, appears in Vandyke's well known historical group of the children of Charles I., which was painted just before the departure of the queen, their mother, for Holland, to conduct the princess royal to her young bridegroom, the prince of Orange, in the year 1642, on the eve of the great Rebellion ; the princely little train there depicted were immediately after separated, and never met all together again. This circumstance not only explains, but lends touching interest, to the melancholy expression which pervades

the features of the elder children, whose young hearts shared in the gloomy forebodings which agitated their royal parents at this anxious crisis. The only smiling creature in the group is the infant Henry, duke of Gloucester, a fat, lovely baby of eight months old, whose tender age rendered him unconscious of the gathering storm that loured, not only over the throne of his devoted sire, but was destined to carry its terrors even into the royal nursery, to render his brethren wanderers, and himself and his little sister Elizabeth weeping captives before he could understand the cause of that grief to which the painful nature of his position awakened him in his earliest consciousness of existence.

The princess Elizabeth and this baby boy were necessarily united in more immediate companionship than the other royal children. Their brothers, Charles prince of Wales, and James duke of York, young as they were, accompanied the king, their father, to the army, and were exposed to the perils and hardships of the civil war, but Elizabeth and Henry were placed under the care of the same governess, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, afterwards lady Halket, whose devotional writings are less known than they ought to be. This lady was the daughter of king Charles's sub-tutor, Dr. Murray. Her talents, virtues, and sound judgment were well known to the king, who was glad to be able to consign his precious little ones to her conscientious guidance, deprived as they were, by the cruel temper of the times, of maternal superintendence.

The French ambassador, Montrieul, who endeavoured to mediate a pacification between king Charles and the presbyterian party, in the spring of 1646, gives an eloquent description, in one of his reports to his own court, of that "young budding beauty, the princess Elizabeth," as he calls

her; though only in her twelfth year, she was present at his reception, when he presented his credentials to the king her father, and conducted herself with the grace and dignity of one who had been accustomed to take part in such ceremonials, and manifested sensibility and intelligence such as he had never before observed in any princess of that tender age.

The culture of one of the most superior women of the times, together with the sweet uses of adversity, had given a loftier tone to the mind and character of the princely maiden than is usual with girls, at that period of life, when they are generally occupied with the mere mechanical part of education and the childish recreations of the nursery.

King Charles took the fatal resolution of joining the Scotch army the same spring, and the next time he and his children met, they were all prisoners to his rebellious subjects. He was sold to the parliamentary commissioners by the Argyll faction in the Scotch army—a baseness of which the Scotch nation ought to be entirely acquitted, since it was individual, and not public, guilt. His children fell into the hands of general Fairfax, at the surrender of Oxford, and were confided to the keeping of the earl and countess of Northumberland, at Sion House.

When Charles was brought to Caversham, his earnest entreaties to be permitted to embrace his beloved ones once more, which had been positively denied while he was at Holmley House, were granted, and they met at Maidenhead, July 15, 1647, after a separation of more than a year. Cromwell, who had the indelicacy to intrude himself as an eye-witness on the sacred privacy of this touching scene, meeting colonel Berkeley soon afterwards, told him, "that 'he had lately seen the tenderest sight that

ever his eyes beheld, which was the meeting between the king and his children; whereat he (Cromwell) wept plentifully at the remembrance thereof, saying, that 'never man was so abused as he in his sinister opinion of the king, who, he thought, was the most upright and conscientious of his kingdom.' " \*

Such are the words, be it remembered, not of Clarendon, Warwick, or any of the loyalist historians, but of the regicide memorialist, Ludlow, whom no one can reasonably suspect of undue partiality to the victim whose murder it was his business to justify, by recording all that might tend to blacken his memory. The private testimony of Cromwell to Charles's upright and conscientious feelings, derived from such a source, is perhaps one of the most striking refutations of the trite accusations of duplicity, which form the parrot-like *mot* of the political defamers of that king.

The royal children were permitted to spend two days with their father at Caversham House, soon after the interview which had drawn those memorable tears from Cromwell, which have occasionally been cited as evidence that the heart of that extraordinary man was not devoid of humane and even tender feelings. Of this it may, perhaps, be observed, that tears are oftener produced by a conjunction of circumstances affecting the physical or mechanical springs of those mysterious waters of the soul, than by genuine emotions of the soul itself. Murderers have been known to weep at tragedies; and those who would not disburse a shilling to relieve a starving family, frequently shed tears over fictitious tales of distress. Cromwell was himself a father, and a fond one; he might for a moment picture to himself the possibility of

\* Ludlow, June 1, p. 119.

the change of fortune placing him in the position of his unfortunate master, and his own children as weeping captives, clinging to his bosom, during a sorrowful prison interview, with tender caresses and manifestations of love and grief. But if, indeed, those plenteous tears, of which he spake, proceeded from the holy strivings of the blessed spirit, working by the dove-like influence of compassion on his soul, through parental sympathy, the sweet impulse was resisted, and left no restraining grace behind. He who had wept at the tender scene his eyes had beheld—nay, wept, according to his own account, at the remembrance thereof—wiped his tears away, and proceeded with unrelenting heart to the consummation of the tragedy, of which this was only one of the progressive passions.

Charles and his children met again at Hampton Court, and there the escape of the young duke of York was determined, and with this important secret Elizabeth was trusted. Wise beyond her years, she showed courage and strength of mind proportioned to the difficulty of the position in which she found herself placed.

After the king's fatal journey to the Isle of Wight, and consequent imprisonment in Carisbroke Castle, the royal children were all removed to St. James's Palace, deprived of their personal attendants, and strictly confined.

Mrs. Murray, the faithful governess of the princess Elizabeth and little Gloucester, though dismissed from her office, continued in London, for the sake of being near them, and was one of the parties instrumental in assisting the young duke of York to effect his escape by providing the princely boy with female apparel, in which she dressed him with her own hands at the house of Loe, the surgeon in one of the lanes in the Strand.

This daring adventure was successfully achieved on

the night of April 20th, 1648, to the great joy of the loyal party. The princess Elizabeth and little Gloucester were then removed by their jailers, for greater security, to Sion House, where they remained during the anxious interval between that date and the frightful termination of their beloved parent's troubles. The situation of the princess Elizabeth, just advancing towards the opening bloom of early womanhood, and left at that perilous age without a single friend, protector, or monitor, caused king Charles poignant anxiety. His parental feelings were made a subject of derision by the base editor of one of Cromwell's licensed newspapers, called "The Moderate," who in the number for January 9, 1649, gave the following paragraph touching the royal captive: "The king is cunningly wary, though he hears of the parliament proceeding against him. He asked one who came from London, how his young princess did. He was answered, 'That she was very melancholy.' The king answered, 'And well she may, when she hears the death her old father is coming to.' We find his discourse very effeminate, talking much of women."

Whatever may be said of his political errors, the personal conduct of Charles afforded his enemies so little handle for attack, that when they did not resort to calumny they were reduced to the necessity of turning his virtues into matter of reproach against him. One meeting—one alone—was vouchsafed to those long-parted ones who, in their separate prisons, had vainly yearned to look upon each other's faces once more. It took place on the 29th of January, when the royal children were brought from Sion House to St. James's Palace, to take their last farewell of their beloved parent. Little Gloucester was only eight years old—the princess Elizabeth had completed her thirteenth year on the preceding day. What a birthday

commemoration for her—the summons to come and receive the last embrace of her death-doomed king and father, on whom an iniquitous sentence had been pronounced by the traitors who had so long thirsted for his blood!

The tender scene between the royal father and children, at which Cromwell wept so plenteously, in July, 1647, was joy in grief; for it was a temporary reunion between those fond ties which he was now rending asunder for ever. The weeper spared his sensibility the excitement of witnessing the wrench of heart-strings, which took place at their mournful parting, on the eve of the bloody 30th of January, 1649.

A year and a half had been worn away in the sickening pangs of hope deferred, since Charles and his two captive children had met; that period had not passed over without leaving its traces visibly impressed on the kindred trio; but in how different a manner! the manly strength and beauty of the parent had withered beneath the corrosive sap of care, the mental sufferings he had gone through at Carisbroke, as well as the deprivation of air and exercise; his flowing hair was blanched, his comely visage was elongated. “The sweet and melancholy aspect” which, even in the days of prosperity, was natural to him, had deepened into a more prevailing shade of sadness. The children had, meantime, increased in stature and in loveliness; for at their period of life, Nature rapidly brings her work to perfection, and where the minds of the young are precociously advanced, the growth of the body usually keeps pace with the expansion of the soul. That loving and dutious pair, so sweet and good—so passing fair withal—how hard a pang it was for the royal father to take his last farewell of them, and to feel that he was leaving them, in their innocence and helplessness, in the hands of his murderers! But Charles was a Christian as well as a fond parent, and he

felt that he had a Christian duty to perform in giving his last admonition to his children, and inculcating to them the lesson of forgiveness, as well by precept as example, forgiveness of those who were about to render them orphans. He fortified his mind by prayer for that last trial of his courage.

The children, well instructed as they had been, had, doubtless, done the same. They restrained their feelings till they saw their father's face, and then they lifted up their voices, and wept. Charles drew them to his bosom, soothed, tenderly embraced, and blessed them, and bade them "be composed, for he had short time to tell them many things which were on his mind." He gave the princess some broken jewels, for her mother and her absent brothers and sisters; and for herself, finally, that jewel of worth, beyond all price, his own pocket Bible, as his last, best legacy — telling her, "that it had been his great comfort and constant companion through all his sorrows, and he trusted it would be hers." Prophetic words! — how fully were they realized in the dreary prison-house of Carisbroke, whither the righteous professor Cromwell sent the princely orphans, in their unpitied agony, to weep alone.

It was in that cheerless solitude that the princess Elizabeth wrote down her pathetic reminiscences of that parting scene, which, although it has often been more eloquently detailed, and with fuller particulars, must be recorded here in her own artless words. The narrative is indorsed—

" What the king said to me the 29th of January, 1648, the last time I had the happiness to see him.

" He told me that he was glad I was come, for though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had

feared the cruelty was too great to permit his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.' Then, shedding abundance of tears," continues she, "I told him that 'I would write down all he said to me.' 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and afflict myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against popery. He said that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also, and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them, too.

"Above all, he bade me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love w<sup>o</sup>uld be the same for her to the last; withal, he commanded me and my brother to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not God would restore the throne to his son, and then we should all be happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived.

"Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which, the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king, but, mark what I say, you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which, the child sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly, and his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God and he would provide for him.' All which the young child earnestly promised to do."

The noble answer of his brave boy appears to have

given a momentary thrill of delight to the heart of the death-doomed sire, who had, with such heroic calmness, announced to his children the manner of the death he was to die on the morrow. He recognised the heroic spirit of the mingled line of Bruce and Plantagenet in the reply, and felt that he could now depart in peace, without the painful apprehension that the holy bond of brotherly union would be violated in his family by a younger child being rendered the tool of traitors, in order to supplant the legitimate heir of the realm. He fervently kissed and embraced his little son, then took his daughter in his arms, kissed and embraced her also, and solemnly implored God's blessing and protection for them both. Then, feeling his own emotion becoming too painfully excited, he said to Juxon, "Have them taken away!" and turned to the window to conceal his tears. The children sobbed aloud when Juxon led them away; but as the door opened, Charles turned his head to snatch another look at those loved forms. They were passing from his sight for ever; the Christian hero's high resolve, the self-control of the philosopher yielded to the fond impulse of parental love. He rushed to his weeping children, enfolded them once more in a long, long passionate embrace, kissed and blessed them again—then tearing himself from their detaining arms and tender caresses, fell on his knees, as the door closed between him and them, and strove to calm his agony by prayer. He had gone through the hardest struggle that awaited him, in bursting from those endearing ties that bound him to the world, and having committed his fatherless babes and desolate widow to the care of their heavenly Father, he was ready to say, "Thy will be done!" and proceeded, with unruffled dignity, to the consummation of the tragedy that awaited him on the morrow.

A harder fate was in store for his daughter Elizabeth,

than the dread half hour's excitement of gracing the sable pageant of a public execution. It would have been a dangerous experiment to produce a virgin victim of her tender age on the scaffold, to appeal by her beauty, her innocence, and high bearing, to the sympathies of weeping crowds: but, in truth, the swift and sure descent of the axe would have been a coup-de-grace to her, whose life-destroying pangs remain unchronicled, and whose "slow, sudden death," within the lonely chamber of her prison-house, was unwitnessed by any living creature.

Cromwell had daughters of his own—daughters whom he loved: they were older than the princess Elizabeth, it is true, but the tender youth of the princely maiden ought to have appealed to his paternal feelings in her behalf. He was acquainted with her, had seen her affection for her murdered sire; he had been moved to tears at the tender scene of their meeting, and he was fully aware how intensely she had suffered in consequence of the bereavement to which he had doomed her. Had he not injured her enough, it may be asked, without heaping a heavier weight of affliction on that young sensitive heart? Could he not have made the only atonement in his power to her for the loss of her dearly loved father, by restoring her and her little brother to their mother's arms, to seek consolation there? On what pretence were those unoffending children deprived of their liberty, and treated, not merely as state prisoners, but as if they had been state criminals? The selection of Carisbroke Castle for the prison of the desolate orphans of Charles I., appears like a refinement of malice on the part of their pitiless persecutor, for there was no other place in England associated with so many painful recollections of their murdered king and father. Nor were personal vexations spared; for not only were they deprived of their titles, and the ceremonial

respect usually shown to the scions of royalty, but they were teased with the unfeeling declarations of the roundheads, "that the parliament intended to bind the little prince 'prentice to a shoemaker, and compel the princess to learn the humble craft of a button-maker." Meantime, the dampness of the situation, the want of air, exercise, and recreation, and maternal care, acted as fatally on the health of the orphan princess as the effect of "noxious drugs" would have done. She fell into a languishing illness, during which she suffered from neglect—having no female attendant or nurse to watch over her. Her illness degenerated into a malignant fever, during which she was left alone of a night, without one compassionate menial to hold a cup of cold water to her parched lips, or to support her wasted form in her feebleness. One morning, she was found dead in her bed, with her hands clasped together in the attitude of prayer, and her cold cheek pillow'd on the open pages of the Bible, her father's last and dearest gift to her. When it was perceived that the illness of the captive princess had taken a fatal turn, her late father's physician, Dr. Mayerne, was sent for, to save appearances, "but not," as he indignantly observed, "till it was too late." His certificate, "that she died of a malignant fever," is a much more satisfactory evidence that her death was not caused by poison than any conclusions that could be drawn from the presumed conscientious and amiable characteristics of a military despot, who could so far forget the common feelings of humanity as to incarcerate a harmless girl of thirteen in a dreary prison, till death put an end to her sufferings. She died on the 8th of September, 1650, a few days after the defeat of her brother, Charles II., at Dunbar, and was interred, without either royal pomp or religious ceremony, in the chancel of St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, on the

20th of that month. A stone, with the initials E. S., marked the spot. The leaden coffin, in which her remains were deposited, was discovered in October, 1799, in a vault which was perfectly dry when it was opened, and the coffin, looking almost as fresh as if just deposited there, bore the following inscription on it.

ELIZABETH, 2D DAUGHTER  
OF Y<sup>E</sup> LATE KING CHARLES,  
DECEASED SEPT. 8, MDCL."

She would have completed her fifteenth year, if she had survived till the 28th of January.

Mr. Macaulay, in his eloquent barristerial plea for Oliver Cromwell, complains of the injurious reflections which were cast on the humanity of that honourable man, in consequence of the untimely death of the orphan daughter of his royal victim, while in his custody.

"Thus," says he, "when, in the time of the Commonwealth, the princess Elizabeth died at Carisbroke, it had been loudly asserted that Cromwell had stooped to the senseless and dastardly wickedness of mixing noxious drugs with the food of a young girl whom he had no conceivable motive to injure."

The case of the poor princess Elizabeth is a peculiarly infelicitous citation as an exoneration of Cromwell's impugned benevolence, for although he refrained from mixing noxious drugs with the bread of affliction, with which he fed her, in her doleful prison house, the scriptural proverb, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," was never more fully exemplified than in his usage of that unfortunate young lady.

Cromwell's motives for thus incarcerating the helpless orphans of his royal victim we do not pretend to

analyse; the probability is, that they had, in their filial agony, expressed their horror and indignation of his character and conduct with the generous warmth of their incautious time of life, and that this had provoked his vengeance.

The murder of Charles I., as a political question, has its apologists, and even its admirers, but there are few persons, with English hearts, who would venture to defend the treatment of his orphan children, the barbarity of which has only been exceeded by the conduct of the leaders of the French Revolution to the son and daughter of Louis XVI., for which it formed a disgraceful precedent.

## THE ROYAL FUGITIVE.

DEEP silence was on earth, and heaven was bright  
With all its sparkling planetary train;  
The harvest-moon with her long glorious light  
Was up, and gilding mountain, vale, and plain,  
And shedding trembling splendour on the night.  
And it seemed strange that any should complain,  
Or mourn in such a scene, where all things were  
So calmly beautiful, serene, and fair.

But oh! there are those moments in our fate,  
When we are cold to Nature's loveliness;  
And when we view it, it doth aggravate,  
And add a keener sting to our distress,  
By its strange contrast to our own sad state;  
And all that we in happier hours should bless,  
We turn from with a sickening pang, and feel  
As some have felt, alas! but few reveal.

'Twixt king and rebel commons the stern strife  
At Worcester had been fought, and from that day,  
Slaughter, and woe, and horror, had been rife  
Among the vanquished royalist array,  
Vengeance prevailed, and many a noble life,  
Although escaped from that disastrous fray,  
Was fiercely still pursued by lawless foes,  
Marked with a fearful price, and doomed in blood to close.

Thus marked, and thus pursued by sordid men,  
Who followed hard and hot upon his trace,  
A youthful warrior in the forest glen,  
Weary of urging his tired charger's pace,  
Paused like a lion hunted to his den—  
While indignation flushed his faded face  
To hues of fiery brightness, and his hand  
Grasped with a sterner energy his brand.

Oh! there might mingled fury and despair  
In every look and attitude be seen,  
Of that sad fugitive, who seemed to bear,  
Though pale and woe-worn, the majestic mien  
And glance of high command, the courtly air,  
Which nought could change, though his gay smile had  
been  
Banished by early grief, whose shade had now  
Clouded the sunshine of his lip and brow.

And who is he that rideth thus alone  
Through the wild passes of this solitude?  
And hears at distance the dread bloodhound's tone  
Ring through the hollow dingles of the wood?

Servants, and friends, and followers,—all are gone.

His perils are unshared—yet such his mood,  
He heeds it not; for from red Worcester's plain  
Sweeps the dank breeze that kissed the unburied slain.

Who may he be? for keener pangs have crost  
His soul at this, than bitterest thoughts can bring  
Of his own lofty expectations lost,  
And his hopes crushed to earth and withering.  
Who but the leader of that slaughtered host—  
That throneless, houseless shadow of a king!  
Before whom is despair—behind the doom  
That bowed his father to a bloody tomb.

Where shall he turn?—Hist! cautious steps are near,  
And he has fruitlessly for further flight  
Spurred his exhausted steed—when on his ear  
Fell accents like sweet music through the night,  
A lady's voice low murmuring, “Pause not here,  
Where death surrounds thee? If from Worcester's fight  
Thou art a straggler, and thy fatal dress,  
And courtly mien, denote thee as no less.”

“As such thou read'st me rightly, gentle maid,”  
The monarch answered—“And, 'fore heaven! I brave  
That fate which cruel Fortune but delayed  
To render doubly bitter—for I have,  
Through the wide realms o'er which my father swayed,  
No shelter left me, lady, but the grave.”  
“Not so,” she said, “if thou couldst deign to share  
A subject's humble roof and frugal fare.”

The youthful king had marked her loveliness,  
And with a frank gay courtesy replied—  
“By yon bright moon, it needs not my distress  
“To tempt me to attend so fair a guide.”  
She led him through the forest’s deep recess,  
To a rude grotto by a streamlet’s side,  
For secresy contrived in earlier age;  
Perchance some outlawed priest’s lone hermitage.

The monarch eyed her, as with winning grace  
She bade him enter—while the moon’s soft light  
Gleamed on the touching beauty of her face,  
And eyes so darkly, languishingly bright—  
“Fair saint, or guardian angel of the place,  
“For such thou seem’st to my admiring sight,”  
He said—“Who would not sceptred pomp resign,  
“To dwell a pilgrim at so sweet a shrine!”

He spoke with ardent gaze—but she again  
Replied in mournful tone with faltering breath,  
“Oh! cease this light and amatory strain,  
“It suits not, my dread liege, the house of death.  
“Nay, start not; my brave sire, from Worcester plain,  
“Came sorely wounded, to expire beneath  
“This lowly roof; whence I, since evening’s gloom,  
“Have roamed in quest of aid to lay him in the tomb.”

She ceased—and flung her white arms o’er the bier  
With such a burst of agonized despair,  
As robbed the youthful monarch of a tear;  
While her dark locks, and cheek so purely fair,

On the cold bosom of the Cavalier  
Rested, and mingled with his silvery hair,  
That waved with the light breeze, while round his head  
The peaceful moon a trembling glory shed.

They watched in silence through the live-long night  
By the dead warrior, in that lonely cell,  
Till through the Gothic window the pale light  
Streamed on the face of paler Isabel,  
Who from the bosom of the lifeless knight  
Uprose, as she had stifled the wild swell  
Of her deep grief—gazed on the new-born day,  
Kissed the cold brow of death, and wiped her tears away.

The brief and melancholy meal, which they  
In silence took, was ended, and they gave  
Their thoughts the last sad offices to pay  
To the unconscious relics of the brave;  
And gilded by the eastern sun's first ray,  
They by the slender streamlet scooped a grave,  
And the dead soldier mournfully entombed  
Where alders waved, and water-lilies bloomed.

The wood-dove sighed his requiem—and the prayer  
And tears of pious love were weeping paid  
By Isabel—and a rude crostlet there  
Was by the youthful monarch carved, and laid  
On the low mound, to point to strangers where  
A fellow-mortal's last abode was made.  
But line or verse there was not, to imply  
O'er whom the willows murmured lullaby.

And they returned together, that young pair,  
In such sweet sympathy of stainless love  
As the pure spirits of the blessed share  
In their celestial intercourse above.  
Then he, the royal stranger to the fair  
Declared his soul's deep tenderness, and strove,  
With passion's wildest eloquence, to gain  
Consent with her for ever to remain.

Forsaking hopes of diadem and throne,  
He vowed with her in this calm solitude  
To dwell—retired, unenvied, and unknown,  
Esteeming her his all of earthly good;  
Dead to all others, and for her alone  
Living and loving.—But the maid withheld  
His ardent pleading—yea, though she repressed  
The secret wishes of her own fond breast.

She bade him leave her, and destroy the spell  
That bound him to this spot, though on her heart  
A pang than death more bitter sternly fell,  
As she pronounced, with pale lips, “We must part!  
“The lord of England was not born to dwell  
“In such inglorious softness—Charles! thou art  
“A nation’s hope—awake! depart! and be  
“All that thy faithful friends expect of thee.”

They parted—but it lists not me to tell  
Aught of the passionate regrets that broke  
From the fond prince, nor perils that beset  
Him in his wanderings, nor of that famed oak

In the deep solitudes of Boscobel;  
Or how stout Monk, in after years, the yoke  
Of foul rebellion rent, and brought once more  
The exiled monarch to his native shore.

But, oh! Adversity's sweet use in vain  
Was given to him, whose riper years did shame  
The promise of the boy.—With his light train  
The laughter-loving monarch blithely came,  
After long years, to Worcester—and again  
He sought those scenes in quest of sylvan game,  
Where he had 'scaped the perils that were now  
Subjects for mirth and wit's gay overflow.

It chanced as freely he pursued this theme,  
In pleasant vein he gained a lonely spot  
Which, like the recollection of a dream,  
Brought memory of things, long since forgot,  
Fresh on his soul—there was the winding stream  
Still murmuring in its course, and there the grot  
Where he found shelter in such fearful hour,  
And dwelt a then pure guest in Beauty's bower.

He paused, to contemplate in musing mood  
The scene around him, and in silence bound,  
Gazed, till in tender melancholy flood,  
Returned those lovely feelings early drowned  
In Folly's maddening vortex.—As he stood  
Near that lone grave, he marked another mound;  
And on a simple cross remembered well  
Were traced these words—"Here sleepeth Isabel."

A brief memorial!—How she died, or when,  
Her scanty epitaph did not unfold;  
Whether her days were wasted in this glen,  
Or late or early closed, is left untold.  
And strange it did appear to worldly men,  
Their monarch's tears fell fast upon the mould  
That wrapt a nameless maid—nor were aware  
His first, last, truly loved one slumbered there.

## THE ROYAL FUGITIVE.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE night before the battle of Worcester, Charles II. slept at the Commandery, a castellated mansion of great antiquity, having been the house of the Knights Hospitallers. This noble relic of the crusaders, though sorely battered by the assault of Cromwell's cannon from the green hill above, where one of the fiercest storms of the battle raged, is still in existence, but strangely disfigured by the more peaceful Vandals of the last century, who, instead of directing their repairs towards the restoration of some of the beautiful guest-chambers of the stately and commodious domicile, have intruded a modern, inconvenient dwelling-house, which looks as if it had got there by accident, and lost its way among the lofty arches and towers of ancient date. One of the grandest oriels ever seen, forms the extreme end of an apartment, the floor of which bears the indelible stain of noble blood, tradition says of the gallant duke of Hamilton, who was brought in mortally wounded from the adjacent battle-ground, and

lay in his agony on those boards till he received surgical aid, which was unavailing. If he had survived, it would only have been to follow his murdered brother to a scaffold. At the Commandery, a curious closet hiding-place over a staircase is pointed out by the name of king Charles's Hole, with the traditional legend that he was concealed there after the defeat. This, of course, is fabulous. The fact that the closet has originally formed part of the alcove in the adjoining curiously panelled chamber, where the young king slept while he lodged in the Commandery, affords the only solution to this implication with his name. It may also be observed that, although nearly two centuries have passed away since the chivalric handful of loyal gentlemen, arrayed under the command of their boy-king at Worcester, was crushed by Cromwell's Leviathan host, yet the interest attached to the romantic adventures of the royal fugitive continues to thrill the hearts of both high and low in that loyal neighbourhood as powerfully as if the contest had taken place within the memory of man.

The young king, who had completed his twenty-first year in the preceding May, arrived with his jaded troops at Worcester on the 22nd of August, after a harassing march of three hundred miles. His forces consisted of two thousand English and ten thousand Scots; the latter were commanded by David Lesley, a general who, having played a trimming part in the contest from first to last, was not a person to inspire much confidence; moreover, the troops were, for the most part, indifferently armed, and there was a great lack of ammunition. Cromwell, on the contrary, was at the head of a fine army, of between thirty and forty thousand picked men, well disciplined, well fed, and well provided with arms, artillery, and every requisite for crushing the forlorn hope that fol-

lowed the royal banner. When the enormous superiority of Cromwell's numbers and strength is considered, the wonder is, not that the royal troops were defeated, but that they stood their ground so well. Cromwell having taken up his quarters, an unwelcome guest, at judge Berkeley's house, at Spetchley, the young king resolved, at a council of war, which was held on the 30th of August, to give him a surprise, by beating up his quarters that night with fifteen hundred select horse and foot, commanded by major-general Middleton and sir William Keith. The enterprise was attempted, but being betrayed by a tailor in the town, was of course a failure, and a disaster, too, because in forces so unequally matched, the loss of every brave man was of serious consequence to the king.

On the morning of the 3rd of September—the ill-omened anniversary of a day which had been so fatal to the royal cause at Dunbar—Charles, while holding a council of war on the top of the college church-steeple, observed that Lambert's army, which had succeeded in forcing the pass at Upton Bridge, had attacked the loyal brigade, under the command of the brave general Robert Montgomery, who was defending Powick Bridge, and that Cromwell was constructing a bridge of boats over the Severn, at Bunsell. Charles hastened in person to the assistance of Montgomery; meantime Cromwell finished his work, crossed the Severn, and formed a junction with Lambert. Montgomery, nevertheless, defended Powick Bridge till his ammunition was expended, and himself desperately wounded, he was then forced to yield the contested ground. The king retreated to Worcester, and attacked Cromwell's battery at Fort Royal. Cromwell, in his despatch, allows that the battle was fought with various success for some hours. In fact, while he was at Perry Wood, the duke of Hamilton and sir Alexander Forbes, with their highlanders,

assisted by a party of English cavaliers, assaulted him so vigorously, that they drove him from his post, and remained for a short time in possession of his great guns. The popular traditions of Worcester gravely assert "that it was only by the especial aid which Cromwell solicited and obtained in that crisis from his powerful ally, the Prince of Evil, that he succeeded in recovering the ebbing tide of fortune. "The tree is still pointed out in Perry Wood, under which, it is pretended, this privy council extraordinary was held at noon-day," when he, to whom the power and glory of the kingdoms of this world have been delivered for a season, promised to stand his highness's friend once more, by giving him a complete victory, and domination over England more despotic than any king had ever enjoyed, but on the condition that Cromwell should barter his soul as the price of this aid, the forfeit to be paid on any anniversary of that day, within ten years, when it should please Sathanas to call for it. In "consequence of this demoniacal treaty, which," saith the Worcester legend, "was, of course, duly subscribed by Oliver with his blood, he rallied his forces, retook his guns, and succeeded in defeating his rightful sovereign." This, in sober seriousness, was done by the exercise of his great military talents, and not without very hard fighting, for, according to his own account, "the dispute was long, and often contested, at push of pike, from one defence to another. Indeed," continues he, "it was a very stiff business." So great, however, was the want of ammunition in the royal army, that the highlanders fought with the butt-ends of their muskets. The rebels had great advantage, as well in their numbers as by fighting both with horse and foot against his majesty's foot only, the greatest part of his cavalry being

wedged up in the town. In the Friar's-street, Charles put off his armour, which was heavy and troublesome to him, and took a fresh horse; then, perceiving that his foot-soldiers, wearied and dispirited, began to throw down their arms and decline fighting, his majesty rode up and down among them, sometimes with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms, and fight like men, and at last said, 'I had rather you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day.'

The last desperate stand was made in Sidbury-street, by a gallant party of loyal cavaliers, headed by the earl of Cleveland. A barricade was formed by overturning a waggon, in order to secure his majesty's retreat, which was at last done through the personal valour of colonel Benbow, who lost his arm in the hard fighting there; so that about six o'clock the king and the remnant of his shattered host succeeded in marching out of the town, through St. Martin's-gate. Although this is the account given by the best authorities on both sides, a general idea prevails in Worcester to the present hour, that Charles was actually shut into the town, almost solus, at the retreat. In this emergency he is said to have taken shelter in an antique mansion in Friar's-street, still in existence, where he was concealed, by the family, in a huge chimney, which, being built with steps, not unlike a steep staircase, he was able to climb to the roof, and so to pass over, while search was making for him below, the parapet and roofs of several dwellings, attended by a friendly guide, by whom he was introduced into the window of a loyal citizen's house, at no great distance, whence he made his way to the house of another loyal person in High-street, where there is a curious crypt,

which appears to have been used as a chapel for the secret assembly of Roman Catholics, to assist at the interdicted worship of their church. From this crypt there are subterranean passages to the vaults of the Cathedral and other places, particularly, as the local tradition insists, to Whiteladies, not the far-famed hall of the Giffards in Boscobel Forest, which is upwards of twenty-six miles from Worcester, but a mansion in the suburbs of Worcester itself, which derives its name of Whiteladies from the same cause—that of having been a convent of Cistercian Nuns, who wore white habits. Whiteladies was, indeed, the only nunnery in Worcester, and was founded in the eleventh century, by the celebrated Saxon bishop St. Wulstan, whose mother took the veil there. This fair ecclesiastical domain was granted by Henry VIII., at the dissolution, to one of the ancestors of the Somers family, by whose amiable representative, Mrs. Thomas, I was hospitably entertained in the course of my historical pilgrimage at Worcester, and shown the entrance of the arched passage in the old chapel vault, where the young king is said to have emerged; also the room where, according to the tradition of the house, he obtained a few hours' repose, and, on an alarm that the roundhead troopers had arrived to search the house, was lowered from the window by a blanket, having hastily changed clothes with his host, sir William Somers; in support of which circumstance the royal nether garments were, for many years, exhibited in a glass-case with certain relics of his illustrious predecessor queen Elizabeth's visit to Worcester. Charles is stated to have effected his escape by another subterranean passage, which conducted him from Whiteladies to Hinlip House, the seat of the Southwell family. Now, although it be wholly impossible to reconcile these oral chronicles and traditions of Worcester

and its vicinity with the well-attested accounts of the yet more marvellous adventures that befel the fugitive king after the loss of the battle, it is difficult to explore the localities alleged to have been the scenes of this interpolated act of the progressive drama of his hair-breadth escapes, and remain stoically callous to the persuasive eloquence of the parties who carry on the story as you proceed from place to place, beginning with the worthy mistress of the old house in Friar's-street, who, after solemnly avouching "that the tale is as true as the Bible," kindly invites historical pilgrims to enter, and view the antiquities of her panelled rooms and carved mouldings, and licenses them, if it will be any satisfaction, to ascend the old chimney, in *propria personæ*, and judge for themselves, seeing that it is a feat perfectly practicable, not only for gentlemen but ladies, as she has of late years used it entirely for the purpose of a staircase to the higher stories of the house. This dwelling, now, alas, degraded into a broker's warehouse, has evidently been the abode of some loyal merchant or magistrate; for over the principal entrance is a quaint stone entablature, with the date 1665 and this inscription, in the characters of the period : "FEAR GOD, AND HONOUR THE KING!" Then the tenant of the house in High-street shows you the mysterious entrance to his subterranean passages ; and though he admits that he has never explored their darksome labyrinths himself, would consider you very much of an infidel if you questioned the tale of king Charles having threaded them to Whiteladies.

Proceed thither if you will, and resist the local evidences and the eloquence of the Lady of Whiteladies if you can. For my part, as long as I remained in Worcester, I resigned my preconceived opinions, and forbore to invalidate those of my friends, by proving that the royal hero of so

many pleasant tales could not be in two places at the same time, a courtesy which, in return, I humbly venture to solicit from those who might feel disposed to sift the time and place of the little foregoing metrical romance I have been tempted to build on the intimation of one of the contemporary chroniclers of Charles's escape, (dedicated to that prince,) that there were accidents, and slips, and encounters, in that journey, which could only be exactly related by his majesty himself.

## THE MERRY MONARCH:

## OR, THE TRADITION OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.\*

Lo where he stands, the man of Boscobel!  
In different guise, I ween, from that he wore  
When blood-hounds bayed around the royal oak,  
And the white owl flew forth and shrieked aloud  
Her angry malison, on those who scanned  
The guardian tree, thirsting for royal blood,  
And marked the umbrageous leaves and branches  
shake,  
Then cried,  
“ Away! 'twas but yon sullen bird,  
Our dogs have startled from her secret haunt,

\* This little poem was written in illustration of Ward's historical tableau of the foundation of Chelsea Hospital by king Charles II., at the suggestion of Nell Gwynne.

And not the man we seek, whose outlawed head  
Were worth its weight in gold."

And so passed on,  
Unconscious that the quarry lodged so near  
He heard their cruel words.

How changed the scene,  
Since the bold stripling monarch played his game  
Of hide-and-seek, in the green forest glade,  
And 'scaped uninjured, through the manly truth  
Of the stout brethren five,\* who succoured him  
In that sore strait, at peril of their lives;  
Scorning the traitors' bribe, who thought to tempt  
Brave English yeomen to betray their king!

Ha! thinks he now, surrounded as he is  
With all the pride and pomp of royalty,  
And dizened in the courtly fopperies  
That Evelyn quaintly censures in his book,  
"Tyrannus, or the Mode,"† of that dread hour,  
When Richard Penderel cropped his flowing locks  
With his rough woodman's bill, attiring him  
(Rude tireman he for England's rightful lord)  
In leatherne hose, and jerkin patched and worn,  
Shod him with clouted shoes, and bade him stoop  
His lofty head, and ape the clownish gait

\* The Penderels of Boscobel Forest.

† "This pamphlet," says John Evelyn, "I entitled, 'Tyrannus, or the Mode,' and gave it to his majesty to read. I do not impute to this discourse the change which soon happened, but it was an identity I could not but take notice of."—Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 398.

Of those whose garb he wore; then guided him  
With faithful love on his wild pilgrimage!  
How oft he sheltered 'neath the humble roof  
Of honest poverty, or lurked, perdu,  
In haunted halls, mistaken for the ghost,  
Or wore a gentle lady's livery,  
To personate her groom, and turned anon  
The spit—sore basted with the ladle once  
By loyal hind, to favour his disguise.  
Preserved through all his perils by the truth  
Of men of low degree, and the kind aid  
Of woman's wit and generous sympathy.  
Alas, alas! the beautiful romance  
And high ennobling sentiment, that lent  
A glory and a grace to sufferings  
So bravely borne, in his fresh spring of life—  
Where are they gone? How is the silver dimmed,  
And the fine gold alloyed with worthless dross!  
Youth's hopeful flowers are crushed beneath the crop  
Of rank luxuriant weeds, that have sprung up  
In the gay season of prosperity:  
And he hath learned to drown intrusive thoughts  
Of better things, in that unhallowed mirth,  
Which is not joy, but madness, and doth tell,  
Even in laughter, of the misery  
Of an immortal spirit in its strife  
With an upbraiding conscience.

By his side  
Is one, too nearly like him, in her light  
And reckless disregard of earth and heaven;

Wild levity, and idle jests profane,  
That ill beseem her face of angel mould—  
The laughter-loving Nell. Out, out, alas!  
Poor child of guilt and shame! And can she laugh,  
Whose earliest recollections must be steeped  
In horror and in tears? Reared in those scenes  
Where crime and squalid want walk, hand in hand,  
Through thorny paths of sin unstrewn with flowers,  
She hath known hunger, cold, and weariness,  
And wept the burning tears of grief and shame  
In moments when she felt herself a thing,  
Dishonoured and contemned: and had she paused  
To give reflection scope, till sense of sin  
Brought penitence, and prayer, and humble faith  
In Heaven's redeeming grace, her faults had been  
Pardoned and blotted out, like Magdalen's.

Exalted now to splendid infamy,  
A monarch's wanton toy, all gay bedight  
With gauds and lace, and gems of costly price,  
And all his lavish folly can bestow  
Of wealth and state, her whim a law to him,  
Who rules three realms, she hath forgotten shame,  
And lost remorse for sin, in sin's success.  
Yet fallen as she is, within her soul  
One grace is lingering still—the last that leaves  
The tender heart of woman, charity  
And kindly sympathy for human woe.  
Ah, sweet redeeming trait! all is not lost  
Where thou art found!

Tradition fondly tells  
How British veterans owe their pleasant home  
At verdant Chelsea, by the silvery Thames,  
To Nelly's pleading tears. When she beheld  
The crippled soldiers in their misery,  
Begging their bread beside the public way,  
She asked the monarch for a spot of land,  
"No more than her embroidered handkerchief  
Might well enclose," she said, "for their support."  
He granted it, and smiled at the conceit,  
But laughed aloud when she unravelled straight,  
With careful fingers, every slender thread  
In that small square of finely woven lawn,  
And formed, withal, a line that girded round  
The fair domain, where our brave veterans find  
A blest asylum for their wintry days.

## THE MERRY MONARCH.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

BOSCobel House, which has obtained so much historical celebrity, in connexion with the romantic adventures of Charles II., after his defeat at Worcester, is situated in Shropshire, on the borders of Staffordshire, lying between Tong Castle and Brewood. It was built in the reign of James I., by John Giffard, Esq., a Roman-catholic gentleman, who, when it was completed, having invited his neighbours to a house-warming feast, requested his friend, sir Basil Brook, to give his new-built mansion a name. Sir Basil called it "Boscobel," from the Italian word, *boscobella*, because it was seated in the midst of many fair woods. The founder of the house had caused various places of concealment to be constructed, for the purpose of affording shelter to proscribed persons of his own religion, whom the severity of the penal laws often compelled to play at hide and seek, in queer corners.

The first fugitive of note who sought refuge, in his distress, at Boscobel House, was the unfortunate earl of

Derby, whose defeat at Bolton-le-Moors, near Wigan, was the precursor to that of the young king at Worcester, eight days later. The earl of Derby, having escaped from his lost battle, with colonel Roscarrock and two servants, got into the confines of Shropshire and Staffordshire, where he had the good luck to encounter an old friend, Mr. Richard Snead, an honest gentleman of that country, to whom he told the news of his own overthrow, and inquired if he knew of any private house, near at hand, where he might repose himself and his company in safety, till he could find an opportunity of joining the king. Mr. Snead, like a good Samaritan, conducted his noble friend to Boscobel House, where they arrived on Friday, August 29th, but found no one at home, except William Penderel, the housekeeper, and his wife, who, on their own responsibility, ventured to receive the noble cavalier, his companion, and servants, and kindly entertained them till the Sunday; and then, according to the earl's desire, conveyed them safely to Gataker Park, nine miles on their way to Worcester, where he arrived in time to take his part in that engagement which was emphatically styled by Stapylton, the roundhead, "the setting of the young king's glory."

The earl of Derby and colonel Roscarrock were in close attendance on Charles's person during the retreat from Worcester. They all made a stand on Kinner Heath, on the road to Kidderminster, as the night set in, to hold a consultation, when his majesty, being very tired, inquired of them and lord Wilmot, "If they thought there was any place where he might venture to take a few hours' rest?" The earl of Derby told him, "how, in his flight from Wigan to Worcester, he had met with that *rara avis*, a perfectly honest man, and a great convenience of concealment at Boscobel House; which, nevertheless, he thought it his

duty to inform his majesty, was the abode of a recusant." At another time, some of the party might have objected to the young sovereign going to such quarters, but the danger being so imminent, now it was suggested, "that these people being accustomed to persecutions and searches, were most likely to possess the most ingenious contrivances to conceal him." At all events, the king made up his mind to proceed thither. When this decision was made known to lord Talbot, he called for a young kinsman of the recusant master of Boscobel, Mr. Charles Giffard, who was fortunately among the sixty cavaliers who still shared the fortunes of their fugitive king. Lord Talbot inquired of this gentleman, if he could conduct his majesty to Boscobel. Charles Giffard cheerfully undertook to do so, having with him a servant of the name of Yates, who understood the country perfectly.

At a house about a mile beyond Stourbridge, the king drank a little water, and ate a crust of bread, the house affording no better provision. After this scanty refection, his majesty rode on, discoursing apart with colonel Roscarrock about Boscobel House, and the security which he and the earl of Derby had enjoyed at that place. Another privy-council was held, in the course of the journey, between the king and his most trusty friends, at which it was agreed, that the secret of his destination was too important to be confided to more than a select few of his followers; and Charles Giffard was asked if it were not possible to conduct him, in the first instance, to some other house in the neighbourhood, the better to mask his design of concealing himself at Boscobel. The young cavalier replied, "Yes, there was another seat of the Giffards, about half a mile from Boscobel—Whiteladies; so called from its having been formerly a monastery of Cistercian nuns, whose habit was white." On which the

king, and about forty of the party separating themselves from the others, proceeded thither, under his faithful guidance. They arrived at break of day; and Giffard, alighting from his horse, told the king "that he trusted they were now out of immediate danger of pursuit." George Penderel, who had the charge of the house, opened the doors, and admitted the king and his noble attendants; after which, the king's horse was brought into the hall, and they all entered into an earnest consultation how to escape the fury of their foes; but their greatest solicitude was for the preservation of the king, who was, for his part, both tired and hungry with his forced march. Col. Roscarrock immediately despatched a boy, of the name of Bartholomew Martin, to Boscobel, for William Penderel: Mr. Charles Giffard sent for another of these trusty brethren, Richard Penderel, who lived at Hobbal Grange, hard by. Both speedily obeyed the summons, and were brought into the parlour, where they found their old acquaintance, the earl of Derby, who introduced them into the inner parlour, which formed then the presence-chamber of their throneless sovereign: the earl reversing the order of courtly etiquette on this occasion—instead of presenting these two noble men, of low degree, to their royal master, he presented him to them; addressing himself in particular to William Penderel, and pointing at his majesty, he said, "This is the king; thou must have a care of him, and preserve him, as thou didst me."

William, in the sincerity of an honest heart, promised that he would do so, while Charles Giffard was at the same time exhorting Richard Penderel to have an especial care of his charge.

The loyal associates next endeavoured to effect a transformation in the personal appearance of their royal master, by subjecting him to a process very similar to that

technically styled by gipsies, “ cutting a horse out of his feathers.” In the first place, Richard Penderel trimmed off his majesty’s flowing black ringlets in a very blunt and irreverend fashion, using his woodman’s bill, which he happened to have in his girdle, instead of scissors, none being at hand, and time being too precious to stand on ceremony. His majesty was then advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney, and with them to besmear his face, to darken his peculiar Italian-like complexion with a more swarthy tint. This done, he divested himself of his blue ribbon and jewelled badge of the Garter, and other princely decorations, his laced ruff and buff coat, and put on a *noggen* coarse shirt belonging to Edward Martin, a domestic living in the house, and Richard Penderel’s green suit and leathern doublet, but had not time to be so exactly disguised as he was afterwards, for both William and Richard Penderel warned the company to use despatch, because there was a troop of rebels, commanded by Col. Ashenhurst, quartered at Cotsal, but three miles distant, some of which troop arrived within half an hour after the noble company was dispersed.

Richard Penderel conducted the king out through a back door, unknown to any of his followers, except a trusted few of the lords, who followed him into the back premises, and as far as an adjacent wood, belonging to the domain of Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from Whiteladies, where they took a sorrowful farewell of him, leaving him under the watchful care of three of the trusty Penderel brethren—William, Humphrey, and George. The earl of Derby and the other gentlemen then returned to their comrades at Whiteladies, where, mounting in hot haste, with the intrepid Charles Giffard for their conductor, they scoured off on the north road; but a little beyond Newport they were surrounded by the rebels, and

after some resistance, were made prisoners. Charles Giffard contrived to effect his escape from the inn at Banbury, where they halted, but the loyal earl of Derby, who had sacrificed his own personal safety by resigning to his sovereign the little city of refuge at Boscobel, instead of occupying it himself, was subjected to the mockery of a pretended trial by the rebels, and beheaded, although he had only surrendered on a solemn promise of receiving quarter—promises which were never regarded by Cromwell and his associates. The cool-blooded malignity with which, in his despatch, announcing his triumph at Worcester, Cromwell points out the noble captives, whom the fortunes of war had placed in his magnanimous hands, to his merciless tools as "*objects of their justice*," what was it but signing their death-warrants by anticipation, before the mock trials took place of the fore-doomed victims? and how revolting, after that death-whoop, appears the Pharisaical cant of his concluding sentences:—

“ The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts—it is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. I am bold humbly to beg that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen people.”

If Cromwell had understood the true meaning of the Saviour’s words, “ I will have mercy, and not sacrifice,” he would probably have acted more like a Christian and written less like a Jew.

“ But to return,” saith the quaint chronicler of Boscobel, “ to the duty of my attendance on his majesty in Spring Coppice. By that time Richard Penderel had conveyed him to the obscurest part of it, it was about sun-rising on Thursday morning, and the heavens wept bitterly at these calamities, insomuch that the thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep his majesty dry, nor was there anything for him to sit on; wherefore Richard went to

Francis Yates' house, a trusty neighbour, who had married his wife's sister, where he borrowed a blanket, which he folded and laid on the ground for his majesty to sit on." A three-legged stool would have been a luxury, at that comfortless period, to the throneless monarch, who claimed three realms as his rightful inheritance.

Richard Penderel, when he borrowed the blanket of his sister-in-law, the good-wife Yates, considerately begged her to provide a comfortable breakfast and bring it to him, at a place which he appointed in the wood. She presently made ready a mess of milk, and brought it, with bread, butter, and eggs, to the cold, wet, and half-famished king. Charles was, at first, a little startled at her appearance, but perceiving she came on a kindly errand, he frankly appealed to her feminine compassion in these words:

"Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "I will die rather than discover you!"

The king, well satisfied with the honest plainness of her answer, was able to eat with a hearty relish the simple fare she had brought him. In the course of that day, he made up his mind to leave his woodland retreat, and endeavour to get into Wales. Richard Penderel, having consented to attend him in the capacity of a guide, conducted him first to his own house, Hobbal Grange, "where the old good-wife Penderel had not only the honour to see his majesty," pursues our authority, "but to see him attended by her son." A greater honour far, it was for her to feel that she was the mother of five sons, whom all the wealth of England would not have bribed, nor all the terrors of a death of torture intimidated, to betray their fugitive sovereign to those who thirsted for his blood. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchii, had less reason to

feel proud of her filial jewels, than this rustic English matron of her brave Shropshire lads. She had lost a sixth son, who had been slain fighting in the cause of king Charles I. Hobbal Grange was the paternal farm where these six brethren, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, Thomas, and George, were born. Thomas, George, and John, had all enlisted in the service of the late king, and fought for him as long as he had an army in the field; William was the house steward at Boscobel; Humphrey was the miller at Whiteladies; and Richard rented a part of his mother's farm and house, Hobbal Grange; he also pursued the business of a woodman. At Hobbal Grange, the king's disguise was completed, and he was furnished with a woodman's bill, to enable him the better to act the part of Richard Penderel's man, and it was agreed that he should assume the name of Will Jones. When all these arrangements had been made, and his homely supper ended, his majesty set out at nine o'clock, with intent to walk that night to Madely, in Shropshire, about five miles from Whiteladies, within a mile of the river Severn, which he would have to cross, in order to get into Wales.

Charles found his clouted shoes so uneasy to his feet on this pedestrian journey, that more than once he was fain to walk without as less painful. About two miles from Madely, in passing Evelin Mill, the king and his trusty guide got an alarm; for Richard, unwittingly permitting the gate to clap, the miller came out and challenged them, by asking, gruffly, "Who was there?" Richard, to avoid him, hastily drew the king out of the usual track, and led him through a brook, which they were compelled to ford, and the king's shoes getting full of water increased the uneasiness of his galled and blistered feet. His majesty was afterwards wont, in recounting this adventure, to say,

that "here he was in great danger of losing his guide, but the rustling of Richard's calfskin breeches was the best direction he had to follow him in that dark night."

Charles was unconscious at the time how near he was to a party of his own friends, who had just taken refuge in Evelin Mill, and that the honest miller who had caused him so much alarm and distress by his challenge, was only doing his duty by the fugitive cavaliers in keeping guard to prevent a surprise from skulking foes or spies.

His majesty arrived at Madeley about midnight, in weary plight; Richard conducted his royal master to the house of a loyal gentleman there, of the name of Woolf, on whose integrity he knew he could rely. The family had retired to rest, but Richard took the liberty of knocking till Mr. Woolf's daughter came to the door and inquired, "Who that late comer was:" he replied, "The king." An announcement that would, doubtless, have put any young lady into a flutter at a period less disastrous to royalty; but such was the tragic romance of the epoch, that persons of all classes were familiarized to the most startling events and changes; the only source of surprise to honest gentlefolks was, the circumstance of finding their heads safe on their own shoulders in the midst of the horrors of military executions, which nearly decimated that neighbourhood. Miss Woolf neither questioned the fact, nor hesitated to imperil herself and family by receiving the proscribed fugitive within her doors. She knew the integrity of Richard Penderel, and appreciated the tribute he paid to her courage and her truth, by confiding such a trust to her. The king refreshed and reposed himself beneath this hospitable roof for awhile, but as the rebels kept guard upon the passage of the Severn, and it was apprehended that a party of them, who were expected to pass through the town,

might quarter themselves, which frequently happened, in that house, it was judged safer for the royal stranger to sleep in the adjacent barn. His majesty accordingly retired thither, attended by his trusty guide and lifeguardsman, Richard Penderel, and remained concealed in that humble shelter the whole of the next day.

The intelligence which Mr. Woolf procured, meantime, was such as to convince him that it would be too hazardous for the king to attempt to prosecute his journey into Wales, and that the best thing he could do would be to return to Boscobel-house, as affording facilities for his concealment till a safer opening for his retreat could be found. The king being of the same opinion, it was resolved that he should retrace his steps the next night, and meantime, his hands not being considered sufficiently em-browned for the character he personated, Mrs. Woolf brought some walnut-leaves and stained them. At eleven o'clock, he and the faithful Richard Penderel resumed their march, but midway between Madeley and Boscobel, Charles was so completely overcome with grief, fatigue, and the pain he endured from his blistered feet, in his attempts to walk in the stiff shoes, that at last he flung himself on the ground, "declaring life was not worth the struggle of preserving, and that he would rather die than endure the misery he suffered." Richard gave him such comfort as his kindly nature suggested, and bidding him be of good cheer, and wait God's time for better fortunes, at last persuaded him to make a successful effort to reach Boscobel. They arrived in the immediate vicinity about three o'clock on the Sunday morning; Richard left his majesty in the wood, while he went to reconnoitre, not knowing whether a party of Cromwell's soldiers might not have occupied the house in their absence. Fortunately, he found no one there but William Penderel, his wife, and

the brave cavalier colonel Carlis, who had been the last man to retreat from Worcester, and, having succeeded in making his escape, had been for some time concealed in Boscobel Wood, and had come to ask relief of William Penderel, his old acquaintance. Richard informed him and William Penderel that the king was in the wood, and they all three went to pay their *devoir*, and found his majesty sitting, like melancholy Jacques, on the root of a tree. He was very glad to see the colonel, and proceeded with him and the Penderels to Boscobel-house, and there did eat bread and cheese heartily, and, as an extraordinary treat, William's wife, whom his majesty was pleased to address merrily by the title of "My dame Joan," made a posset for him of thin milk and small beer—no "very dainty dish," one would think, "to set before a king;" but doubtless, in his present condition, more acceptable than the most exquisite plate of *dilligout* that was ever served up by the lord of the Manor of Bardolf, *cum privilegio*, at the coronation banquet of any of his royal predecessors.

"My dame Joan" also performed another charitable service for her luckless liege lord, by bringing some warm water to bathe his galled and travel-soiled feet. Colonel Carlis pulled off his majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and his wet stockings, and there being no other shoes that would fit the royal fugitive, the good wife rendered these still more stiff and uncomfortable, in her zeal to dry them, by putting hot embers in them while the colonel was washing his master's feet.

When his majesty was thus refreshed, they all united in persuading him to go back into the wood, having great reason to apprehend that the roundhead troopers, who were then hunting the country round with bloodhounds, on a keen scent for their prey, would come and search Boscobel-house. Humphrey Penderel, the miller,

had been to Shefnal the day before, to pay some military imposts to the roundhead captain Broadwaye, at whose house he encountered one of Cromwell's colonels, who had just been despatched from Worcester in quest of the king. This man having learned that the king had been at White-ladies, and that Humphrey dwelt in that immediate neighbourhood, examined him strictly, and laid before him both the penalty of concealing the royal fugitive "which," he said, "was death without mercy, and the reward for discovering him, which should be a thousand pounds ready money."

Neither threats nor bribes could overcome the loyal integrity of the stout-hearted miller, who pleaded ignorance so successfully that he was dismissed, and, hastening to Boscobel, brought the alarming tidings of the vicinity of the soldiers, and the price that had been set on his majesty's head.

The danger of his remaining in Boscobel-house being considered imminent, it was determined by the faithful brothers to conceal the king and colonel Carlis, whose life was in no less danger than that of his master, in a thick spreading oak. Having made choice of one which appeared to afford the greatest facility for concealment, they assisted the king and colonel Carlis to ascend it, brought them such provisions as they could get, and a cushion for the king to sit on. In this unsuspected retreat they passed the day. The king having gone through much fatigue, and taken little or no rest for several nights, was so completely worn out, that having placed himself in a reclining position, with his head resting on colonel Carlis's knees, he fell asleep, and slumbered away some hours—the colonel being careful to preserve him from falling.

Pope's popular, but long suppressed line,

"Angels who watched the royal oak so well,"

always makes me think that he must have been familiar with the following incident which my father's mother, Elizabeth Cotterel, who was the grand-daughter of a cadet of the old loyal family of that name, in Staffordshire, and maternally descended from one of the honest Penderel brothers, was accustomed to relate as a fact, derived from family tradition, connected with the perils and hair-breadth escapes of Charles II., at Boscobel.

"The roundhead troopers," she said, "having tracked the king, first to Whiteladies, and then to Boscobel Forest, were led, by the keen scent of their bloodhounds, just at the twilight hour, to the very tree in which he and colonel Carlis were hidden. The traitors, a serjeant and five others of the same company, made a halt under the Royal Oak, and began to reconnoitre it, while their dogs came baying and barking round about the trunk. Suddenly the leaves began to rustle, and one of the villains cried out,

"'Hallo! some one is surely hidden here!—look how the branches shake.'

"'It will be worth a thousand pounds to us if it be the young king,' said another.

"Then the serjeant asked, 'who would volunteer to ascend the tree, and earn a larger share of the reward by taking the supposed prize alive;' but, as no one appeared willing to risk the chance of encountering a clapperclawing from the royal lion, dealt from a vantage height, he was just giving the word for them to fire a volley into the tree, 'when, by the grace of God,'" the old lady would add, with impressive solemnity, "a white owl flew out from the thickest covert of the branches and screeched 'fie upon them!' as well she might; whereupon the false traitors hooted out a curse as bitter as that of Meroz on the poor bird, and growled to

each other 'that it was she that had misled their dogs, and had stirred the leaves withal, to mock themselves; howsoever, they would have a shot at her, to teach her better manners than to screech at the soldiers of the Lord.' But though five of the sorry knaves banged off their musquetoons at the harmless bird, not one of them was marksman enough to hit a feather of her. Lastly, the serjeant took out a printed copy of the proclamation, promising 'the reward of a thousand pounds for the apprehension of the young man, Charles Stuart, eldest son of the late king Charles,' and fastened it on the trunk of the royal oak where his majesty was sitting in the branches above them, hearing all they said, and an eye-witness of their treason."

The breathless interest which this oral chronicle was wont to excite among juvenile loyalists of the third generation may be imagined, but the old lady had another tradition, of yet more thrilling import, engraven on the tablets of her memory, "derived, like the first," as she declared, "from those who could well vouch for its authenticity." As it forms a curious sequel to the other, and is really too good to be lost, I take leave to relate it, without expecting my readers to put the same degree of faith in my grandmother's traditional lore as I have always been dutifully accustomed to do.

"The roundhead serjeant and his comrades, after they had retired from the vicinity of the Royal Oak, proceeded to Hobbal Grange, to refresh themselves at the expense of Richard Penderel, where, finding his wife alone, rocking the cradle of her infant boy, who was not well and very fractious, they, after she had brought out the best perry and mead the house afforded, began to cross-question her about the king's previous appearance at Whiteladies, and, as they had done by her brother-in-law, Humphrey Pen-

derel, to ply her with alternate threats and temptations, in order to induce her to discover anything she might have learned on the subject. The amount of the reward for the apprehension of the royal fugitive had hitherto been concealed by Richard from his wife, probably from the painful consciousness of her weak point. At any rate, she heard it now with astonished ears, and the serjeant, in confirmation of his statement, displayed one of the printed copies of the proclamation to that effect. ‘A thousand pounds!—a sum beyond her powers of calculation! The price of blood!—what then? Some one would earn it, why should not she?’ She held parley with her besetting sin, and her desire of ‘the accursed thing’ grew stronger. At that moment her husband appeared, followed by the disguised king, who, cramped and exhausted with sitting so many hours in the tree, was coming to her hearth to warm and refresh himself, unconscious what unwelcome guests were already in possession of the Grange. The young wife hastened to Richard Penderel, showed him the paper, and whispered—

“‘What is the king to us? A thousand pounds would make our fortunes.’

“‘I’ll cleave thy skull next moment, woman, an’ thou dost,’—was Richard Penderel’s stern rejoinder, grasping his wood-axe with a significant gesture.

“He spoke in a tone which, though so low as to be audible to no other ear than hers, thrilled every vein in her body with terror. She knew he was a man who never broke his word, and she trembled lest the suspicions of the serjeant and his gang should have been excited by the emotions betrayed by her husband and herself during their brief passionate conference. She glanced at them, and saw they were watching her husband and scrutinizing the disguised king, who, yielding to the force of habit, had

forgot his assumed character of Richard's serving-man so far as to seat himself uninvited on the only unoccupied stool in the room. Luckily, the cross baby, offended at the presence of so many strangers, set up his pipes, and began to scream and cry most lustily; at which Mistress Richard Penderel affecting to be in a violent passion, snatched him out of the cradle, and thrusting him into the arms of the astonished king, on whom she bestowed a sound box on the ear at the same time, exclaimed, 'Thou lazy, good-for-nought fellow, wilt thou not so much as put out thy hand to rock the cradle? Take the boy to thee, and quiet him; he makes such a brawling, thy betters can't hear themselves speak.'

"The baby, finding himself in the hands of an unpractised male nurse, continued to scream, and the mother to scold, till the serjeant rose up, with a peevish execration, implying that he would rather hear the roar of all the cannon that were fired at Worcester, than a chorus like that; and giving the word to his company, marched off in the full persuasion that Charles was the awkwardest lout in Shropshire, and his mistress the bitterest shrew he had seen for many a day."

After this alarm, it was judged better for the king to return to Boscobel House, and betake himself to the secret place of concealment, where the earl of Derby had been safely hidden before the battle of Worcester. Dame Joan had provided some chickens that night, and cooked them in her best style for supper, for her royal guest—a dainty to which he had been unaccustomed for some time. She also put a little pallet in the secret recess for his majesty's use, who was persuaded to let William Penderel shave him, and cut his hair close with a pair of scissors, according to the country fashion. Colonel Carlis told the king, "Will was but a mean barber;" his majesty replied, "that

he had never been shaved by any barber before," and bade William burn the hair he cut off. William, however, carefully preserved the royal locks, as precious memorials of this adventure, which were afterwards in great request among the noble families of the neighbourhood, who were eager to obtain the smallest portion of those relics.

After supper, colonel Carlis asked the king, "What meat he would like for his Sunday's dinner?" his majesty said, "Mutton, if it might be had." Now, there was none in the house, and it was considered dangerous for William to go to any place to purchase it; so colonel Carlis repaired to Mr. William Staunton's fold, chose the fattest sheep there, stuck it with his dagger, and sent Will Penderel to bring it home.\*

On Sunday morning, Charles, finding his dormitory none of the best, rose early, and entering the gallery near it, was observed to spend some time in prayer. After the fulfilment of this duty, which was doubtless performed with unwonted fervency, "his majesty, coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants in a fright," till he reassured them, by saying it was a circumstance of frequent occurrence. He was very cheerful that day, and merrily assisted in cooking some mutton-collops from the stolen sheep provided by colonel Carlis, on which subject he was afterwards fond of joking with that devoted companion of his perils. The Penderel brothers, keeping watch and ward, in readiness to give the alarm, if any soldiers ap-

\* When honest William Penderel subsequently waited on Mr. Staunton, and acknowledged the abstraction of the sheep, offering, at the same time, to pay for it, that loyal gentleman laughed heartily at the incident, and said "he was glad to hear that his majesty had tasted his mutton, and much good might it do him."

proached the mansion, the king felt himself in a state of security, “ and spent some part of this Lord’s-day in a pretty arbour in Boscobel Garden, situated on a mount, with a stone table and seats within. In this place, he passed some time in reading, and commended it for its retiredness.”

John Penderel having, meantime, brought the welcome intelligence that lord Wilmot, to whom he had acted as guide when he left Whiteladies, had found a safe asylum at the house of Mr. Whitgreave, of Moseley, the king sent him back to inform those gentlemen “ that he would join them there at twelve that night.” The distance being about five miles, John returned, to tell his majesty they would be in readiness to meet him there.

The king not being yet recovered from the effect of his walk to Madeley and back, it was agreed that he should ride on Humphrey’s mill-horse, which was forthwith fetched home from grass, and accoutred with a pitiful old saddle and worse bridle. Before mounting, the king bade farewell to colonel Carlis, who could not safely attend him, being too well known in that neighbourhood.

The night was dark and rainy, dismal as the fortunes of the fugitive king, who, mounting Humphrey’s mare, rode towards Moseley, attended by an especial body-guard of the five Penderels and their brother-in-law, Francis Yates; each of these was armed with a bill and pikestaff, having pistols in their pockets. Two marched before, one on each side their royal charge, and two came behind, a little in the rear—all resolutely determined, in case of danger, to have shown their valour in defending, as well as they had done their fidelity in concealing their distressed sovereign. After some experience of the horse’s paces, the king declared, “ It was the heaviest, dull jade

he ever bestrode." Humphrey, who was the owner of the beast, wittily replied—

"My liege, can you blame the mare for going heavily when she bears the weight of three kingdoms on her back?"

When they arrived at Pensford Mill, within two miles of Mr. Whitgreave's house, his majesty was recommended by his guides to dismount, and proceed the rest of the way on foot, being a more private path, and nearer withal. At last, they arrived at the place appointed, which was a little grove of trees, in a close near Mr. Whitgreave's house, called Lea Soughes. There, Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. John Huddleston, the priest, met his majesty, in order to conduct him, by a private way, to the mansion, Richard and John Fenderel, and Francis Yates continuing their attendance, but William, Humphrey and George returned to Boscobel with the horse. Charles, not quite aware of this arrangement, was going on without bidding them farewell, but turning back, he apologized to them in these words:

"My troubles make me forget myself:—I thank you all."

And so, giving them his hand to kiss, took a gracious leave of those true liegemen.

Mr. Whitgreave conducted the king into the secret chamber occupied by lord Wilmot, who was expecting his return with great impatience, fearing lest the king should have missed his way, or been taken. As soon as Wilmot saw his royal master, he knelt and embraced his knees, and Charles, deeply moved, kissed him on the cheek, and asked, with much solicitude—

"What has become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and the others?"

Wilmot could only answer, doubtfully, "I hope they are safe." Then turning to Mr. Whitgreave and Huddle-

ston, to whom he had not then confided the quality of the fugitive cavalier for whom he had requested this asylum, he said—

“Though I have concealed my friend’s name all this while, I must now tell you this is my master, your master, and the master of us all.”

Charles gave his hand to Whitgreave and Huddleston for them to kiss, and after commanding their loyalty, and thanking them for their fidelity to his friend, which, he assured them, he never should forget, desired to see the place of concealment he was to occupy. Having seen it, and expressed his satisfaction, he returned to lord Wilmot’s chamber, where, his nose beginning to bleed again, he seated himself on the bedside, and drew forth such a pocket-handkerchief as was never seen in royal hands before, but it accorded with the rest of his array. Charles was dressed, at that time, in an old leathern doublet, a pair of green breeches, and a peasant’s upper garment, known in this country by the name of a “jump coat,” of the same colour; a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because they were embroidered, a pair of stirrup stockings over them, which had been lent him at Madeley; a pair of clouted shoes, cut and slashed, to give ease to the royal feet, an old grey, greasy hat, without a lining, and a *noggen* shirt, of the coarsest manufacture. Mr. Huddleston, observing that the roughness of this shirt irritated the king’s skin so much as to deprive him of rest, brought one of his own, made of smooth flaxen linen, to lord Wilmot, and asked, “If his majesty would condescend to make use of it?” which Charles gladly did. Mr. Huddleston then pulled off his majesty’s wet uncomfortable shoes and stockings, and dried his feet, when he found that some white paper, which had been injudiciously put between his stockings,

and his skin having got rucked and rolled up, had served to increase, instead of alleviating the inflammation.

Mr. Whitgreave brought up some biscuits and a bottle of sack, for the refreshment of his royal guest, who, after he had partaken of them, exclaimed, with some vivacity—

“ I am now ready for another march; and if it shall please God to place me once more at the head of eight or ten thousand good men, of one mind, and resolved to fight, I should not despair of driving the rogues out of my kingdom.”

Day broke, and the king, feeling in need of repose, was conducted to the artfully concealed hiding-place, where a pallet was placed for his accommodation, for his host durst not put him into a bed in one of the chambers.

After some rest taken in the hole, which was unfortunately too close and hot to allow of comfortable repose, Charles rose, and seeing Mr. Whitgreave’s mother, was pleased to greet her with great courtesy, and to honour her with a salute. His place, during the day, was a closet over the porch, where he could see, unseen, every one who came up to the house.

That afternoon, a party of the roundhead soldiers arrived, with intent to arrest Mr. Whitgreave, having had information that he had been at Worcester fight.

“ If,” said lord Wilmot to him, “ they carry you off, and put you to the torture, to force you to confession, I charge you to give me up without hesitation, which may, perhaps, satisfy them, and save the king.”

Charles was then lying on Mr. Huddleston’s bed, but his generous host, instead of caring for his own danger, hurried him away into the secret hiding-place; then, setting all the chamber doors open, went boldly down to the soldiers, and assured them that the report of his

having been in the battle of Worcester was untrue, for he had not been from his own home for upwards of a fortnight; to which all his neighbours bearing witness, the soldiers not only left him at liberty, but departed without searching the house.

The same day, only a few hours after his majesty had left Boscobel, two parties of the rebels came thither in quest of him. The first, being a company of the county militia, searched the house with some civility, but the others, who were captain Broadwaye's men, behaved in a very ruffianly manner, searched the house with jealous scrutiny, plundered it of everything portable, and after devouring all the little stock of provisions, presented a pistol at William Penderel, to intimidate him into giving them some information, and much frightened "my dame Joan," but failed to extort any confessions touching the royal guest who had so recently departed. They also paid a second visit to Whiteladies, and not only searched every corner in it, but broke down much of the wainscot, and finished by beating a prisoner severely who had been frightened into informing them that he came in company with the king from Worcester to that place, and had left him concealed there.

On the Tuesday, old Mrs. Whitgreave, who did her best to amuse her royal guest, by telling him all the news she could collect, informed him that a countryman, who had been up to the house that morning, had said "that he heard that the king, on his retreat, had rallied and beaten his enemies at Warrington Bridge, and that three kings had come in to his assistance."

"Surely," rejoined Charles, with a smile, "they must be the three kings of Cologne come down from heaven, for I can imagine none else."

Looking out of his closet window, that day, Charles saw

two soldiers pass the gate, and told Mr. Huddleston, “he knew one of them to be a highlander of his own regiment, who little thought his king and colonel was so near.”

Mr. Huddleston had three young gentlemen under his care for education, staying in the same house—young sir John Preston, Mr. Thomas Patyn, and Mr. Francis Reynolds. These he stationed at several garret windows that commanded the road, to watch and give notice if they saw any soldiers approaching, pretending to be himself in danger of arrest. The youths performed this service with diligent care all day, and when they sat down to supper, sir John said merrily to his two companions, “Come lads, let us eat heartily, for we have been upon the life-guard to-day.”

Lord Wilmot’s friend, colonel Lane, of Bentley, had, previously to the king’s arrival, offered to pass him on to Bristol, as the escort of his sister, Mrs. Jane Lane, who had fortunately obtained from one of the commanders, a passport for herself and her groom to go to Bristol, to see her sister, who was near her confinement. This offer Lord Wilmot had actually accepted, when John Penderel, bringing him word that the king was coming to Moseley, he generously transferred that chance for escape to his royal master. Lord Wilmot, having apprised the colonel and fair mistress Jane of the king’s intention to personate her groom, colonel Lane came, by appointment, on Tuesday night, between twelve and one, to the corner of Mr. Whitgreave’s orchard, to meet and convey his majesty to Bentley. The night was dark and cold enough to render the loan of a cloak, which Mr. Huddleston humbly offered for his sovereign’s use, extremely acceptable. Charles took his leave courteously of old Mrs. Whitgreave, whom he kissed, and gave many thanks for his entertainment, and used warm expressions of gratitude to her son

and Mr. Huddleston, telling them, "that he was very sensible of the danger with which their concealing him might be attended to themselves," and considerately gave them the address of a merchant in London, who should have orders to supply them with money, and the means of crossing the sea, if they desired to do so, and promised, "if ever God were pleased to restore him to his dominions, not to be unmindful of their services to him." They knelt and kissed his hand, and prayed Almighty God to bless and preserve him, then reverentially attended him to the orchard, where Mr. Whitgreave told colonel Lane "he delivered his great charge into his hands, and besought him to take care of his majesty."

Charles proceeded safely to Bentley with colonel Lane, where, as he was to perform the part of a menial, he was under the necessity of taking a seat by the kitchen fire, next morning, to prevent suspicion.

The cook, observing that he appeared an idle hand, ordered him to "have a care that the roast meat did not burn,"—a command that must have reminded the incognito majesty of England of the adventure of his illustrious ancestor, Alfred, in the herdsman's cottage, when he got into disgrace with the good wife by not paying a proper degree of attention to the baking of the cakes.

The same morning, we are told, a person suspected of being a spy and informer, coming into colonel Lane's kitchen, and casting a scrutinizing eye on the king, observed that he was a stranger, and began to ask a leading question or two, when one of the servants, who knew his royal master, and feared he would commit himself, gave him two or three blows with the basting ladle, and bade him "mind his own business, which was to keep the spit going, and not turn round to prate, or he would get basted by the cook."

Charles only stayed at Bentley till some articles of colonel Lane's livery could be prepared for his use, before he escorted Mrs. Jane Lane to Bristol, she riding on a pillion behind him, and lord Wilmot following at a little distance. Mistress Jane conducted herself with great prudence and discretion to the royal bachelor during the journey, treating him as her master when alone, and as her servant before strangers. When they arrived at the house of her sister, Mrs. Norton, in Bristol, the first person the king saw was one of his own chaplains sitting at the door, amusing himself with looking at some people playing at bowls. His majesty, after performing his duty as colonel Lane's servant, by taking proper care of the horse which had carried him and his fair charge from Bentley, left the stable and came into the house, feigning himself sick of the ague, Mrs. Jane having suggested that device as an excuse for keeping his room, which she had caused to be prepared for him. The butler, who had been a royalist soldier in the service of Charles I., entering the room to bring the sick stranger some refreshment, as soon as he looked in his pale woe-worn face, recognised the features of his young king, and falling on his knees, while the tears overflowed his cheeks, exclaimed,—

“I am rejoiced to see your majesty.”

“Keep the secret from every one, even from your master,” was the reply, and the faithful creature rendered implicit obedience. He, and Mrs. Jane Lane, constituted Charles's Privy Council at Bristol. No ship being likely to sail from that port for a month to come, the king considered it dangerous to remain there so long. He therefore repaired to the residence of colonel Wyndham, in Dorsetshire, where he was affectionately welcomed by that loyal cavalier and his lady, who had been his

nurse. The venerable mother of the colonel, though she had lost three sons and one grandchild in his service, considered herself only too happy to have the honour of receiving him as her guest.

Finally, after adventures too numerous to be recorded here, the fugitive king succeeded in securing a passage towards the end of October, in a little bark from Shoreham to Dieppe, where he landed in safety, more than forty persons, some of them in very humble circumstances, having been instrumental to his escape, not one of whom could be induced by the large reward offered by the Parliament for his apprehension, to betray him.

A certain eloquent Scotch essayist, who endeavours to apologize for the conduct of Algernon Sidney, and other worthies of his party, in accepting the bribes of France by impugning the integrity of the English character, and goes so far as to express a doubt whether there were an honest man to be met with at that epoch, save Andrew Marvel, appears to have forgotten the glorious instances of stainless honesty and virtue afforded by the Penderel brothers, and other noble men of all degrees, who proved themselves superior to all temptations that could be offered.

When England had, by general acclamation, called home her banished king, the five Shropshire brothers were summoned to attend him at Whitehall, on Wednesday, the 13th of June, 1661, when his majesty was pleased to acknowledge their faithful services, and signified his intention of notifying his gratitude by a suitable reward, inquiring if they had any particular favour to ask. They only asked an exemption from the penal laws, with liberty for themselves and their descendants to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, being members of the Romish church. This request was granted, and their

names, together with those of their kinswoman Mrs. Yates, Mr. Huddleston, and Mr. Whitgreave, were especially exempted in the statute from the pains and penalties of recusancy.

King Charles granted a moderate pension to them and their descendants for ever.

“The Oak,” says a contemporary, whose pleasant little chronicle of Boscobel was published in 1660, the year of the Restoration, “is now properly called ‘The Royal Oake of Boscobel,’ nor will it lose that name while it continues a tree: and since his majesty’s happy Restoration that those mysteries have been revealed, hundreds of people for many miles round, have flocked to see the famous Boscobel, which, as you have heard, had once the honour to be the palace of his sacred majesty, but chiefly to behold the Royal Oake, which has been deprived of all its young boughs by the visitors of it, who keep them in memory of his majesty’s happy preservation.”

Charles himself subsequently made a pilgrimage to the scene of his past troubles: when he visited the Royal Oake he was observed to gather a handful of the acorns. Some of these he planted with his own hand in Saint James’s Park. A promising young tree, which sprang from one of these acorns, which Charles had planted in the queen’s pleasure garden, within sight of his bed-chamber, in Saint James’s Palace, and was accustomed to water and tend with great pleasure, was called the King’s Royal Oak, and had become an object of interest to the people as a relique of that popular sovereign; but was destroyed by Sarah duchess of Marlborough, as soon as her husband obtained the grant of the ground on which it stood for the site of Marlborough House. This was regarded as an outrage on popular feeling.

Of all our national commemorations, that of the Re-

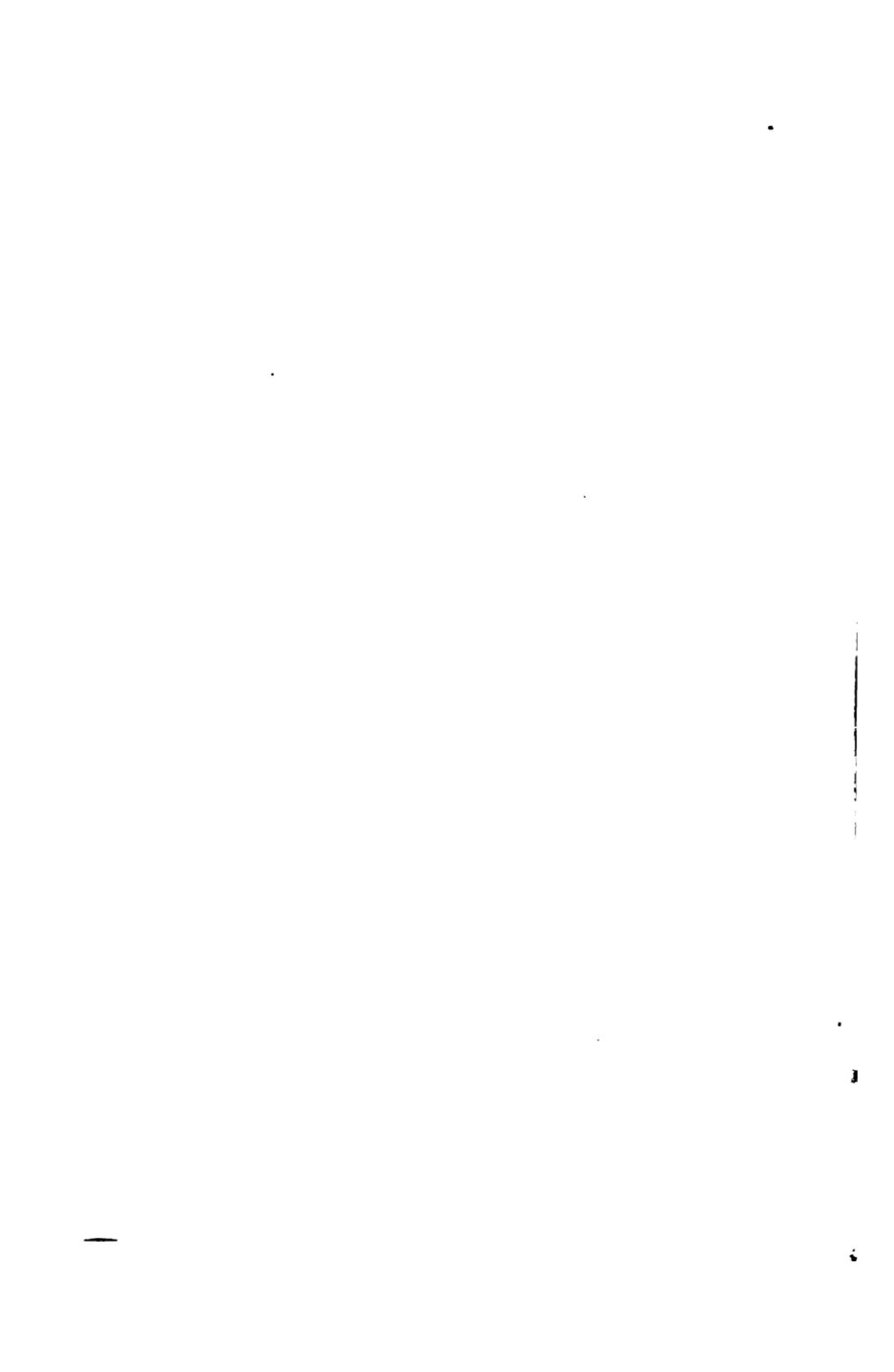
storation of monarchy on the 29th of May, held the strongest hold on the affections of the people; the firmness with which they continued to observe that anniversary for a century after the expulsion of the royal line of Stuart, affords a remarkable proof of the constitutional attachment of this country to the cause of legitimacy. As long as that feeling lasted, the grave of William Penderel, in St. Giles's churchyard, was duly decked with oaken garlands by nameless loyalists of low degree, as often as the 29th of May came round; and men, women, and children wore oak leaves and acorns in memory of the fact,

“That Pendrel the miller, at risk of his blood,  
Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood.”

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#### THE LEGEND OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

The foundation of this noble institution is among the many surviving national memorials of Charles II. There is a popular, but probably erroneous, tradition, that Nell Gwynne first suggested the idea of an asylum for superannuated and disabled soldiers to that monarch, her sympathies having been excited by seeing some crippled veterans begging by the wayside. She is said to have asked the king to grant as much land as her pocket handkerchief would cover, for the endowment of an hospital for their maintenance. This his majesty merrily conceding, she, according to the said legend, with great patience and care unravelled the closely-woven fabric, and joining the separate threads together, formed a line of sufficient length to enclose the fair tract of crown lands which was devoted, by the royal founder, to that benevolent object.



### THE ESCAPE OF MARY BEATRICE AND HER BABE.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A QUEEN OF ENGLAND.\*

It was night—but with darkness there came not repose  
To London, that city of splendour and woes;  
Her streets echoed still with alarm and din,  
For foes were around her, and tumults within;  
Strange murmurs were mixed with the rush of the blast,  
And the sweep of the rain falling heavy and fast.  
Ah! who are the boatmen who vent'rously urge  
That tempest-tossed skiff o'er the black swollen surge  
Of Thames, in his wrath fiercely foaming along,  
While his tide flows in currents terrific and strong?  
See how they labour and stretch to the oar,  
'Midst the gloom of the night and the elements' roar.

\* See "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland  
vol. ix.

Who may they be, who so rashly dare brave  
December's rough gales on that perilous wave?  
Mark them!—their freight is no soldier or knight,  
Or seaman of hardihood, valour, and might,  
Who, through years of emprise, has accustomed his form  
To the blasts of the north, or the tropical storm.  
That pale shrouded figure, who sits by the side  
Of the steersman, regardless of tempest or tide,  
Deeply feels the strange contrast, and change of this  
scene,

From her own fair Italia's unclouded serene.  
But, not on herself one brief thought does she cast,  
Though the winds howl around her, the rain patters fast,  
And drenches her garments, and drips from her hair,  
For her heart only throbs with a mother's fond care:  
And she but wraps her mantle more close o'er her breast  
That pillow to guard where her infant finds rest!  
Lo! death is behind them—new perils before—  
Though the oft-baffled shallop at length gains the shore.

“Have we crossed the dread river?” she cries. “Then  
away!”

For our dangers increase with each moment's delay.”  
“Nay, the horses yet tarry, engaged for your flight,  
But there's safety as yet in the shadow of night.  
And here must we rest royal lady awhile,  
Beneath the dark walls of old Lambeth's grey pile.  
Strange shelter, alas, in this desolate scene  
For England's young heir and her fugitive queen.

The nursling who drooped when, in Richmond's soft bower,  
He was shielded and watched like some delicate flower,  
That the air might not breathe on, the sunbeam scarce  
kiss—

Can he live through an hour so inclement as this?"

"Hush, my heart's troubled beatings have rocked him  
to sleep,  
And he knows not the vigils his mother must keep;  
Unconscious of royalty's perils and woes,  
As sweetly he tastes his unruffled repose,  
'Midst the dangers, the terrors, the gloom of this hour,  
As he did in the cradle of grandeur and power.  
The moan of the waters, the winds howling nigh,  
To him have been music—a rude lullaby;  
For the elements' wrath worketh lesser annoy,  
Than those whose fierce hatred pursues us, my boy.

She is silent—but still her keen agonies speak  
In her lip's quivering motion, her pale tearful cheek,  
And the dark streaming eyes, that are raised in mute  
prayer,  
Or turned on the city in speechless despair;  
She seeks 'midst the lights, that in countless array  
Before her in distance confusedly lay,  
Her own royal home, whose proud walls yet contain  
Her monarch, and sighs for its perils again.  
Then starts as she catches at times from the shore,  
In the hush of the blast, the vexed multitude's roar;

And stands, in dread conflict of purposes wild,  
With her thoughts on her husband, her eyes on her child:  
In that fearful division, weak nature's strong strife,  
Which—which shall prevail, the fond mother or wife?  
That choice is not hers—She turns weeping away,  
Her consort's strict mandate of flight to obey,  
As the low cautious whisper is borne to her ear,  
“ All is ready—delay not—the steeds trample near,”  
And that heart's bitter pangs, which no language could tell,  
Are unbreathed—she but murmurs, “ Oh, London, fare-well!”

THE ESCAPE OF MARY BEATRICE  
AND HER BABE.

HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE touching incident on which this poem was founded, first suggested the idea that "Lives of the Queens of England" would be found replete with scenes of more powerful interest than any work of fiction that could be offered to the world. The poem was written several years before that idea could be realized by the publication of those royal biographies: the circumstances which it commemorates have since been very fully detailed in my "Life of the Consort of James II.,"\* where my authorities are given for the facts which are recapitulated in the following brief narrative, for the information of readers not already familiar with the history of Mary Beatrice, of Modena.

The gloomy aspect of the royal cause after the desertion of the princess Anne to the prince of Orange, decided James II., in the beginning of December 1688, to provide for the personal safety of his queen and son, by sending them to France. The preparations for their departure were confided to the care of the count de

\* "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. ix.

Lauzun and another French gentleman, of the name of St. Victor, probably the brave officer of that name whose life king James, when duke of York, had saved by his personal valour at the battle of Dunkirk, thirty years before. All things having been secretly arranged by them, and the danger becoming daily more imminent, the evening of the 9th of December was appointed for the enterprise. It was a Sunday, but no Sabbath stillness hallowed it in the turbulent metropolis. The morning was ushered in with tumults—tidings of evil import arrived from all parts of the kingdom. When the evening approached, the queen's reluctance to leave her royal husband returned, and she implored to be permitted to remain and share his perils. James assured her once more that it was his intention to follow in four-and-twenty hours, but that for the sake of their son it was necessary for her to precede him.

Their majesties, to avoid suspicion, retired to bed as usual at ten o'clock that night. About an hour after, they rose, and the queen commenced her sorrowful preparations. At midnight, St. Victor, clad in the coarse habit of a seaman, and armed, ascended by a secret stair to the king's apartment, bringing some part of the disguise he had procured for the queen, and announced that everything was ready for her majesty's departure. He then retired to another room, where the count de Lauzun was waiting till she had completed her toilette. She had confided her secret to lady Strickland, the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting, that night, who assisted to attire her in her strange travelling array. Lady Strickland, in fact, only waited to perform this service before she, by another route, herself started for Gravesend, in order to be in readiness to receive her majesty and the little prince, to whom she was sub-governess, on board the yacht that was

in waiting for them there. As soon as the queen was ready they proceeded by a back stair from the king's apartment to that of Madame Labuadie, the prince's nurse, whither the royal infant had been secretly conveyed some time before. There all the persons who were to attend the queen and the prince assembled, namely, the count de Lauzun, M. de St. Victor, and the two nurses.

The king said to Lauzun with deep emotion, "I confide my queen and son to your care; all must be hazarded to convey them, with the utmost speed, to France." Lauzun expressed his high sense of the honour that was conferred on him, and presented his hand to the queen to lead her away. She turned a parting look on the king—an eloquent, but mute farewell—and followed by the two nurses with her sleeping infant, crossed the great gallery in silence, stole down the back stairs, preceded by St. Victor, who had the keys, and passing through a postern door which opened into Privy Gardens, quitted Whitehall for ever. A coach was waiting at the gate which had been borrowed of the Florentine envoy, by St. Victor. On their way they had to pass six sentinels, by whom they were challenged, but St. Victor making the proper reply and having the master-key, they were allowed to pass. The queen, the prince, his two nurses, and the count de Lauzun got into the coach. St. Victor placed himself beside the coachman on the box, and directed him to drive to the Horseferry, Westminster, where a small open boat, which he had engaged, was waiting.

"The night was wet and stormy, and so dark," says St. Victor, in his interesting narrative of the escape, "that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small." Thus, on this inclement wintry night, did the queen of Great Britain cross the swollen waters of

the Thames, with her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no other attendance than his two nurses, escorted only by Lauzun and St. Victor. A curious print of the time represents the boat in danger, and the two gentlemen manfully assisting the rowers, who are labouring against wind and tide. The queen is seated by the steersman, and enveloped in a large cloak with the hood drawn over her head; her attitude is expressive of melancholy, and she appears anxious to shelter the little prince, who is asleep on her bosom, partially shrouded among the ample folds of her draperies. The other females betray alarm.\* The passage was rendered difficult and perilous by the violence of the wind and the heavy swell of the waves. St. Victor confesses that he felt extreme terror at the danger to which he saw the queen and prince exposed, and that his only reliance was in the mercy of God, "through whose especial providence," he says, "we were preserved, and arrived at our destination."

When they reached the opposite bank, where the page of the backstairs was in waiting, he told "them that the coach and six which had been engaged to meet them there had not yet arrived." St. Victor ran off to the inn to make inquiries for it, leaving Lauzun to protect the queen. She withdrew herself and her little company under the walls of the old church at Lambeth, having no better shelter from the cold wind, or any other consolation than that the heavy rain had ceased. On that spot, which has been rendered a site of historic interest by this incident, the beautiful consort of the last of our Stuart kings stood, with her infant boy fondly clasped to her bosom, during an agonising interval of suspense, dreading every moment that he would awake, and betray them by his cries. Her apprehensions were unfounded. He had

\* *Life of Mary Beatrice*.—"Lives of the Queens of England," vol. ix.

slept sweetly while they carried him, at the dead of night, from his royal nursery to the cold river side. Neither wind nor rain had disturbed him; he was the only one of the party undismayed by the perils of the passage, and he still continued wrapt in calm repose, alike unconscious of the loss of his regal inheritance and his mother's woe. The attention of that unfortunate princess was distracted between her maternal solicitude for her sleeping babe, and fears for her absent husband. She looked back, with streaming eyes, towards the royal home, where she had left the king, surrounded with perils, and fondly endeavoured to trace out the lights of Whitehall among those that were reflected from the opposite bank of the dark rolling river she had just crossed. It has generally been asserted that Mary Beatrice remained nearly an hour under the walls of that old church, with the little prince in her arms, waiting for the coach, but this is an exaggeration; for St. Victor declares he found the coach and horses at the inn, which was not very far from the landing-place. The delay, therefore, must have been comparatively brief; but, when time is measured by terror and suspense, minutes are lengthened into hours.

The haste and agitation of St. Victor when he came to inquire after the coach, together with his foreign accent, excited observation in the inn yard. A man with a lantern, who was on the watch, ran out to reconnoitre, and made directly towards the spot where the queen was standing. "I went," says St. Victor, "with all speed, on the other side of the way, fearing he would recognise the party on the bank. When I saw he was actually approaching them, I made as if I wished to pass him, and put myself full in his path, so that we came in contact with each other, fell, and rolled in the mud. We made mutual apologies for the accident; he went back to

dry himself, without his light, which was extinguished in the fall; and I hastened to the carriage, which was now near, and joined her majesty." Wet, weary, and benumbed with cold, Mary Beatrice entered the coach with her babe and his attendants, followed by the Count de Lauzun. The page, not having been entrusted with the secret, was to have returned to Whitehall, but, having recognised his royal mistress, insisted on sharing her fortunes, and added himself to the party. As they drove off, they encountered several of the guards, one of whom said, "Come and see; this is certainly a coach full of papists;" however, they were allowed to pass without interruption, and arrived safely at Gravesend by daylight. They were met by three Irish captains whom the king had sent to conduct the queen on board the yacht, and to guard her person while there. Finding her majesty had not arrived, they came to meet her on the way, and brought her to the boat provided for that purpose, which was moored close to the shore, Mary Beatrice immediately descended from the coach, followed by her attendants with the prince, and, stepping on a small point of land, entered the boat, which was soon rowed to the yacht, which lay at Gravesend waiting for her.

She was dressed to personate an Italian laundress—a character not quite in keeping with that majestic style of beauty so well exemplified by Byron's descriptive line—

"And the high dama's brow more melancholy."

She carried the little prince under her arm, curiously enveloped, so as to represent a bundle of linen. Fortunately, he did not betray the counterfeit by crying.

The wind being fair for France, the sails were hoisted as soon as the queen came on board, and the yacht got under weigh. The master had not the slightest suspicion

of the rank of his royal passengers, it being considered too dangerous to entrust him with so perilous a secret. The king had charged the count de Lauzun to watch him narrowly, and if he betrayed any inclination to deliver the queen and prince into the hands of the Dutch, to shoot him dead. The master, unconscious that his life depended on his integrity, steered his little bark safely through the fleet of fifty Dutch men-of-war, not one of which questioned him. The details of the voyage will be found in the "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. ix., pp. 261—3.

Suffice it to notice, that when the queen first stepped on board the yacht, she had the satisfaction of meeting a group of her faithful servants on the deck. Among these were lady Strickland, and signora Pelegrina Turinie, from whom she had so recently parted at Whitehall; but they had arrived before her.

Mary Beatrice was certainly more fortunate in her choice of friends than her luckless consort; for there were no instances of treachery or ingratitude in her household. All her ladies, protestants as well as those of her own persuasion, loved and esteemed her, and were ready to share her adversity. Many from whom she neither expected nor required such sacrifices, followed her into exile. Even her old coachman, who had formerly served Cromwell in that capacity, and who could not speak a word of French, subsequently made his way to St. Germains, and begged to be permitted to drive her carriage, without wages, for the rest of his life. He was then nearly seventy years old, and died in the service of his royal mistress.

Sentiments of such generous and disinterested attachment are rarely inspired by any but the excellent of the earth, for they are the unbought homage of true hearts to

the good and great, in the season of adversity. Mary Beatrice's high standard of moral rectitude had deterred her from lavishing her favours on worthless flatterers, like the vipers her royal husband had fostered.

As the biographer of this queen, I cannot dismiss the subject without availing myself of this opportunity, being the first that offers, of noticing the misrepresentation into which that talented writer, Mr. Macaulay, has allowed himself to be betrayed, in his zeal to make out a case of peculiar turpitude against her. After censuring her for not having exerted her influence successfully to prevent the executions that followed the Monmouth rebellion, he goes on to say—

“Unhappily, the only request that she is known to have preferred, touching the rebels, was, that a hundred of those who were sentenced to transportation might be given to her. The profit which she cleared on the cargo, after making large allowance for those who died of hunger and fever during the passage cannot be estimated at less than a thousand guineas. We cannot wonder that her attendants should have imitated her unprincely greediness, and her unwomanly cruelty.”\*

This is a very ugly story, and the more remarkable, as it is a perfectly new and original addition to the accusations with which the unfortunate consort of James II. has been defamed. How happened it that neither Oldmixon, Welwood, nor even that indefatigable collector of evil reports, “honest Burnet,” as Mr. Macaulay, perhaps in irony, terms the right reverend historian of his own times, has chronicled it to her dishonour? Yet it is certain, that, notwithstanding the palpable incentives which

\* History of England, from the Accession of James II., by Thomas Babington Macaulay, vol. i., p. 655.

prompted a swarm of political libellers, not only to circulate, but to forge, everything they could to blacken this princess, no one ever heard of the revolting trait ascribed to her by Mr. Macaulay, till a hundred and thirty years after her death. The evidences of many a secret work of darkness have, it is true, been brought to light after a much longer period, by the discovery of documentary proofs, but the crime attributed to Mary Beatrice could neither have been transacted in a corner, nor kept secret after it had been perpetrated. What power, indeed, could have fettered the tongues and pens of the wives, children, parents, and friends, of a hundred freeborn Englishmen, if sold for slaves by a popish queen. The complaints of some of the connexions of the alleged victims, would, at any rate, have reached the Hague, and animated the political press there to increased activity against her whom it was the great object of that press to vilify. Three years later, the power, the wealth, the patronage of the English crown, passed into the hands of William of Orange, by whom the most liberal pecuniary compensation was accorded to the defamers of the exiled king and queen. What kept the friends and relations of the hundred victims silent then? Did no bereaved wife, tender mother, or dutious daughter, frame a petition to William "the liberator," for the redemption of a husband, a father, or son, cruelly and unjustly sold into bondage, in colonies which had passed under his jurisdiction? Such a tale as this would have done tenfold more political service against the consort of James II., than every variation which the hireling libeller, William Fuller, could devise, of the imposition of an ignobly born son of many murdered mothers, and cruelly strangled nurses, wet and dry. It was for the lack of tangible facts against Mary Beatrice, that her enemies were reduced to the invention of fables

for the purpose of rendering her odious, by the imputation of secretly perpetrated crimes. Now, the sale of a hundred Englishmen, if it ever took place, must have been a matter of public notoriety, which would have involved her and all her agents in public infamy, and left indelible traces in the history of the age and country, not merely in the form of unsupported accusations, established by the hardihood of assertion, and parrot-like repetition, like the charges of burning the city of London, and the torture-matinées which have been described as the recreations of the luckless consort of this queen,— but notices in the chronologies, the diaries, the journals, the news-letters of the epoch, as well in the local history and records of the places where the progressive scenes of the business were transacted. Query, where? Moreover, there must have been positive proofs of the fact, in the shape of warrants authorizing the delivery of the said prisoners into the hands of certain agents legally authorized by her majesty to receive them on her behalf; also regular and business-like documents, duly signed by such officials, acknowledging the receipt of these prisoners; items of charges and disbursements for the maintenance and convoy of a hundred men, together with an account of their shipping and consignment to the captain; the losses by death on the voyage, and the particulars of their sale; and last, not least, the payment of the sum specified by Mr. Macaulay as the clear profit realized by the queen. Now, what are his authorities for the statements he has made on this subject? He has given one reference in his margin, and one only: it is comprised in these words—

“ Sunderland to Jeffreys, Sept. 14, 1685.”

It is necessary to explain, which Mr. Macaulay has not done, that the document to which he refers as his authority is a letter from the earl of Sunderland to lord chief-

justice Jeffreys, in the State Paper Office—not accessible to the public. Under these circumstances, nine out of ten of his confiding readers naturally conclude, in the simplicity of their hearts, that the particulars of the revolting transaction related in Mr. Macaulay's text are detailed in the said document. No such thing! The letter to which he has, with such especial tact, referred, instead of quoting the only nine words in it that bear on the subject, contains the following passage—"The queen hath asked for a hundred of them."

On this vague sentence, which may just as well bear the inference that the queen had interceded for a hundred of the prisoners under sentence of transportation, it being more consistent with her practice to deliver captives from prison, than to make merchandise of them, Mr. Macaulay has, with as much ingenuity as an improvisatore displays in dilating on a chance word furnished for the foundation of an extempore romance, delivered a hundred of the unfortunate prisoners into the hands of the queen, employing, we may suppose, some agent duly authorized by her to receive them—but whose receipt ought to have formed part of his evidence that they actually were delivered to him on her account—freights a ship (query, what ship?) with them. From what port did it sail, and to what port was it chartered? Perchance, it was the Flying Dutchman, since these particulars are left in a supernatural mystery, very unusual in plain matters of fact; then, after he has slain some of the hapless cargo with a fever, and starved others to death on this dreamy voyage, he is clever enough to dispose of the miserable remnant at so good a price as to leave the queen a clear profit of a thousand pounds. But how does he know that she ever got a farthing of this sum? Where are the vouchers for it? If such exist, why does not Mr. Macaulay print them? if not, why impose on the credu-

lity of the public by a reference which does not bear him out in one of his statements—viz., the delivery of a hundred prisoners to the queen, their shipment, their deaths by fever and starvation, their sale, and the profit cleared by her. Where are his proofs that any one of these circumstances took place?

The whole structure of the romance rests on this foundation, that Sunderland wrote to Jeffreys "that the queen had asked for a hundred of them;" but even if the revolting train of circumstances related by Mr. Macaulay were actually to be found in the said letter, ought anything emanating from so false a witness as the perfidious apostate Sunderland, to be regarded as conclusive of the guilt of the queen, whose husband's cause he was betraying?

Sunderland was the secret tool of the prince of Orange, and is accused withal of having been the incendiary who had stirred up the very insurrection which he ultimately rendered a source of pecuniary profit to himself, by the nefarious traffic in pardons which he carried on through a secret understanding with the atrocious doomsman Jeffreys. Those for whom Sunderland interceded being invariably spared, while major Holmes, whom the king had pardoned, was executed. Sunderland was an unprincipled spendthrift, an unlucky gambler, and, of course, a necessitous man, he was also a rapacious extortioner. He was a republican by education, the *élève* of Shaftesbury, and dyed deep in the wholesale murders perpetrated by the exclusionist party, under the flimsy pretext of a Popish plot. He and his friend Jeffreys, who had also been a noted member of the same clique, changed their politics when the court party proved the strongest, and James II. was guilty of the infatuation of not only employing, but confiding in men who had already given

proofs of what they were. Sunderland pretended to become a Roman catholic, and afterwards apologized to his no-popery allies of the Orange party, by declaring "that he had done so the better to serve the protestant cause;" but the leopard changeth not his spots, the dishonesty and duplicity of this traitor to his king and apostate to his God, and his secret practices with the Dutch party, were the main-springs by which the ruin of the royal cause was effected, and the revolution of 1688 brought about.

Would the learned member of a profession, whereof the law of evidence is, perhaps, one of the most important branches of knowledge, allow a client of his own to be condemned on no better testimony than an inference drawn from so questionable a source? In cases where the evidence is neither positive nor presumptive, but merely an implication, in which the name of an innocent person might be unconsciously involved, the general characteristics of the accused, if of a nature inconsistent with the accusation, are usually allowed to have some weight, and in a court of justice will generally lead to a verdict of acquittal. It is therefore only fair, as a matter particularly in point, to remind the reader, that Mary Beatrice, on the day of her coronation, only five months previously to this date, did, at her own expense, release all the prisoners confined for debts, under the amount of five pounds, from every jail throughout her royal husband's dominions, and that without respect to differences of creed or party; indeed, a very large majority of those objects of her tender compassion must necessarily have been protestants. In Newgate alone, eighty persons were enfranchised by this munificent act of queenly charity.\*

\* *Historic Observes*, by Sir John Lauder, of Fountain Hall.

Those who are so little versed in the constitution of the human heart as to suppose that the same person could be guilty of “the unfeminine cruelty and unprincely greediness” attributed to her by Mr. Macaulay, may well be reminded of the apostolic query: “Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?”

Elizabeth Charlotte duchess of Orleans, the niece of Sophia, electress of Hanover, was at any rate an unprejudiced witness; and after thirty years’ acquaintance with Mary Beatrice, she, in a private letter to one of her German relatives, bears the following testimony to the real character and conduct of that much calumniated princess:—

“ Yesterday morning, about seven o’clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germain. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never, in her life, did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of any one, she would say, ‘If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me: I do not like stories that attack the reputation.’ ”\*

\* Historical Correspondence and Remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans. Paris, 1844.

KING JAMES II. TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,  
THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH.

AMIDST what adverse storms of fate  
Hast thou put forth, my tender flower;  
But, happy in thy guileless state,  
Thou of the sorrows of the great  
Art reckless in this hour.

Joy of my dark and wintry years,  
Fair blossom of a blighted tree,  
Thou smil'st upon a father's tears,  
Unconscious of the hopes and fears  
With which I welcome thee.

But, oh! e'en thus—e'en thus, my child,  
With looks as pure and calm as thine,  
Deceitfully thy sisters smiled—  
Ay, those whose cruel hearts beguiled,  
And trampled on a heart like mine.

Wilt thou, with deeds like theirs, repay  
Thy father's care and tender love;  
When foes surround him—friends betray,  
Wilt thou, too, basely turn away,  
The falsest 'midst the false to prove?

Thy sisters did—but, oh! not now  
Will I distrust thee, pretty one;  
I cannot gaze on that fair brow  
Of heavenly peace, and think that thou  
Wilt ever do as they have done!

I'll rather deem that thou art sent  
The wounds which they have given to heal;  
And this sad heart, so sorely rent,  
Once more a parent's sweet content  
In thy dear love may feel.

Nor will I mourn a fallen throne,  
Or fickle Fortune's harsh decree;  
Nor sigh o'er friends and subjects gone,  
O'er kingdoms reft and greatness flown,  
Since Heaven has given me thee.

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF JAMES II.

HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE youngest and fairest daughter of James II. was destined to see the light at that disastrous epoch of his fortunes, immediately after the destruction of the French fleet off La Hogue. That armament had been fitted out for the express purpose of conveying James to the English shores, with a sufficient supply of the muniments of war to enable him to take the field with a reasonable hope of success, and his secret adherents there to throw off the Dutch yoke, without exposing themselves to vengeance relentless as that which had lately desolated Glencoe.

The consort of the exiled king was looking forward with trembling hope to the birth of another infant when her royal lord, accompanied by all the chivalry of the English court of St. Germains, took leave of her and proceeded to the coast of Normandy to join the expedition.\* Adverse winds prevented his embarkation; week after week

\* See the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. ix.

was worn away in anxious feverish suspense, till at length the opportunity was for ever lost. Russell, the English admiral, having formed, meantime, a junction with the Dutch fleet, appeared on the coast of France; but, being in secret intelligence with his old master, gave him warning "that he would allow the French squadron to slip by him, but that, if defied, he must vindicate the honour of England." The vain-glorious French admiral Tourville provoked an encounter, in which the naval tactics and superior discipline, for which England was indebted to her discarded sailor-king, while lord-admiral, were successfully turned against his cause.

James was a spectator of the engagement, and when he saw the British seamen scrambling from the boats up the sides of the tall French vessels, he exclaimed in a transport of national and professional enthusiasm, "My brave English! my brave English! none but my brave English could have done that!"

The pride of the British sailor had on a former occasion betrayed James into the generous imprudence, when d'Avaux, the French minister, exultingly announced to him that the French had gained a decisive triumph over the English fleet in Bantry Bay, of retorting, "It is for the first time, then."

Even when the guns from the burning ships began to discharge their shot in that direction, the French officers had some difficulty in persuading James to leave the spot where he was contemplating the destruction of their navy.

A morbid affection of the brain, like that which there is every reason to believe prostrated the mental and physical powers of the unfortunate monarch at Salisbury, appears to have succeeded the excitement of witnessing the success of the British fleet against his allies. He

continued to linger at La Hogue for several weeks after he had seen, with his own eyes, the annihilation of his last hopes, in a lethargic stupor of despair, from which nothing could rouse him; not even the letters of his anxious queen, who was in hourly expectation of her accouchement, and entreated him, in the most earnest manner, to return to St. Germains.

Mary Beatrice mentions the continued absence of her royal husband, to her friend at Chaillot, in a tone of unwonted bitterness.

"When I began my letter yesterday," she says, "I was in uncertainty what the king would do, for he has not yet chosen to retire from La Hogue, though there was nothing to keep him there, and the state in which I am speaks for itself to make him come to me. In the meantime, he would decide on nothing; but he will find all well done, although it has cost me much to have it so without his orders."

James's apathy on this occasion can only be regarded as symptomatic of the perversities of "a mind diseased," since he had always looked forward to the birth of the expected infant as a providential verification of the identity of his son. In joyful anticipation of that event, he had, as soon as his consort's situation was publicly declared, addressed summonses to the English peers and peeresses, the Lady Mayoress of London, and even to his daughter, Queen Mary II., requesting their attendance at the accouchement of his queen, in these remarkable words:—

"That we may not be wanting to ourselves, now that it hath pleased Almighty God, the supporter of truth, to give us hopes of further issue, our dearest consort drawing near her time \* \* \*. We do, therefore, hereby signify our royal pleasure to you, that you may

use all possible means to come, with what convenient haste you may, the queen looking about the middle of May, English account." Safe conducts from the king of France were, at the same time, offered to all who might think proper to attend.

The queen exceeded the reckoning specified in this royal circular a full month.

"I suffered much, both in mind and body, some days ago," she writes, "but now I am better in both. I still linger on in continual expectation of my hour. It will come when God wills it. I tremble with the dread thereof; but I wish much it were over, that I might cease to harass myself and every one else with this protracted suspense."

King James did not return to St. Germains till the 21st of June, full five weeks after the catastrophe of La Hogue. He appeared in a state of the deepest depression, and, like the ancient Lear, seemed to think less of the loss of empire than the unkindness of his still dearly-loved daughters.

When Sir Charles Littleton, who had faithfully adhered to him in his reverse of fortune, told him how much ashamed he felt that his son was with the prince of Orange;

"Alas! Sir Charles," was the mournful rejoinder of the royal father, "are not *my* daughters with him?"

On the 28th of June, 1692, queen Mary Beatrice gave birth to a daughter, at the palace of St. Germains, in the presence of all the princesses and great ladies of the court of France, as well as the noble English, Scotch, and Irish residents. The archbishop of Paris and the chancellor of France, the president of the parliament of Paris, were also present, and Madame Meerroom, the wife of the Danish ambassador, who was considered an important witness of the birth of the royal infant.

The morbid melancholy which had oppressed king

James ever since the battle of La Hogue was dispelled at the sight of the new-born princess. He had eagerly anticipated another son, but instead of expressing disappointment at the sex of the child, he welcomed her with a burst of parental rapture, and called her his comforter. He had now a daughter, he said, who had never sinned against him. When she was dressed, he took her in his arms, and presented her to the queen, with these tender words, "See what God has given us, to be our consolation in the land of exile."

This princess was the god-daughter and name-child of Louis XIV., who held her at the baptismal font, assisted by her other sponsor, the celebrated Elizabeth Charlotte duchess of Orleans, and gave her the name of Louisa, but king James was accustomed to call her La Consolatrice. Even in her nurse's arms, she manifested an extraordinary affection for him, and it seemed as if her innocent smiles and endearing caresses possessed the power of cheering him in his saddest hours. She was one of the most beautiful and intelligent children in the world; her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother, and she acquired everything that was taught her with a facility that astonished her instructors.

When king James lay on his death-bed, and this beloved daughter was brought to receive his last farewell, he gave her his parting admonition in these words, after he had embraced and blessed her—

"Adieu, my dear child! serve your Creator in the days of your youth. Consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overclouded with calumnies; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."

Though the little princess was only nine years old at

the time of her royal father's death, he had been accustomed to write to her at least twice a week, whenever he was compelled to leave her, in order to pay his state visits to Louis XIV., as we find from the following original letter to the duke of Perth; for which I am indebted to the courtesy of the Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby, who has very kindly favoured me with a transcript of this and many other precious relics of the domestic correspondence of the court of St. Germain.

“Fontainebleau, Sept. 28, 1699.

“This morning, I had yours of the 26th, in which you give me a very good account of my son; 'tis a good satisfaction to me to hear he behaves himself so well. I am sure it would not be your fault should he do otherways. This is the last letter I design to write from hence.

The queen and I wrote last night, both of us, to our children—the queen to my son, and I to my girl, and now she (the queen) is writing to my daughter.

“We were a hunting the stag this afternoon, and are to go again to it on Wednesday, for the last time this voyage.

“The Portugal *envoyé* gave me a letter, this morning, from his master, to acquaint me with the death of his queen. I doubt whether *Meerroom*\* will have any letters for me from his new king, though you know we are related.

“I have not time to say more.

“J. R.”

“Endorsed:

“For the earl of Perth,  
“from the king, Sept. 28: 99.”

\* Danish ambassador.

THE PARTING BETWEEN LOUIS XVI.  
AND HIS FAMILY.

THEY met within a prison's drear recess,  
The death-doom'd monarch, and that much-loved  
train,  
To whom his soul in its deep tenderness  
Clave in that hour of agony in vain:  
They were in sooth the links of that strong chain  
Which bound him to a world that was to him  
A gloomy labyrinth of care and pain;  
Where misery's cup was flowing to the brim,  
And every hope o'erclouded, dark and dim,

They met—those lately parted ones! and eyes  
That thought to read each other's looks no more,  
In eloquent but speechless ecstasies  
Exchanged such greetings as they ne'er before  
Were taught to glance, for they were running o'er

With drops from mingled fountains fast descending,  
Drops wrung by nature's anguish to deplore  
Her fondest ties in that dread moment rending,  
With tears allied to joy most strangely blending.

Joy that this last sad meeting was allowed,  
Nor seemed its gush of rapture dearly bought,  
E'en at the price of pangs that only bowed  
The high resolve of those who nobly sought  
To hide the woe with which their hearts were  
frangt—

Ah! woe too stern—too mighty for concealing!  
Who shall express its depth, or paint the thought,  
The fearful thought o'er every bosom stealing  
In that wild chaos of contending feeling?

That while fond arms were linking in the fold  
Of that long, long embrace, which ne'er had been  
So dearly prized as then, with shudders cold,  
Was imaging the morrow's bloody scene,  
And whispering how few hours would intervene  
Ere its dire tragedy would be complete;  
And he, whose tender love had rendered e'en  
The dreary sojourn of a prison sweet,  
Guiltless, a murderous doom of guilt must meet.

And is it thus such ties are torn apart?  
Ah, death-bed partings, what are ye to this?  
When in the flush of life, a breaking heart,  
That deemed long years of sweet connubial bliss

And fond paternal joy might yet be his,  
Feels that the silver cord is rent in twain  
By ruthless man, and presses his last kiss,  
While mortal anguish thrills each throbbing vein,  
On lips he never more must press again!

How gazed the husband on that wife beloved,  
Whose faith, like gold refined, more brightly shone  
When by adversity's stern uses proved,  
Than midst the pomp and glitter of a throne,  
Where faults were marked, and virtues little known  
Were as those stars whose unobtrusive light  
Appears not till the glare of day is gone,  
But through the gloom and darkness of the night  
Disclose their countless glories to the sight.

Ah, hapless sire and husband! thou wert spared  
That woe of woes, the knowledge of the fate  
By the dear partner of thy sorrows shared,  
Thou couldst not, and thou didst not guess the hate  
Of foes so deadly, so insatiate.  
Oh! hadst thou seen her in her last distress,  
When not alone deprived of queenly state,  
But widowed, reft of children, comfortless,  
In the Conciergerie's abhor'd recess—

Or marked the secrets of the prison room,  
Where the young heir of Bourbon's princely line,  
That bud of early promise, ere its bloom  
Was rudely crushed by ruffian hands malign,

Or left in hopeless atrophy to pine  
Of the heart's sore disease, that, day by day,  
Stole on with wasting sap to undermine  
Health's roseate glow, and childhood's spirits gay,  
And wore the blighted springs of life away.

It was enough thine own dark pilgrimage  
Must close in blood—in mercy from thine eyes  
Kind heaven concealed the future's troubled page,—  
Thy wife's, thy son's, thy sister's destinies  
Were veiled from thee, and in thy parting sighs,  
When sternly called from that pale group to sever,  
Thou whisper'dst hope, that happier days would rise  
For them, though thou again shouldst view them never  
And breathed'st in those fond words—farewell for ever!

THE PARTING BETWEEN LOUIS XVI.  
AND HIS FAMILY.

HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE gloomy towers of the Temple, like the castle of Fotheringay, have been effaced from the earth. For no accountable reason, Napoleon caused this strong fortress to be levelled in 1803, and not one stone left on another of the scene of Louis XVI.'s bitterest sufferings. It is strange that such was the case, for the emperor had no particular use for the ground, and it was a great and expensive labour to rend asunder the stones of the grim edifice. The grounds present the same extent of walled boundary, as when the king of France left his hapless family to be conveyed to death.

In the summer of 1844, we often drove round this enclosure, but never once went within, having learned that the Priory was inhabited by a community of nuns, too secluded to admit visits from strangers who were not of their religion.

The fact is remarkable, that the journal of Louis XVI. gives no indication of alarm or distress when he was, with

his family, brought to this sad abode. We have examined it carefully in the neighbouring Hotel de Soubise, or Archives of France, to which we had access. It is written in a very plain paper book, ruled like an account book. There, in a hand legible as printing, is regularly journalized the day of the week as well as the day of the month, the actions of the king, but none of his thoughts, feelings, or passions. There, written in a much larger character—when, indeed, his hand was not formed—is noted the day and hour when he first saw Madame la Dauphine. Did he ever anticipate the agonizing moment when he was to part from her? There, too, is specified the day when he crossed the threshold of his prison-house, the Temple; but no man could gather from the notation that the king of France came there the most forlorn of captives. His entry of arrival at the Temple is as calm, as brief, and uncomplaining, as where he notes, on happier days, “Hunted the stag at Mardi, or break-fasted with Elizabet.” Had fortune taken a different turn, no one could have known, from his own record, that the king of France had suffered either restraint, insult, or sorrow, at this ancient palace.

The *prieuré*, or palace of the Order of the Temple, was, before the Revolution, the residence of an appanage belonging to the comte d'Artois, which that prince occasionally used when he left Versailles for a temporary abode in Paris. It is surrounded by a garden, and at that time stood, at a few steps from it, the grim donjon or tower of the Temple, which had scarcely been inhabited since the ill-fated Jacques de Molay, grand master of the Temple, was dragged to the burning pile, on the 13th of March, 1313. There was a floating, superstitious story among the people of Paris, that this injured man

had, besides awfully summoning the pope and the king of France, Philip le Bel, to meet him before the tribunal of God within a year and a day, (which they obeyed, at least as far as their retreat from this world holds good,) had, moreover, mysteriously connected his late abode, the donjon of the Temple in Paris, with some terrible fate, which would beset the descendants and representatives of his rapacious persecutor, Philip le Bel. It was, perhaps, the recollection of this tradition which induced the cruel commune of Paris to select the Temple as the prison of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his hapless family.

The donjon consisted of a greater and a smaller tower, built of vast blocks of Paris stone, black as the exterior of Notre Dame with the smoke of centuries. They stood back to back, without any connecting staircase. When, therefore, in the course of the studied torments prepared for the sad captives, it was the pleasure of the revolutionists to separate Louis XVI. from his wife, children, and sister, there was no possibility of their holding furtive communication, after he was shut up in the larger tower, and they in the inferior one.

In the ancient pictures of Paris, especially in an enormous picture map, representing the city in the days of Louis XIII., hanging on the staircase of the petit apartments of the Hotel de Soubise, how often have our eyes searched out the grim outline of the Temple, rearing its head four or five stories above the encircling wall of its boundary? It has been compared to the Tower of London, but lightsome in structure and ornamental in design, indeed, seems the citadel of London, in comparison with the Temple donjon!

The last grand-master of the Temple had left behind him, in this dismal pile, a consolation to the royal victim

on whose head his maledictions were said to fall, beyond any other luxury which could be provided for him—even the old Chronicle library of the Templar knights. Louis found volumes of history and divinity, bound in boards and stout buff leather, almost as indestructible as the massive walls that contained them. The orphan of the Temple, the duchesse d'Angoulême, in her own most touching narrative of her residence there, mentions that her royal sire seized on these books as unhoped for treasures, and even on the very first day of his enclosure there, was deeply absorbed for hours in the contents of one of them.

More unmerciful still as gaolers than as murderers, the democrats tore the father from his family when they had agreed on the manner of the long agony they called his trial. For some time previous to it, Louis XVI. had been forced to inhabit the greater tower, separated by walls of nine feet of thickness, from those dear ones with whom he had passed some months, from August to January, in domestic intercourse; receiving, amidst all the horrors of imprisonment, proofs of family affection unknown to some of his most prosperous predecessors on the throne of France. For instance, would not Louis XIII., languishing to death for family love, have exchanged all his grandeur for the caresses of the little son, nestled on his knee, whilst taking his lessons of geography, or the embrace of the daughter, when she asked his blessing on a birthday which dawned in a prison?

It was among the peculiar tortures of the Temple-imprisonment, that the queen and the princesses could hear the reports of all the horrors transacted in Paris, screamed by the hawkers in the Ville, rue du Temple. The duchesse d'Angoulême, in her journal of captivity, repeatedly notices that such was often the only manner in which they obtained hints of what was proceeding in the blood-

stained Babel where her sire had formerly reigned. And this was the channel by which they learned the confirmation of their worst fears on the dire day of the king's condemnation.

The Convention, although the outward and visible instrument of the regicides, was itself overawed and held in terror by the Commune of Paris, which body of destructives considered themselves more especially the gaolers of the royal family. The Convention had voted that Louis XVI. was permitted to have a last interview in private with his family. But the commissioners sent by the Convention dared not lose sight of the king, out of their fear of the Commune. Manuel, who was in command at the Temple, and had been converted from a furious enemy to a loving and faithful friend of the persecuted victims, solely from seeing their virtuous lives, arranged so that the commissioners sent by the Commune could witness the interview without hearing the words the hapless family said to each other. The king was to see his wife and family in the *salle à manger*, which had a glass door looking on the commissioners' apartment.

The king left his confessor, abbé Edgeworth, and descended into the *salle*; the queen entered soon after, leading her son, followed by Madame Elizabeth and the young princess. The queen threw herself into her husband's arms, then tried to lead him away into the private sitting-room she had just left. "No," whispered Louis, clasping her to his heart, "I am only permitted to see you here."

Cléry, the faithful valet of Louis XVI., who has detailed the sad scene, closed the door which separated them from the officials. They were thus alone to the ear, though not to the eye of others. It mattered not if all

France had heard and seen the most woful scene which the page of history, in the eighteenth century, presents; the national blood-thirst might, perhaps, have raged less violently.

The king gently forced the queen to seat herself at his right hand; he drew his sister to his left. Each leant her head on his shoulder, while he passed his arms round them. The young princess, the *Antigone* of modern history, who, in her pilgrimage of woe, is still our contemporary on earth, bowed her head on her father's knees—her fair flowing curls sweeping dishevelled on the stones. The dauphin sat on his father's knee, with one arm round his neck. The tears of this loving group flowed, without words, for more than half an hour; for, whenever either tried to speak, the voice could only express agonising cries, piercing enough to be heard in the streets nearest to the Temple donjon. These outbursts were only moderated by physical exhaustion, and calmer communion lasted, in low murmuring voices for more than two hours. The commissioners then approached the glass door to intimate that they must part.

The king rose, and clasped his family all in one long embrace. The queen threw herself at his feet, and entreated him to remain the night with them. He alleged the necessity of rest to prepare himself to go through the morrow's tragedy with beseeming firmness. He promised to see them at eight in the morning.

“Why not at seven?” asked the queen.

“Well, then, at seven,” replied the royal victim.

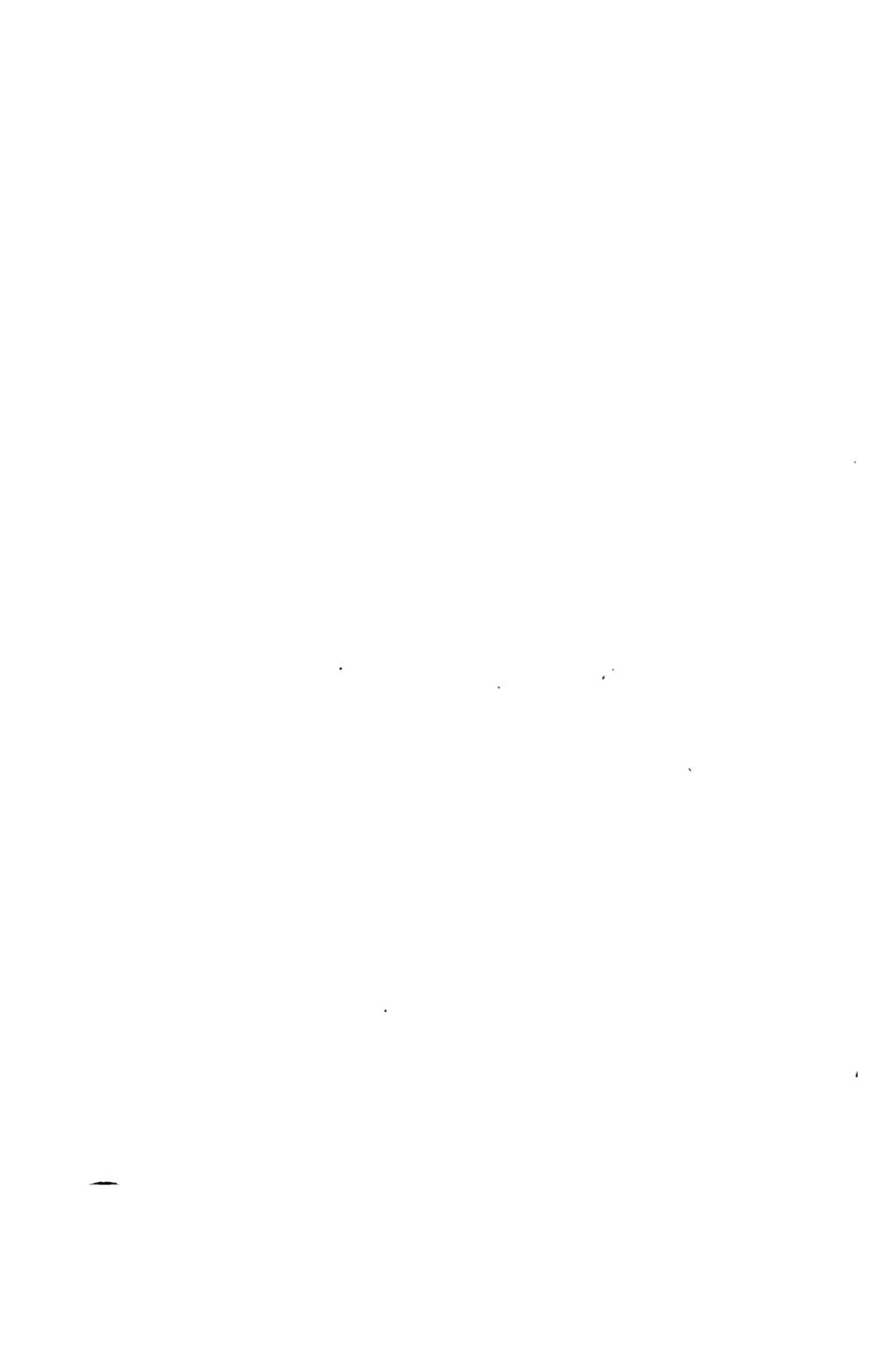
The queen, as she crossed the ante-chamber, clung to her husband's breast, the princess and his sister encircled him with their arms, whilst the dauphin, hanging on his hand, looked earnestly and piteously up in his face.

When the king, at the foot of the staircase, blessed

them with a last adieu, the young princess, his daughter, fell fainting on his feet. Her aunt and the faithful Cléry raised her, and the sad group lost sight of their king and relative for ever on earth.

Without following him to the scaffold, or them to their grief, the opportunity may be taken here of observing, that, among the other tortures, mental and bodily, inflicted on the harmless child who bore the dolorous title of the dauphin, and Louis XVII., no one but his sister has pointed out the agony of supernatural terror. It appears that, after his mother was dragged away to suffer execution, with tenfold the agony and insult inflicted on his father, he was left, in the long dark nights of the succeeding winter, in one of those dreary upper dungeons, in utter loneliness, aggravated by the ever-active imagination of a child. His cries reached the ears of his sister. How dreadful to her to hear those cries, without the power of flying to his relief!

The silent atrophy of despair into which the anguish of the sensitive victim subsided, has also been described by his royal sister with pathetic simplicity. How often must these orphans of the Temple, left alone in the pitiless hands of the regicides of Paris, have thought of the orphan son and daughter of Charles I., in the doleful solitude of Carisbroke Castle. The situation of the orphans of Louis XVI. suffered a bitter aggravation of misery, for they were separated. There was also this difference in their fates, that the son of Louis and the daughter of Charles both perished, like rudely trampled flowers, from the neglect and hard usage they experienced, while the daughter of Louis and the son of Charles lived to obtain their liberty, and to share in a temporary restoration of the high distinctions of which they had been deprived.



## THE NUNS OF ROYAL LIEU.

It was the reign of terror—Paris rang  
Through all her stormy streets with sounds of woe,  
And wrath, and horror; there was ceaseless clang  
Of arms, and eager rushing to and fro  
Of murderous bands, who in dread descant sang  
The wild Marsellois chant, not deep and low,  
As erst it rose, but thundered as the proud  
Infuriate chorus of a lawless crowd.

And there were shrieks of agony from some,  
Mixt with the multitude's discordant yells;  
And distant notes of the alarm drum,  
And joyless pealing of unhallowed bells,  
Then the suppressed and melancholy hum,  
“New victims are at hand.—The death-march tells  
Their near approach; and those who would remain  
Secure, from signs of pity must refrain.”

And hard the task to many, for there were  
Bright forms in that devoted company  
Of consecrated maidens, young and fair,  
Whose loveliness attracted every eye:  
Yet had by ruffian hands been rudely there  
Dragged from their convent's peaceful shades, to die  
Amidst the brutal rabble's jests profane  
To whom meek innocence appealed in vain.

But yet there was no trait of female fear;  
What time they passed those murderous ranks between;  
Unveiled they passed, and not a single tear  
Or sign of grief amidst that train was seen.  
E'en when the fatal guillotine was near,  
Their looks were still unruffled and serene,  
And radiant with the bright expression given  
By faith and raptured communings with heaven.

There did their hopes in perfect trust repose;  
And they repined not that the path should be  
Stormy and short, that led them to the close  
Of this dark pilgrimage of misery;  
While in sweet unison divinely rose  
Their voices, "Father, we return to thee!  
Ours is the glorious crown of martyrdom!  
Oh! Holy Spirit, come!—Creator, come!"

The heavenly strains continued, even when  
They mounted the dread scaffold's fatal stair,  
In sounds more wildly thrilling; and they then  
Gave such unearthly sweetness to the air,

As to the wondering ears of guilty men  
Seemed like a farewell to all mortal care,  
Or holy hymnings of celestial love,  
In which glad seraphs joined them from above.

Oh, yet it ceased not—though the work of death  
Commenced on that fair choir, and one by one  
They bowed their necks the bloody axe beneath,  
And faint and fainter grew the anthem's tone;  
Till one angelic voice, with tuneful breath,  
Sustained the sacred melody alone—  
“Ours is the glorious crown of martyrdom!  
Oh! Holy Spirit, come!—Creator, come!”

And, then the closing cadence that she sung  
Was such, that those who heard it, said, “that never  
Flowed such celestial notes from woman's tongue.  
Nor paused she, till the axe was raised to sever  
Her guiltless head—and the stern echo rung  
Of the dread stroke that hushed those strains for ever,  
And her pure soul dismissed, in heaven to meet  
Angels of grace, who only sing more sweet.

## THE NUNS OF ROYAL LIEU.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

A COMMUNITY of nuns, with their abbess, were all condemned to the guillotine, while the sanguinary fury of the French revolution was at its height. Many of these victims were young and beautiful, and most of them possessed angelic voices, and as they passed to execution, attired in their monastic habits, through the stormy streets of Paris, regardless of the insults of the ferocious mob, they raised the hymn of "Veni Creator." They had never been heard to sing it so divinely, and the celestial chorus ceased not for a moment—not when they ascended the steps of the scaffold, nor while the work of death was going on, though it became feebler as one after the other the virgin choisters were immolated by the murderous axe of the guillotine; at last it was sustained by one voice alone, which was that of the abbess, and, when she in turn submitted to the fatal stroke, it was suddenly hushed, but not till then.

## THE SEVEN HEARTS OF CONDÉ.

“ The line of Condé is neither an elder branch nor a younger branch, it is a branch of laurels.”

MR. CANNING’S SPEECHES.

EACH in its silver urn enshrined,  
Beneath one pillar’s shade,  
In fair Chantilly’s holy fane  
Seven gallant hearts were laid !

Seven hearts of Condé’s laurelled line,  
The noblest and the best,  
That e’er at glory’s impulse thrilled  
A princely hero’s breast.

Bold hearts, without reproach or fear,  
Whose deeds for many an age  
Have left a pure, redeeming light,  
On history’s crime-stained page.

Ay! hearts of those whose mention once,  
Like trumpet notes of fame,  
Made every pulse in France beat high  
At Condé's honoured name.

And when the star of chivalry  
Was fading from the earth,  
With them its glorious beam was seen  
As bright as at its birth.

And long in all its lofty pride  
It lingered with their race,  
When cold and sordid men disclaimed  
Their sires' ennobling grace.

But evil days their influence shed  
On fair Chantilly's towers,  
And rapine's lawless train despoiled  
Her princely halls and bowers.

And hands were found to violate  
The last repose of those  
Whose mighty deeds, while living, awed  
The boldest of their foes.

And, relics of the noblest there,  
Those gallant hearts were cast  
From consecrated earth, to fade  
And wither in the blast.

But withering blast, and scorching beam,  
And fast descending rain,  
And wintry storms and snows assailed  
The kindred hearts in vain.

For firmly as each stern reverse  
In life they once sustained,  
Through tempests of revolving years  
They changeless still remained.

And 'neath a lofty ruined wall,  
The desert garden's bound,  
Where ruffian hands profanely flung,  
Were they uninjured found.

Entwining flowers, a guardian screen  
Had fondly o'er them thrown,  
Amidst the desolate parterre,  
All grass-grown, green, and lone.

Unbidden lilies round them sprang,  
There wildly bloomed the rose,  
And victor laurels waved above  
The spot of their repose.

Till weary years of exile o'er,  
Chantilly's princely lord  
Those hallowed relics of his race  
To trophied urns restored.

Fond care!—as tranquil was their rest  
Beneath heaven's azure dome,  
As when in marble fane enshrined,  
With all the pomp of Rome.

The glory of the honoured line  
Of high Condé is past—  
Alas, that sun which shone so bright  
Should set in clouds at last!

Its fairest light expired with him,  
The beautiful, the brave,  
Who in thy blood-stained fosse, Vincennes,  
Was doom'd to find a grave.

Doom'd by a despot's jealous wrath,  
A lawless death to die;  
This was the darkest tale that blots  
Napoleon's memory.

The noblest victim offered up  
At his insatiate shrine,  
Proud Bourbon's last heroic flower,  
How sad a fate was thine!

## THE SEVEN HEARTS OF CONDÉ.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

IN the church of Chantilly, under the base of a pillar which a child might cover with its hands, is the resting-place of the hearts of the seven princes of the line of Condé. Seven hearts whose renown once filled the wide world.

The black band of Chantilly, in 1793, willing to rival the *patriots* of Paris, who desecrated the repose of the dead in the vaults of St. Denis, tore "the Seven Hearts of Condé" from their place of repose, where they were each enclosed in a silver vase. The silver vases, the republicans (red or black) took into their own keeping, very patriotically, but they threw the seven hearts away over the wall of a garden which was contiguous to the church of Chantilly. A gentleman, the Sieur Petit, found them, surrounded by lilies and flowering shrubs, in a nook under the shelter of the garden wall, where they had remained forgotten for years. So excellent was the process of embalming to which they had been subjected, that these renowned hearts

remained undecayed, a circumstance regarded by the sorrowing but silent loyalists of the *juste milieu* of France as a species of miracle. The Sieur Petit quietly took the hearts of Condé into careful keeping, until the restoration, in 1815, when he brought them back to the then Prince de Condé, who had them re-inclosed in silver, and buried anew beneath the slender pillar, their former resting-place.

Such is the testimony of one of the most brilliant among the French authors of the present day, who has performed the office of correcting and illustrating the verbal traditions and history of Chantilly into one elegant paper, a gem in the records of topography. The reason his name is not quoted here is, lest he might be compromised, in the present unsettled and whirling state of France. "The Condés," he says, quoting the words of our own Canning, "are neither an elder nor a younger branch—they are a branch of laurels." "Alas!" adds our author, "the last withered leaf on this illustrious branch did not fall soon enough by the decree of nature, but was plucked off violently." He alludes to the sad and mysterious death of the last duc de Bourbon, who would never assume his place on the laurelled branch of Condé.

Among the Seven Hearts of Condé may be reckoned that of the illustrious defender of the Protestants of France in the bad times of the queen regent, Catherine de Medicis. "Here, too, at Chantilly, was the mangled body of his friend, admiral Coligny, brought from the gallows of Montfaucon, where it had hung during the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the duc de Montmorenci, the then possessor of Chantilly, was on the liberal side of the civil war. The catholic peasants of Chantilly long venerated the remains of the protestant hero as "St.

Gaspard de Coligny," until they were unmercifully disturbed by the republicans of 1793.

The extreme poverty of the house of Condé, in the wars of the Huguenots, was almost proverbial in France. Sully considers that the first of these heroes had not more than 700 francs of yearly income; his son's marriage with Charlotte de Montmorenci, the daughter of his friend, gave to the heroic line of Condé its proper position among the magnates of France, and finally the inheritance of Chantilly. It was the high-spirited husband of the beautiful Charlotte, who eloped with his own wife riding behind him on a pillion, and in this guise gained the frontiers of the Spanish Netherlands. He left his wife's vast possessions to the mercy of his royal rival, not deeming them worth a thought; securing only her person, because he considered that his honour was endangered by the lawless inclination which his sovereign and relative, Henry IV., was manifesting to her. A heart that beat with such noble disdain of degradation was worthy of reposing among the seven of Condé.

The son of this hero was him whom history designates as the Great Condé, who, with his brother and their martial sons, make up the number of the seven hearts of Condé.

In the smaller palace of Chantilly, called the Enghein chateau, which was spared by the black bands of the reign of Terror, still remains that wonderful series of paintings by Vandermeulen, representing the battles of the Great Condé. You enter the grand saloon, called the Hall of Victory. Bow your head—lower, if you are a soldier—for here the descendants of the Great Condé have united (as if they had been scattered pages of some high chronicle) the achievements of their renowned ancestor; no other

finds room in this gallery—all is devoted to him. He is here seen from Rocroi to Lerida.

A representation of the deeds of the Great Condé cannot fail of presenting a transcript of the manners of the times. Vandermeulen's battle-pieces give complete ideas of the costume of the cavaliers, the trappings of the steeds, and the whole art of war, when man was still opposed to man, horse to horse, and cannon to cannon; when armies regularly went into winter quarters, and took the field at the return of fine weather; when they played the game of war as they play a game of chess; when a passage from Polybius had as much weight as modern bullets. The poetry of the martial art certainly ceased with the command of the great Condé. Since that time, the star of chivalry has indeed faded from the earth.

It was one of the *cadets* of Chantilly—ancient bedesmen, who have an establishment on the domain, founded by the Great Condé—who related the reminiscences of the return of the last of the Condés to Chantilly. The laurel branch of Condé is with the past; therefore, the old man could with impunity have abused his benefactors, had it pleased him to say aught but the truth.

When Louis Joseph, prince de Condé, grandfather to the murdered duke d'Enghein, and father to the late duke de Bourbon, revisited Chantilly after twenty-five years of exile, he was aghast at the alterations that had taken place. “The first days he spent here will not be easily forgotten,” said the cadet of Chantilly; “it happened to be that, which, by ancient custom, was appointed for the recognition of feudal rights, when the vassals were expected to present themselves in the court of the chateau, to bring some token of the manorial rights of their lord, and as, in this particular instance, to celebrate his return. No vassals, however, made their appearance, as of old, to

fire off fusilades in the court, as a sign of rejoicing, and afterwards to present themselves on the steps of the great hall, where the reigning prince condescended to appear in person, to accept their homage, and permit them to kiss his hand. Then they laid at his feet the bag of meal, of nuts, or of corn—the branch of the tree, the handful of earth, the carp, the pike, the fowls, symbols of acknowledgment, that their ancestors of old, when miserable as modern paupers, had been protected and cherished on that domain by the ancestors of the prince, and had been encouraged to exert themselves to self-support, by the grants of gardens, farms, fields, pasturages, waters, and mills—their industry being guarded by the military prowess of the manorial lord, from the injustice of powerful neighbours, or the felonious depredations of lawless persons of their own class. Such was the real nature of the bond subsisting between vassals and their feudal lord.

“Alas! the vast court of the Enghien palace at Chantilly was void, no symbols of the ancient bond were presented, and the echoes of the wide dilapidated offices told how empty they were. Then the grief of the last prince of Condé was great; he contrasted this desert loneliness with the busy crowds which populated the court in his young days, and he wished to die—a terrible desire in old age, when death comes with a wish. He heaved a deep sigh when the great gates were closed for the night.

“Perhaps my vassals have mistaken the day and hour of their appearance. Twenty-six years of absence may have impaired their punctuality. I will have the great clock of the chateau repaired.”

He re-entered the chateau, and wept.

The next evening, being a holiday of the church, the inhabitants of Chantilly and its environs took their usual

walk on the beautiful turf of the castle terrace; they were likewise impelled by no little curiosity, hoping to see the prince de Condé. His poor head was almost turned with joy at their approach—he had found his vassals!

“ His poor vassals,” he said, “ had, doubtless, grown very old and miserable!” He told his valets to put some gold in each of his pockets, without considering whether he had any; and he hastened to the hall steps, to receive the new-comers, while his valets threw open the great-court gates, and invited the people to enter. However, as they drew near, the prince was astonished; these miserable vassals and vassalesses had all the elegance of Paris, and the freshness of the country. Monseigneur the prince de Condé knew that lace was made at Chantilly, but he did not know that it was worn with such grace by the makers. He recognised no signs of want or misery in the faces of the men, women, and children, as they entered the court, where they made a pause, not exactly knowing how they were to behave.

At last, a lady, the most courageous among them, a vassaless of twenty years of age, with white plumes and a magnificent blonde scarf, advanced to the great hall steps, where the prince de Condé stood; she was altogether dressed to admiration. The prince graciously presented his hand, expecting she would reverently salute it, according to the ancient custom of homage, instead of which she put another hand, as white as snow, into it, and raised it to the level of his lips. Mischief on the woman! her feudal lord kissed her hand in spite of himself, and led her into the saloon.

This was a serious affair, but the prince said—

“ Twenty-six years have changed everything here, and vassalesses more than all.”

The rest of the people followed the prince de Condé and his partner into the château, not with the boorish demeanour of manumised serfs, but with the quiet dignity that bespeaks a consciousness of respectable rank in the world. There was as deep silence as at church in a full congregation before service commences. The voice of the prince alone was heard, and he at last moderated it. He had learned to speak somewhat loud in Germany.

“ You, monsieur,” said he, addressing the oldest of the crowd—“ you remember me, but my memory will not let me call you by name.”

The name was mentioned.

“ The former groom of my brood mares?” replied the prince. “ Am not I right?”

“ Yes, monseigneur, your former groom—since, an officer, and wounded at Lodi. See the scar on my forehead and this cross; since my left arm was lost in the battles of France, and I have become a farmer at Chantilly.”

The Prince de Condé inclined his head and passed to another.

“ And you, monsieur?—your name! Bien! your father was a wood-cutter in my forest of Montefontaine. He was a great poacher—God forgive him.”

“ My lord, the woods of Montefontaine now belong to me, and I can offer to your highness the liberty of killing as many hares as were poached by my father.”

“ Those woods belong to you!” The prince was visibly agitated. It was in the forest of Montefontaine that the mareschal’s baton of the great Condé had been cut. He had dropped his baton in the lines at Fribourg, and it had been restored to him after his victory.

“ Thanks for your offer, my friend,” rejoined the prince, after a deep pause, “ but I never course on any man’s ground, except my own.”

“And you,” he said, addressing a third—“you bear a strong resemblance to Jean-Pierre, to whom I let my quarries at Creil?”

“My lord, I am his grandson; my father bought the quarries of the corporation of Creil, and I inherited them of my father. At this time, I have formed a manufactory from the stones and chalk of the quarries, that sustains half the poor of the country.”

After a moment’s emotion, the prince of Condé replied—

“You have done well. I recognise you as the true lord of the soil. You have worthily replaced us.”

It was with a prouder step, and less bitterness of tone, that the descendant of the great Condé continued his interrogatory.

“And you? I should know your face?”

“Yes, your highness; and I well remember the magnificent *fêtes* that have been held here in your young time; for I was one of your huntsmen-prickers.”

“Ah! you shall now be my head huntsman, my friend.”

“Monseigneur, that is impossible.”

“How is that?”

“Because you would have had me hanged. I was condemned to be hanged by your council of chase for having killed a doe on the festival of St. Hubert.”

“Pooh! you know that was only a form. I should have given you pardon.”

“My lord, I obtained it, without troubling you!”

“Of whom?”

“Of myself. I am president of the district, and I have come with my neighbours, from the corporation of Creil, to offer you their compliments on your happy return to Chantilly.”

“I accept, with gratitude, the goodwill of the commu-

nity, by the voice of my huntsmen—, I mean to say, of their president. *Diable, monsieur!* how six-and-twenty years have changed affairs!"

Another, anticipating the address of the prince, advanced and said, "My lord, I had taken possession of one of your properties on the side of Coya. I have no title to plead from republic or municipality, for I waited till I could remunerate you, the rightful owner."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Condé. "Monsieur, your unexampled honesty—what reward can I offer?"

"Nothing, my prince, but your sanction for my purchase on the terms I am about to explain. This property was of little intrinsic value from the most ancient times, until I and my eight children found the proper means of cultivating it. The wastes of Coya now bring in a clear income of 50,000 francs, which represents a capital of 500,000 francs, and, as I think it capable of still further improvement, I can afford to offer you that sum in return for these title-deeds, which, I hope, you will restore when I have paid the purchase-money to your treasurer."

"Keep them—keep them as my free gift! and God bless you, and your eight children, with them! for your honesty and humanity have repaid me for some of the sorrows of my past life!"

It is a wrong to say the Bourbons have forgotten nothing; for the prince de Condé was so poor at the time when he refused this sum, that his valet had had to borrow a cotton nightcap for his use, the night before. Perhaps, according to the proverb which has been invented against them, and quoted to satiety, the Prince de Condé thought he should have found his nightcap where he had left it, after twenty-six years' absence.

The sorrows of the old prince's heart, to which he

alluded so pathetically, sprang from the loss of his brave grandson, the duc d'Enghien. The line of Condé had taken too few hostages from futurity. There was but one individual to continue the name once the boast of France. The invigorating atmosphere of adversity had brought forth such freshness in the laurel branch of Condé, that the young duc d'Enghien gave promise of rivalling the mightiest names of his race.

The best narrative of his last hours is given by Harrel, the spy, a man who had been employed to draw forward the conspiracy of Cerruchi, and had received his reward in a situation of trust at Vincennes. This man, so crafty and pitiless, felt deeply for the prince; his sympathy originated in a singular coincidence; his wife, whom he appears to have loved, was the foster-sister of the duke. Harrel, apparently to ease the mental pangs he endured, came, on the 20th of March, after midnight, to Bourrienne, who was then in disgrace with Napoleon, and made this avowal:—

“ Yesterday evening, before the arrival of the prince, they came and asked me if I had a lodging for a prisoner. I replied in the negative, telling them that I had only my own room and the council chamber. They told me to prepare a bed-chamber for a prisoner who was coming to sleep there that night. They asked me to dig a trench in the court: I replied that would not be easy the court being paved. They named another place, and they ordered the fosse where it was prepared.

“ The prince arrived at seven that evening. He did not look sad, but he was dying of cold and hunger. He demanded food and repose. His chamber fire not being yet lighted, I took him into mine, and sent out into the village to get something for him to eat. The prince sat down to table, and invited me to do the same. He put

a great many questions to me about Vincennes and the neighbourhood, asking me about things that had happened there. He told me that he had been brought up in the environs of the castle, chatting with me with much familiarity and affability. He then asked, 'What do they want with me? What are they going to do with me?' But his manner of asking these questions betrayed no anxiety, and he remained tranquil. My wife, who is sick, was keeping her bed in this chamber, in an alcove within a grille. She heard, without being seen, all this conversation, and felt extreme emotion, for she recognised the prince, whose foster sister she had been, and from whose family she had, before the Revolution, received a pension. The prince made haste to bed, he had need of rest; but, before he could get to sleep, the judges ordered him to be brought into the council chamber. I was not present. When it was terminated, the duke went up into his chamber, and, when he was sent for to hear his sentence, he was in a deep sleep. In a few minutes after, he was led to execution. He expected it so little, that in descending the staircase that led to the fosse, he asked whither they were leading him? No reply was made to the question. I preceded the prince with a lantern, when, feeling the cold that came from below, he pressed my arm and asked, 'Will they throw me into a dungeon?'—The rest is well known." Harrel shuddered while he related that movement of the unfortunate prince. The illustrious victim was shot at six o'clock, on the 21st of March, at sunrise. He had not a lantern fixed at his button; there was no occasion, as it was broad daylight. But another circumstance was related of this execution, which is really true: the prince had a little spaniel, Carlin, which continually returned to the fosse, to the fatal place. "Who has not seen him," pursues our authority, emphatically, "for who has

not visited this spot of grief? It was a true pilgrimage for the adherents of the Bourbons. They marked the ground where the young victim had fallen, till tears prevented them from distinguishing it, and they admired the fidelity of the faithful animal. The police was alarmed, and the dog went no more to moan on the grave of his master."

Napoleon pretended that he had been deceived by those about him, and that the prince had been executed without his knowledge, and that if he had received a letter the prisoner wrote, imploring his mercy, he would have pardoned him. The duke never wrote to him; but he gave Savary a commission to Josephine, entrusting her with the secret of his love, and leaving her the executor of a verbal testament;—a portrait of himself and a packet of his hair to be forwarded to the lady, whose presence in the vicinity of Ettenheim had occasioned his destruction. The wife of the First Consul, who had pleaded for his life, and mourned his fall, faithfully performed the sad commission the victim of her husband's lawless ambition had confided to her care. Napoleon bore witness to the bravery of the prince, and the clearness of his answers to the military commissioners who tried him.

Soon after the execution, the secretary of Davoust travelled in the diligence with a man who appeared overwhelmed with grief, who never spoke during the journey, though he often sighed. As the route from Paris to the camp at Boulogne was crowded, the secretary was obliged to occupy the same chamber as his sorrowful companion, to whom, when they were alone, he ventured to address some words of comfort and offers of assistance, which elicited this remarkable response:

"Sir, I thank you for the interest you take in me; I

require no assistance, though I thank you for the interest you take in my grief, which can only end with my life. Judge yourself of my despair. I was marischal *de logis* (quarter-master) in la gendarmerie d'élite. Thus I made part of a detachment ordered for Vincennes. I passed the night there under arms; at dawn they made me and six men descend into a fosse—they brought out a prisoner—I ordered the platoon to fire. The victim fell, and after this execution I learned that we had shot the duke d'Enghein. How could I imagine it was him, when I had heard him spoken of as a brigand of La Vendée? I have quitted the service; they have granted my dismissal. I shall return to my family; would that I had done so earlier!"

Thus the unconscious agent of the first consul's tyranny suffered more remorse for his participation in this great crime, than was ever experienced by himself. Yet he did regret this blot upon his renown; but not with the deep sensibility and feeling of the quarter-master, whom it disgusted for ever with his profession.

There is some reason for believing that the young prince wished to see Napoleon, and if he had done so the emperor might possibly have pardoned him; at least, so thinks his old schoolfellow Bourrienne. At the end of the procès-verbal the duke wrote these words:—

"Before signing the present verbal process, I earnestly request a private audience of the First Consul. My name, my rank, my mode of thinking, and the horror of my situation, lead me to hope that he will not refuse my demand.

"LOUIS ANTOINE HENRI DE BOURBON."

The person of the duke is thus described in the procès-verbal:—

"Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, duc d'Enghein, born at Chantilly the second of August, 1772; height one metre 780 millimetres; hair and eyebrows bright chesnut; oval face; rather long, well-made grey eyes, approaching to hazel; mouth (moyenne) middle sized; aquiline nose; chin a little pointed, well made; aged thirty-two years; quitted France on the sixteenth of July, 1789.

## THE EARTHQUAKE OF CALLAO.

ALONG the vast Pacific, day's last smile  
Reflected many a bay and verdant isle,  
And spicy grove that from the rocky steep  
Stretched its luxuriant branches o'er the deep,  
And softly shadowed in the waters blue,  
In mirror'd landscape met the downward view.  
The billows, sleeping on the ocean's breast,  
Forgot to murmur in their placid rest;  
The languid breeze was lulled on vale and hill,  
And every leaf lay motionless and still;  
The flowers, from blossomed boughs to lowly beds,  
Had closed their bells and hung their beauteous heads;  
And Nature, plunged in lethargy profound,  
Seemed as when in primeval slumbers bound,  
Ere o'er her silent bosom void and vast  
The quickening spirit of creation past.  
The lonely watcher on the flag-staff's height  
With musing eye surveyed the lovely sight,  
When the departing sun shed glory down  
On tranquil ocean, convent, tower, and town;

And then his task resuming, half unfurl'd  
Spain's haughty standard to the watery world;  
But ere the dull and languid air could raise  
One drooping fold, unconsciously his gaze  
Returns where, in the splendour of Peru,  
A moment back the town had met his view,  
With domes, and palaces, and walls of might,  
Reposing in a flood of rosy light.  
But, like the fading of a meteor's beam,  
Or the delusive pageant of a dream,  
Tis gone! and ere mute Wonder can demand  
The how? or when? or Reason understand  
The awful change—the reeling mountains swim  
Before his dizzy sight, confused and dim;  
Dense clouds obscure the sunset—and that sound  
Which bursts from the cavernous depths profound  
Of earth's rent bosom, with terrific roar,  
Tells the appalling tale from shore to shore.  
Mixed with the sullen echoes of the bells,  
Tolling from crashing towers their own deep knells;  
And, hark! in that last dismal clangour rings  
The fearful dirge-note of all living things.  
Within that fated town, united there  
In one dread gulf of ruin and despair,  
The grave hath oped its jaws, and young and old,  
And high and low, in its insatiate fold  
Are, mingling, crushed.—The hopes and cares of life,  
Its busy projects and its restless strife,  
And all its social joys, with them are o'er,  
And they have left no mourner to deplore

Their general doom, save that unhappy one,  
Who, of its breathing thousands, was alone  
Preserved by cruel miracle of Fate,  
To see his native land made desolate,  
And all he ever loved, on that dread day,  
Pass like a drama's shifting scene away,

Heartstruck, he drops from his relaxing hands  
The useless ensign—and, bewildered, stands,  
With glazing eyeballs and with stiffened neck,  
A living statue gazing on the wreck  
Of all his joys—nor now discerns the spot  
Where once arose in peace his humble cot,  
Endeared by every tender spell that lies  
In home's sweet bond, and love's delightful ties;  
But wife and children, happiness and home,  
For him exist no longer—he must roam  
Through the wide world in utter loneliness,  
Without one friend to soothe, one hope to bless.  
All, all are strangers now—there is no face  
To him familiar of the human race;

Yet months shall pass, and spring restore again  
The flowers and blighted verdure of the plain;  
Another town in time's due course shall rise,  
And prouder structures greet the morning skies;  
Long silent echoes shall again rejoice  
To hear gay childhood's shout and silvery voice;  
The smiling bridegroom and the flower-crowned bride  
Shall tread new streets adorned in nuptial pride;

Arts bloom afresh, and commerce bring once more  
The flush of wealth and plenty to the shore ;  
And busy population, far and wide  
Extend an eager and increasing tide.

But *he*, lone relic of a vanished race,  
Shall flee like troubled spirit from the place,  
To pore in cureless anguish on the flood  
That flows where streets and fanes in splendour stood,  
And rolls its sullen, melancholy waves  
O'er his lost home, and his loved kindred's graves.

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## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

At the destruction of Callao, in 1747, no more than one of the inhabitants escaped ; and he, by a providence the most extraordinary. This man was on the fort that overlooked the harbour, going to strike the flag, when he perceived the sea to retire to a considerable distance ; and then, swelling mountain high, it returned with great violence. The people ran from their houses in terror and confusion ; he heard a cry of "*Miserere !*" rise from all parts of the city ; and immediately all was silent—the sea had entirely overwhelmed it, and buried it for ever in its bosom. But the same wave that destroyed it, drove a little boat by the place where he stood, into which he threw himself and was saved.

## SULTAN AMURATH'S DREAM.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH.

HEAR ye the dream of the Ottoman lord,  
Which the sages of Islam in terror record.  
At morn he went forth in his pride, and surveyed  
The hosts of the Crescent, for battle arrayed;  
He gazed on their numbers with haughty delight,  
And he smiled, as he deemed them resistless in might;  
And presumptuously thought, in his blindness of trust,  
That with these he should trample the Cross in the dust.  
Yet, scarce for the march had he marshalled his line,  
Ere the boaster was foiled in his impious design,  
His thousands were scattered, but not by the war,  
For the Hun and the Frank were still distant afar;  
Yet his camp was assailed, and his tents were cast down,  
His horsemen disorder'd, his chariots o'erthrown.—  
They came in their fury, the whirlwind and rain,  
And confounded the muster on Istamboul's plain,

And proud Amurath felt as if God, in his wrath,  
Surrounded with terrors disputed his path.  
His awe-stricken armament melted away,  
And returned to the city in silent dismay;  
And himself in the rear of his pale shrinking train,  
Like a fugitive, entered Istamboul again;  
And oppressed with forebodings of horror and dread,  
Sunk down in a trance of despair on his bed,  
And o'er his dark spirit 'twixt waking and sleep  
Came a vision more wild than the hurricane's sweep;  
While raged uncontroll'd in their fury abroad,  
Hail and lightning performing the will of the Lord.  
He saw 'midst the elements' conflict, a form  
That rose to the heavens and commanded the storm,  
That grasped sun and moon, and resistless in power,  
Supported one foot on the citadel tower,  
And o'er-reaching the strait with the span of his  
stride,  
He planted the other on Asia's far side.  
But while haughty Amurath, pale and amazed,  
In trembling dismay on the prodigy gazed,  
Like a spirit of vengeance, it grew to his sight  
More appalling in form, more stupendous in height;  
And spurning in scorn the proud infidel town,  
In one moment of horror it sternly flung down,  
Like the shock of an earthquake, in darkness and dust,  
The towers, and the fane, of the Mussulman trust,  
And the lord of the East, from that vision's dread  
thrall,  
Awoke, as he fancied the crash of their fall.

The priests of the false one, that vision explain,  
With fables delusive, and empty, and vain;  
But the deeds of our days are unfolding, I deem,  
At length the true meaning of Amurath's dream.

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## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

THE remarkable incident on which this poem is founded, is related in *Knolles' History of the Turks*. "The sultan Amurath the Third, having levied an army of 200,000 men for the invasion of Hungary, was, on the first day of his march, opposed by so violent a tempest of hail and rain, with thunder and lightning, that the Mussulman armament, believing that the enterprise was contrary to the will of God, disbanded themselves, and fled back to Constantinople. Amurath seeing no remedy, and being himself infected with the general panic, followed the example of his troops; and, having entered his own apartment, threw himself on his couch in a gloomy reverie, when, after a time, he slept, and dreamed that he saw a gigantic figure with one foot on the royal citadel, and the other resting on the opposite shore of Asia. While the sultan yet gazed on this appalling vision, the apparition, with one stroke of his foot, flung down the citadel, and the Mosque of St. Sophia, and the sultan awoke with the imaginary shock of their fall."

## TO GREECE.

THE maids, who wreathed the laurel crowns for those  
Who fought at Marathon, did never twine  
Garlands, oh Greece! for nobler sons of thine,  
Than the brave champions of thy tears and woes.  
Nor History, in her ample volume, shows  
More glorious tales, since Fame did first consign  
To her the pen of Time, and task divine  
To rescue, from the dusky stream that flows  
Down to Oblivion, each illustrious name  
And fair achievement, than her present page  
Shall now disclose, when she shall proudly write,  
In deathless characters, the deeds and fame  
Of Grecian heroes, who on this dark age  
Have cast the brightness of immortal light.

## THE ROMAN TRIUMPH.

THERE was a triumph in imperial Rome,  
Decreed Ostorius' legions marching home  
From recent conquests won in Britain's Isle,  
For victory, with her bright and favouring smile,  
Had graced their eagles, on that fatal plain  
Where Freedom's last defender fought in vain;  
Now crowned with laurels, they return to claim  
Their country's praises and immortal fame.  
But first with lances in the dust depress'd,  
And cypress sadly mingled with each crest;  
With pious care a mournful train sustain,  
In funeral urns, the ashes of the slain;  
Who though they died amidst the shock of foes,  
In hostile lands, shall peacefully repose,  
With all the honours of the fallen brave,  
Near the soft sound of Tiber's sacred wave.

Throughout the city joyful shouts resound,  
The gates are garlanded, the columns bound  
With victor laurels, while from lovely hands  
Sweet flowers are showered upon the martial bands,  
As in glad pomp the proud processions march  
Through many a fair arcade and trophied arch;  
While the inspiring trumpets echo loud  
The notes of triumph, and the exulting crowd  
Hail with impetuous rapture their return;  
And tender eyes o'erflow, and fond hearts burn,  
As parents, wives, and friends, and children come,  
With eager haste, to speak their welcome home;  
While others in their envied progress prove  
Beauty's applause and timid looks of love.  
'Tis transport all—there is a joy for each,  
In smile, or glance, or gratulating speech,  
As each beholds once more some kindred tie,  
Long lost to sight, but dear to memory.

But, oh! what contrast to the wild despair  
That guarded train of mournful captives share;  
The theme of wonder and the mark of scorn;  
Slowly they come, dejected and forlorn,  
Aliens and exiles from their native land,  
A weary, woeful, melancholy band,  
Torn by oppressors from their much loved home,  
To form a pageant for insulting Rome.

Lo! there the weeping widow of the brave  
Clasps to her breaking heart an infant slave;

And there the gray-haired hero, bowed with years,  
Drops on his galling chain indignant tears;  
There frightened children, who lament aloud,  
And gaze in terror on the hostile crowd,  
Followed by many a pale and tearful maid,  
And frantic lovers who the gods upbraid;  
And there the white-robed Druid lifts his hand,  
And heaps prophetic curses on the land.

But who is he, majestic and alone,  
Who in his country's fall forgets his own?  
Unbent by fortune, calm amidst his woes,  
The last proud conquest of a host of foes!  
Not e'en that pang can his stern firmness move,  
When each dear tie of kindred and of love,  
Long parted from him, he beholds again,  
Sad and dishonoured with the captive train;  
And led in servile chains, a public show,  
To swell the victor's triumph with their woe.  
The king's, the husband's, and the father's grief,  
Shake not the firmness of the patriot chief;  
Sublime he rises o'er the shocks of Fate,  
In that dark hour unconquerably great,  
Amidst the gaze of haughty Rome, the same  
As when her legions trembled at his name;  
Awed by his glance the gathering crowd retire,  
And, though in fetters, dread him and admire.  
And the world's master, on the Roman throne,  
Felt a slave's majesty eclipse his own.

## THE ROMAN TRIUMPH.

## HISTORIC ILLUSTRATION.

“EVEN at Rome, the name of Caractacus was in high celebrity. The emperor, willing to magnify the glory of the conquest, bestowed the highest praise on the valour of the vanquished king. He assembled the people to behold a spectacle worthy of their view. In the field before the camp the Praetorian bands were drawn up under arms. The followers of the British chief walked in procession. The military accoutrements, the harness, the rich collars, which he had gained in various battles, were there displayed. The wife of Caractacus, his daughters, and his brother, followed next; he himself closed the melancholy train. The rest of the prisoners, struck with terror, descended to mean and abject supplications. Caractacus alone was superior to misfortune. With a countenance unaltered, not a symptom of fear appearing, no sorrow, no condescension, he behaved with dignity even in ruin.”—*Annals of Tacitus*, b. xii. p. 372.

Such is the touching portrait which the Roman historian has given of the demeanour, under the most trying reverse of fortune, of the British hero, who had for so many years opposed the masters of the world in their full tide of conquest. The sequel is too well known to require detail; yet surely the free pardon and generous treatment which the royal captives received from the emperor Claudius, should be recorded as bright though solitary traits of greatness in the character of that feeble and besotted prince.

## TO THE CITY OF ROME.

## FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUIDICCIONE.

NURSE of the mighty! who in ancient time  
Filled thee with glory, and the world with fears;  
*Once* of the favouring gods the home sublime,  
*Now* the abode of unavailing tears;  
How can I see thee of thy honours reft,  
And hear thy sighs, nor feel my heart o'erflow?  
Can I behold thee dark and joyless left,  
And not partake my bleeding country's woe?  
Majestic in thy fall! though fall'n so low,  
My bosom thrills at thy still hallowed name;  
E'en at thy ruins I adoring bow.—  
Ah! had I then beheld thee in thy fame,  
When as a queen thy flowing locks around  
The laurels of a conquered world were bound!

## THE

GRAVE OF COMMODORE SIR JOHN HAYES,  
OF THE INDIAN NAVY.

VICTORIOUS rider of the deep!  
Thy bold career is o'er,  
And thy unconquered flag shall sweep  
The subject main no more.

That glorious flag, brave Hayes, is furled,  
And hushed each thundering gun—  
Fame's mournful voice has told the world  
Thy last stern battle's won.

Thy bark a peaceful port has found,  
From all the storms of life,  
And though wild billows rage around,  
Thou'rt anchor'd from their strife.

Though not beneath the solemn shade  
Of minster's marble dome,  
Wert thou by weeping Britain laid,  
Within a trophied tomb.

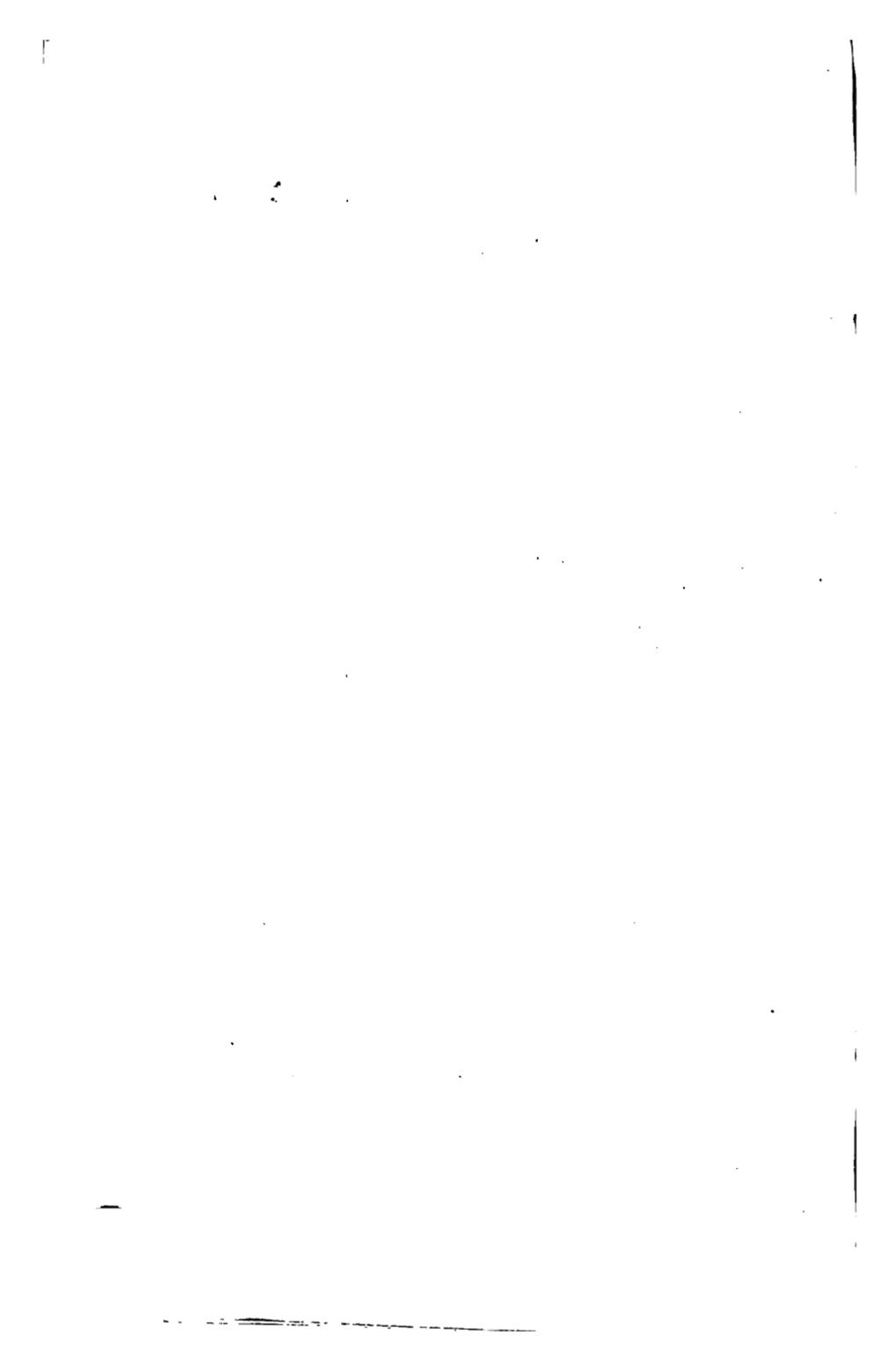
Yet in thy lovely eastern isle,\*  
With fadeless verdure drest,  
Which meets the morning sun's first smile,  
Thou'st ta'en a calmer rest.

And where their tall heads to the breeze  
The plumpy cocoas wave,  
Amidst the deep blue Indian seas,  
Is seen thy lonely grave.

There, undisturbed, thy relics sleep,  
Brave chief, in holy trust,  
While glory shall admiring keep  
Her vigils o'er thy dust!

Till the dread summons of that day  
Is heard on land and main,  
Which wakes the cold unconscious clay,  
And bids it live again.

\* This gallant officer was buried, according to his own particular desire, in a small uninhabited island in the Indian main, covered with cocoa-nut trees, where his solitary grave is the only trace that it has ever been trodden by the steps of Europeans.



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## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### THE LIFE-BOAT.

THE life-boat! the life-boat! when tempests are dark,  
She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark!  
When, 'midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep,  
The minute-guns boom like a knell o'er the deep.

The life-boat! the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain,  
And white-crested breakers, oppose her in vain;  
Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch,  
She's the vessel of mercy—Good speed to her launch!

The life-boat! the life-boat! how fearless and free  
She wins her bold course o'er the wide rolling sea!  
She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain,  
She has stemm'd them before, and she'll stem them again!

The life-boat! the life-boat! she's mann'd by the brave,  
In the noblest of causes commissioned to save;  
What heart but has thrill'd in the seaman's distress,  
At the life-boat's endeavours, the life-boat's success?

The life-boat! the life-boat! no vessel that sails  
Has stumm'd such rough billows, and weather'd such gales;  
Nor e'en Nelson's proud ship, when his death-strife was  
won,  
Such true glory achieved as the life-boat has done!

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### THE GUERNSEY LILY.

A good ship sailed from the Indian shore,  
And her mariners smiled at the freight she bore;  
There were plumes of the birds of Paradise,  
Shawls of Delhi, and silks of price;  
Pearls of Balsora, so faultless and fair,  
They were fit for an emperor's bride to wear;  
Gems from Golconda's diamond mine,  
That seemed like miniature suns to shine

When they flashed forth the light of such changeful  
rays

As the rainbow wears on bright showery days;  
Muslins from Dacca's costly looms,  
And attar of rose, whose seal'd perfumes  
Are born of an essence so subtle and fine,  
That they steal through the pores of their crystal  
shrine,  
And seeds and roots of each lovely flower  
That blossoms in Cashmere's rosy bower;—

Everything curious, and rich and rare,  
That the East could boast, was collected there;  
And more than these, there were gallant men,  
And beauteous ladies returning then,  
With longing hearts, to the dearer land  
They had left for the hopes of the Indian strand,  
Who, with infant heirs of wealth and state,  
Were among the vessel's priceless freight.

That ship swept over the Indian seas,  
With swelling sails and a favouring breeze;  
But, oh, in an hour, when hope was brightest,  
And the bosoms of all her crew were lightest,  
And they fondly deemed all perils past—  
For she'd entered the narrow seas at last—  
When home and all its joys were nigh,  
The storm arose in a summer sky;  
The azure heavens grew black as night,  
And the billows swelled to giant height;

The thunder roared through the firmament,  
The vessel pitched and her cordage rent;  
She laboured and heaved in the foaming sea,  
And her mizen bent like a sapling tree;  
And woman's shriek, and childhood's wail,  
Were mixed with the voice of the stormy gale;  
And even the hearts of valiant men,  
Waxed cold in their mortal terror then.  
Her mainmast crashed with a fearful shock,  
And the hull heaved to leeward and split on a  
rock,  
Where the Guernsey reef, like an ambushed foe,  
Stretches its hostile ranks below  
The stern array of battling waves,  
That sweep o'er her death-doomed mariners' graves;  
And the moaning blast, as it rushes by,  
Sings the wild dirge of that company.

Nought reached the land in that dreadful hour,  
Save the simple bulb of an Indian flower,  
Which the surges washed from the founder'd bark,  
And, when autumn came, at high-water mark,  
The Guernsey fishers, wondering, eyed,  
Its buds expand in roseate pride,  
And said, " So fair a plant, before,  
Had never bloomed on their rugged shore."  
" The Lily of the Wreck," at first  
It was called by those who had fondly nursed  
The pilgrim flower; but its fame in time  
Went forth to every western clime.

And now those orient lilies claim,  
From Guernsey's isle their general name;  
For they flourish as free, on its rocky strand,  
As beneath the suns of their own bright land.

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## ILLUSTRATION.

THE first of this splendid species ever seen in Europe, was observed growing, at high-water mark, on the Guernsey shore, a few weeks after the wreck of a large home-ward-bound East Indiaman, which was lost, with all her crew and passengers, on the perilous reef off that coast. This flower, being the sole relic of the rich cargo, was called, by the peasants, the "Lily of the Wreck;" and being greatly prized, not only from that circumstance, but for its rare beauty, was carefully preserved and cultivated. In the course of a few years, from that single root, the species was propagated throughout the island, where it flourished so profusely as to become an article of commerce; and, being erroneously supposed by foreign florists to be indigenous to that locality, has been termed by them the Guernsey lily. But the tradition of its first appearance is familiar to the sea-faring population of that island.

## THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

Thou, whose bold genius, in so short a span,  
Marked the seven stages of the life of man;  
Yet hast omitted, in thy gifted page,  
To paint the eras of his consort's age;  
Lend me thy deathless spirit, whilst I show  
Each change of woman's days, through weal and woe.

First, soft and helpless, innocent and mild,  
Smiles in her nurse's arms the female child;  
Fresh from her Maker's hands, all pure and fair,  
Unstained by sin, unruffled yet by care—  
A stranger in this world of ceaseless strife,  
Lovely and passionless her dawn of life.

Next; see her seated at her mother's feet,  
With eyes upraised the glance of love to meet;  
Gay as the birth of hope, all joy and grace,  
The mind expanding brightens in her face;

Speech partially unlocked, in silvery tone  
She now essays to make her wishes known,  
Now to explain her doubtful meaning tries,  
With mingled eloquence of lips and eyes.  
Here, the first sorrows of the child begin,  
The slumbering passions waken from within,  
Each in its turn its growing strength reveals,  
Anger, and love, and grief she keenly feels;  
She, too, will be mamma, and lull to rest,  
The mimic baby on her infant breast.  
She, too, will dress, will cherish, and sustain,  
And guard her darling from distress and pain;  
While plain to all, yet to herself unknown,  
The future mother in each act is shown.  
With graver look and melancholy air  
She cons the lesson with reluctant care:  
The book, the pen, the needle, all engage,  
The cares and troubles of the second stage.

A third advances—toils and tasks are past,  
And life's sweet summer brightly dawns at last;  
Spring's lovely buds expand to fairest flowers,  
And Hope's enchantment gilds the sunny hours:  
She, by the standard of her own pure mind,  
Judges the cold, the selfish, and unkind;  
Earth and its children views in trusting mood,  
And thinks that, like herself, they all are good;  
And blind to all its shoals, its storms, and strife,  
She enters on the treacherous waves of life.'

Ah! sweet confiding season, o'er your bloom  
Why should the blight of falsehood cast a gloom?  
O'er those high feelings, and that heart's warm  
glow,  
A chilling damp the cruel world will throw;  
The noblest virtues which that mind adorn,  
The false will mock, the wicked treat with scorn,  
The crowd shall mark with cold invidious gaze,  
And those will trample who should help to raise,  
Till from the freezing glance of heartless pride,  
Its fair endowments slighted worth will hide;  
This, in the lovely dayspring of her youth,  
Shall cloud its sunshine and abuse its truth;—  
Or bitterer far, perchance, is doomed to prove  
The venom'd shafts of unrequited love.  
At first, by slow degrees, her gentle heart  
Admits the poison, nor perceives the smart.  
She loves the moonlight and the evening hour,  
The river's margin, and the forest bower;  
There, wrapt in musings, she delights to stray,  
And nurse the dream that steals her soul away?  
All else to her is idle, dull, and vain,  
Pleasure insipid, and exertion pain.  
Too oft 'tis hers, by struggling pangs opprest,  
To hide the thorn that rankles in her breast;  
With dying hopes to combat thronging fears,  
And find a sad relief in gushing tears:  
Absorbed in silent heart-consuming woe,  
Reckless of all around, above, below.

This cannot last; and Time, with noiseless wings,  
Sweeps o'er her bosom and allays its stings,  
And other hopes and calmer feelings brings.

So pass the three first stages of her life.  
A fourth succeeds, and sees her now a wife;  
Yet not perchance of him who taught her heart  
The earliest sigh, and caused its keenest smart.  
Forgetful of the wrongs which man has given,  
When linked to man, she makes his home a heaven;  
His nurse in sickness, and his joy in health,  
His aid in poverty, his pride in wealth;  
Her heart the solace where his wounded mind  
Flies for relief, and finds it ever kind;  
Where, when all fail him, he can still confide,  
Its faith, like gold, more pure the more 'tis tried.  
Though storms without on every side increase,  
They cannot mine the house of love and peace,  
Which on the rock of duty firmly stands,  
While strife and folly perish on the sands.

But now a period still more blest shall come,  
And crown with joy the calm delights of home;  
The sweetest era of the female life,  
Which makes a mother of the happy wife,  
And adds a cement to that holy tie,  
For human happiness ordained on high;  
When round her board the olive branches spring,  
And love's dear claimants to their mother cling;

And she beholds beneath her anxious eyes  
Her lovely hopes in fair succession rise.  
The youngest, cradled on her fostering breast,  
Sighs its delight, and softly sinks to rest.  
Another darling, with bewitching grace,  
Hides in the slumberer's robe his cherub face,  
Then archly wanton, full of infant glee,  
He laughs aloud, and peeps mamma to see.  
A third more active boldly climbs her chair,  
And pleads his right each fond caress to share;  
Whilst a fair girl who hangs upon her arm,  
Rich in each playful wile and early charm,  
In lisping tones her earnest wish has told,  
That she "sweet baby on her lap may hold."  
The happy mother on her infant train  
Gazes with transport which amounts to pain;  
A smile of rapture on her lip appears,  
But her soft eyes o'erflow with tender tears—  
Tears which e'en gazing seraphs might approve,  
The holy weepings of maternal love.

Blest in her duties, calmly glide away  
The busy hours of Life's meridian day,  
The Time advancing o'er the dial flings  
A darker shade, and that sad epoch brings—  
That mournful stage of comfortless distress,  
Which sees her now in widowed loneliness;  
Consumed by sorrow, and oppressed with gloom,  
She sighs for refuge in the friendly tomb;

Yet, as her glance upon her children falls,  
She starts in anguish, and that wish recalls.  
From mingled feelings now her eyes o'erflow,  
The mother's softness with the widow's woe;  
Her bosom thrilling with an interest dear,  
Which robs of bitterness the falling tear,  
Her rebel heart sinks lowly, and her mind  
Bows to the will of Heaven, in grief resigned.

Slowly but sure Life's sands declining flow,  
In ceaseless course.—What now remains to show  
Of Woman's days, when all has past away  
That charmed the young, the thoughtless, and the  
    gay,  
And the fair fabric totters in decay?  
When youth, and health, and strength, and beauty's  
    beam,  
Appear like traces of some distant dream,  
Of which remembrance almost seems to fade  
E'en from herself, who fondly once surveyed  
Those bright possessions, and in raptured tone  
Exclaimed exulting, "These are all my own."  
Now left of all—faint, feeble, pressed with age,  
We mark her feelings in the last great stage:  
The feverish hopes, the fears, the cares of life,  
No more oppress her with their torturing strife;  
The restless tumults of her early day  
Have passed with beauty and with youth away,  
She—like some traveller who beholds the sun  
Sinking before him ere his journey's done—

Regrets not now to lose its noontide power,  
But hails the coolness of the evening hour,  
And feels a holy and divine repose  
Rest on her spirit in the twilight close.  
She in her children's children tastes again  
Maternal pleasure and maternal pain,  
To them imparts the knowledge years have given,  
And points their hopes to soar with hers to heaven;  
What though her eyes are dark in age's night,  
Serener, brighter burns the inward light,  
Guiding the spirit by its sacred ray,  
To cast its mortal thralls and cares away,  
And wait its summons to eternal day.

## THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Music's Spirit! tell me why  
Thou dost sleep so silently,  
Caged within a darksome cell,  
Organ, viol, flute, or shell,  
Till sweet breath or skilful fingers,  
Rouse the melody that lingers,  
Slumbering in thy prison bound;  
And thou dost in tuneful sound,  
To a touch thou lovest well,  
All thy hidden magic tell,  
And the eloquence that lies  
In thy wakening ecstasies?

Spirit! who in every part  
Of earth, and air, and waters art,  
To my wondering soul declare  
How thou dost so deeply share  
In each sense of pure delight,  
Heard and felt, but hid from sight.

Thou in bush and brake art dwelling,  
In the moonlight billow swelling,  
With the gay lark sun-ward soaring,  
With the nightingale deplored.  
Thou o'er summer streams art dying,  
And in morning zephyrs sighing;  
Or, in notes of awe and wonder,  
Bursting from the clouds in thunder.

I have heard thee in the grove;  
Blest thy voice in words of love;  
Caught thee when all else was still,  
In the mingling sounds, that fill  
With soft murmuring notes, the plain,  
From the busy insect train:  
Felt thee, when the evening breeze  
Waved the grass and stirred the trees:  
Met thee oft in cloistered piles,  
Pealing through Cathedral aisles:  
Marked thy hoarser accents gush  
In the cataract's wild rush:  
Hailed thee, when the distant bells,  
Blithely through my native dells,  
Rang at eve, and Echo lone  
Answered back their last sweet tone,  
And thou didst, Enchantress, bring  
Long past rapture on thy wing;  
But to know thee, I must be,  
Spirit! borne to Heaven with thee,  
Where thou dwell'st eternally.

## THE BRIDEMAID.

THE bridal's glittering pageantry is o'er,  
Dancing is weary, and the joy of song,  
Tired with its own wild sweetness, dies away;  
Music is hushed; the flower-arcaded halls  
Cease to prolong the bursts of festive glee,  
For luxury itself is satiate,  
And pleasure's drowsy train demands repose.

But, see! the dawn's grey streaks are stealing through  
The high-arched-windows of a stately room,  
Shedding a pale light on the paler brow  
Of one who, with a breaking heart, hath stol'n  
From the gay revels of that jocund night  
To vent, unpitied, agony alone.  
In fearful immobility of form  
And feature sits she in her blank despair,  
Like the cold-sculptured mourner on a tomb,

When silent marble wears the touching guise  
Of woman's woe—but, oh! not woe like hers,  
Whose every pulse doth vibrate with a pang  
Too stern for tears. Her dark dilated eye  
Is fixed on things she sees not nor regards.  
Her silent lute lies near—its chords no more  
Shall wake responsive to her skilful touch;  
For he who praised its sounds, and loved to see  
Her white hands busy with its murmuring strings  
Hath made all music discord to her soul.

Gems that a princess might be proud to wear  
Are sparkling in her sight; but what, alas!  
Are gems to her who hath beheld the hopes—  
The cherished hopes of life for ever crushed,  
And withering in the dust like yon gay wreath  
Which she hath in her bitter anguish torn  
From the sad brow it lately garlanded,  
And bade her maidens “hang it on her tomb.”

Invidious eyes were on her when she stood  
Before the altar with the bridal train  
Of her false love—ay! those who coldly scann'd  
Her looks and bearing, eager to detect  
The struggling pangs which woman's trembling  
pride  
In that dread hour had nerved her to conceal  
Beneath the haughty semblance of disdain  
Or calm indifference, when the man she loved  
Plighted his perjured vows to other ears—

A knell to hers, at which life's roseate tints  
Fled back affrighted, never to return  
To her pale cheek, whose marble hue betrayed  
The tearless bridemaid's secret agony.

The task is o'er, and she is now alone,  
Musing o'er memory of hopes that were,  
But are for her no longer;—vanished dreams  
Are they for which she mourns. She'd mourn no more  
Could she behold *him* as he really is,  
Stripp'd of the veil in which too partial love  
Hath dress'd its idol. She would turn away,  
And marvel that a heart so pure as hers  
Had wasted tenderness on *one* like him.

## THE ENFRANCHISED :

OR,

## THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

Thou hast burst from thy prison,  
Bright child of the air,  
Like a spirit just risen  
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging  
Thy first ardent flight,  
Where the gay lark is singing  
Her notes of delight.

Where the sunbeams are throwing  
Their glories on thine,  
Till thy colours are glowing  
With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure  
In Summer's green bowers,  
Reposing at leisure  
On fresh opened flowers.

Or delighted to hover  
Around them, to see  
Whose charms, airy rover!  
Bloom sweetest for thee;

And fondly exhaling  
Their fragrance, till day  
From thy bright eye is failing  
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom  
Which looks to the west,  
Thou dost find in its bosom  
Sweet shelter and rest,

And there dost betake thee  
Till darkness is o'er,  
And the sunbeams awake thee  
To pleasure once more.

## THE MOTH.

The Moth is a sober-suited nun,  
She loves not the glare of the noonday sun;  
Her mantle of grey is folded all day,  
While she slumbers and sleeps 'neath a sheltering spray;  
But when all is hushed in the emmets' camp,  
And the glowworm is lighting her fairy lamp,  
She taketh her flight in the dim twilight,  
To keep vigils abroad through a Midsummer night.

She seeks, by the planet's silvery gleam,  
The weeping willows that fringe the stream;  
Where the blossoming rush, with its roseate flush,  
Reflects the soft tints of a maiden's-blush;  
And the gladwyn is blooming for her alone,  
And the arrowhead's shade on the water is thrown;  
And the brooklime's blue hath a tenderer hue,  
As it shines through the pearls of the moonlit dew.

She lives on the essence of virgin flowers,  
And she haunteth the pale syring's bowers,  
When the faint perfume of their lavish bloom  
Is borne on the breeze through the shadowy gloom;  
But the evening primrose is her delight,  
And the privet arrayed in its robe of white;  
Ay, hovering round those nooks, she is found  
Where they wave in the shraberry's fragrant bound.

Well knoweth the bat, her wily foe,  
Each spot where her chosen treasures grow;  
And in airy ring he tracks her wing,  
Through the mazy rounds of her wandering;  
And in darkening circle he sails more near,  
Till he wheels above her his swift career;  
And while waving boughs play, he darts on his prey,  
And bears the poor flutterer away! away!

## SWEET LAVENDER.

SWEET Lavender! I love thy flower  
Of meek and modest blue,  
Which meets the morn and evening hour,  
The storm, the sunshine, and the shower,  
And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen,  
In simple touching grace;  
And in the garden of the queen,  
'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,  
Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright and peerless bloom,  
Attracteth many eyes;  
But, while her glories and perfume  
Expire before brief summer's doom,  
Thy fragrance *never* dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train,  
Whom adverse fates estrange,  
Who in the day of grief and pain  
Are found deceitful, light, and vain—  
For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend  
Who, whatsoe'er our lot,  
The balm of faithful love will lend,  
And, true and faithful to the end,  
May die—but alters not.

## THE STAR IN THE EAST.

LONG had the Eastern sages waked to keep  
Their heaven-directed vigils, on the height  
Of solitary cliff, or lofty tower:  
Watching the courses of those radiant orbs  
Of living light, whose sparkling myriads gem  
The darkly beautiful array of night,  
Confused to slight observers; yet to eyes  
Versed in celestial science, every star  
Shining sublime, distinct, and differing  
In brightness from the rest, and each adorned  
With some particular glory of its own.  
From glowing sunset to the deep serene  
Of sable night, the rapt Chaldeans gazed  
On that resplendent train till blushing morn  
Surprised them, still unwearied, at their task!  
And the first planet, glimmering on the brow  
Of dewy eve, beheld their silent watch  
Once more resumed; 'till, in the azure east,  
With brighter beams adorned than ever shone  
To mortal eyes, 'midst that celestial choir,  
They saw the long-expected star arise,  
Portentous of an infant Saviour's birth;  
Whom they, the first fruits of the Gentile world,  
Impelled by faith's resistless power to serve,

While yet unknown, and only now revealed  
By that mysterious sign—in the same hour  
Commenced their long and toilsome pilgrimage  
To Herod's distant court; and boldly there,  
E'en at the jealous tyrant's throne, inquired  
"For Judah's new-born king, whom they had come  
From far to worship, guided by the star,  
The glorious star, whose dawning in the east,  
By oracles and prophecies foretold  
In every age, their eyes had first beheld;  
Rejoicing in the light ordained to chase  
The shades and darkness of the heathen world."  
And when they found not him whose radiant type  
They had pursued for many a weary day,  
Through pathless wilds and deserts widely spread;  
They cheerfully resumed their eager quest,  
'Till that celestial beacon, which had kept  
Its course sublime through heaven's majestic arch,  
To guide their footsteps on their unknown way,  
Pointed its herald beam to Bethlehem,  
And paused resplendent o'er the lowly roof;  
Beneath whose shade the new-born king was found  
Reposing on his virgin mother's breast.  
They staggered not at resting-place so mean,  
For royal babe; but gladly entering in  
The humble precincts of the blest abode,  
That formed a temple for the incarnate God;  
And filled with holy joy, they meekly laid  
Their gifts and rich oblations at his feet,  
And bowed in adoration as they gazed.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF VITTORIA COLONNA,  
MARCHESANA DI PESCARA.

“ O ! che tranquillo mar, che placid’ onde.”

ON the calm billows of that tranquil sea,  
A gallant bark with swelling sails was seen,  
Freighted with treasures, moving proud and free,  
With favouring breezes, and with skies serene:  
But soon thick clouds obscured the heavenly ray,  
With fearful gloom the awful tempest rose;  
And none, who saw the dawning of that day,  
Foretold how dark would be the evening’s close.  
So did my stars on me their aspects change,  
By adverse winds o’er waves of sorrow driven,  
Oppressed by cruel fates and fortunes strange,  
Lorn, reft, and stricken by the shafts of heaven,  
Gathering around me, threatening storms appear,  
But still my soul beholds her pole-star near.

## ON AN ANCIENT SUN-DIAL.

How many ages o'er thy face  
Their dusky shades have cast,  
And yet have left on thee no trace  
To mark where they have passed.

How swift, yet gradual, was the tide  
In which they rolled away;  
How many thousand moments glide  
O'er thee to count one day!

And yet to hours, and days, and years,  
Those trifling moments mount;  
And then a century appears,  
At length, in the account.

And many a century's advance  
Hath, day by day, been told  
On thy mute circle, yet our glance  
Their sum cannot behold.

The eyes that marked them as they fled,  
Long, long have ceased to see;  
And those who Time's brief passage read,  
Behold Eternity!

And oft shall musing glances dwell  
On thee, the hour to learn,  
When I within my narrow cell  
To kindred dust return.

Then never let me idly slight  
The lesson thou canst give,  
Since I at every closing night  
A day have less to live.

## THE MILL-STREAM.

OH! Mill-stream! sweet Mill-stream! 'tis pleasant to hear  
The gush of thy waters still murmuring near,  
As they sing at their task through the long summer day,  
And leap to the sunbeam, and flash back its ray.

But sweeter, far sweeter, at evening's mild close,  
Thy soft-lulling fall pours its hymn of repose,  
As its cadence is mixed with the sigh of the breeze,  
The warbling of birds, and the waving of trees:

Or through the lone watches of midnight's deep noon,  
When bright on thy bosom reposes the moon,  
And each planet looks down, like a lover, from high,  
To hear thee still trilling thy wild lullaby.

Thy music is heard in the tempest's dread hour,  
'Midst the moan of the blast and theplash of the shower,  
And though vex'd with their strife, as thou rushest along  
Thy wrath only adds deeper notes to thy song.

Oh, Mill-stream! sweet Mill-stream! thy murmurs appear  
Like the voice of a friend unforgotten and dear;  
There's a charm in each tone that divinely flings back  
The garlands of youth o'er life's desolate track.

They are twined with those links that recal to my soul  
The days of the past, with a pensive control;  
Ere the cold cruel world, with its falsehood and strife,  
Had blighted the flowers and enchantments of life;

When Hope was unclouded, and Fancy's bright zone  
Encircled each object with lights of her own,  
And with feelings more raptured than thrones ever gave,  
I first heard, lovely streamlet, the dash of thy wave.

## THE FORSAKEN.

THE bloom of youth had faded from her face,  
And left her features tintless as the pale  
New fallen blossoms, which the chilling gale  
Of March has rudely scattered; every trace  
Of joy had fled, and well, in touching grace,  
Resembled she some lily of the vale,  
Plucked and then left to perish—such the tale  
Of her, in whose torn heart hope found no place.  
The smiling lustre of her eyes was flown  
Or dimm'd with weeping—but she wept not now—  
The fount of tears had failed; her grief alone  
Spoke in her sunken cheek and pensive brow,  
And every sad expression that might well  
A broken heart and early grave foretel.

## THE LAST REPOSE.

DEATH on thy brow is life-like yet,  
Thou fairest of earth's fading flowers;  
And thy pale lip can scarce forget  
The smile it wore in joyous hours.

And o'er thine eyes the cold lids close  
As softly, in their placid rest,  
As some meek infant's in repose,  
When slumbering on its mother's breast.

Thy polished cheek retains no tear—  
No sigh disturbs thy quiet sleeping ;  
And though fond mourners gather near,  
Thou canst not hear the voice of weeping.

Thy golden ringlets loosely spread,  
Still tremble to the gale's light breath;  
And though we see that life is fled,  
We gaze, and ask, " If this be death?"

And pause, lest with a step too rude,  
We break the solemn silence round thee;  
Or on that holy calm intrude  
In which the hand of peace has bound thee.

Can this be death? Ah! who in sooth,  
If this were all, would fear to die,  
And change the feverish dreams of youth  
To share thy deep serenity?

But thou, through all the snares of life,  
A heavenward path hast firmly trod;  
And now, released from earthly strife,  
Thy spirit finds repose with God.

## THE SELF-DEVOTED.

She hath forsaken courtly halls and bowers  
For his dear sake; ay, cheerfully resigned  
Country and friends for him, and hath entwined  
Her fate with his, in dark and stormy hours,  
As the fond ivy clings to ruined towers,  
With generous love, and never hath inclined  
Round gilded domes and palaces to wind,  
Or flung her wintry wreath 'midst summer flowers.  
Her cheek is pale; it hath grown pale for him—  
Her all of earthly joy, her heaven below;  
He fades before her—fades in want and woe!  
She sees his lamp of life wax faint and dim,  
Essays to act the Roman matron's part,  
And veils with patient smiles a breaking heart.

## THE SOLITARY CHILD.

I KNEW a little cottage maid,  
An orphan from her birth;  
And yet she might be truly called  
The happiest child on earth.

As guileless as the gentle lambs  
That fed beneath her care;  
Her mind was like a summer stream,  
Unruffled, calm, and fair.

Midst all the hardships of her lot,  
Her looks were mild and meek;  
And cheerfully the rose of health  
Was blooming on her cheek.

The merry sports that childhood loves  
To her were never known;  
But Ellen, in her lonely hours,  
Had pleasures of her own.

She heard a music in the sigh  
Of streams and waving trees,  
And sang her artless songs of joy  
To every passing breeze.

She loved her peaceful flock to lead  
To some lone wooded hill,  
That overhung the flowery plain,  
And softly-gliding rill :

And couched upon the blossomed heath,  
From that delightful spot  
To trace the distant village spire,  
And many a well-known cot.

Whence watched she oft the curling smoke  
In misty wreaths ascend,  
And on the blue horizon's verge  
With loftier vapours blend.

She made acquaintance with the birds  
That gaily flitted by;  
And e'en the lowly insect tribes  
Were precious in her eye.

She saw a glory in each cloud,  
A moral in each flower,  
That all to her young heart proclaimed  
Their great Creator's power.

Nor looked the lonely one in vain,  
Some kindly glance to meet;—  
One lowly friend was ever near,  
Reposing at her feet.

A friend, whose fond and generous love  
Misfortunes ne'er estranged;  
In sunshine and in storm the same,  
Through weal and woe unchanged.

The lordly park, the barren moor,  
Brown heath, or pasture fair,  
Are all alike to faithful Tray,  
If Ellen be but there.

His joys are centred all in her;  
His world's the lonely wild,  
Where he attends, the live-long day,  
That solitary child.

## THE BIVOUAC.

O'er many, who would never hail again  
His glorious rising, sank the evening sun;  
And misty Twilight on the battle plain  
In tears descended, robed in shadows dun;  
Like pensive mourner weeping o'er the slain,  
She came—the thunders of each deep-mouthed gun  
And clash of weapons died, as o'er the field  
Her peaceful veil in pity she revealed.

The bloody business of the fierce affray  
Had closed—but, oh! 'twas only for the space  
Of one short night! How brief was the delay!  
And yet how wondrously it did efface  
The rage of those who had that dreadful day  
Met there as foes so deadly; Sleep's embrace  
Had locked the rival squadrons in repose,  
And sweet oblivion of fatigue and woes.

They sank to slumber on the dewy ground  
They lately had contested—while afar,  
Through clouds, like hostile towers that sternly frown'd,  
Gleamed in the wat'ry west the evening star,  
Marked by that weary band who, duty-bound,  
Must keep that night the vigils of the war,  
With eyes that could in very sadness weep,  
To share their happier comrades' envied sleep.

Reared in the lap of softness, and perchance  
    New to the Bivouac, some stripling may  
Lean drowsily upon his heavy lance,  
    And almost wish to rest like those who lay  
Stretched in their last long slumber; but a trance  
    Of tender thoughts comes o'er him—thoughts that stray,  
Back to his dear home circle distant far,  
    And held more precious 'midst the woes of war.

And shall he ever gaze on these again,  
    And hear that thrilling welcome, which doth seem  
So doubly sweet, when that beloved train  
    Greets a long absent soldier.—Oh, that theme  
Has filled his eyes with tears—for on this plain  
    Already drenched with slaughter's sanguine stream  
He may before the morrow's sun is high  
    Rest with the slain, cold and unconsciously.

But there are some whose hearts of loftier tone  
    Are warm with love of glory, and beat high  
With warlike ardour—terror is unknown,  
    And fear unfelt by these; and if they sigh,  
'Tis with a fierce impatience, that alone  
    And idly thus they stand, while Victory  
Doth beckon them to rush upon the foe,  
    And win bright laurels from the ranks below.

How mournful were the task to contemplate  
    The slain, the wounded, and the living mass  
Of men on either side, whom the dire fate  
    Of war has sternly mingled here, alas!—

Could Truth inspire, and Poesy relate,

But one brief sketch of each, from the high class  
Of those with sash, and plume, and 'broidered vest,  
To the rough soldier with his scar-seamed breast.

What tales of touching interest might I then

From dark Oblivion rescue and unfold;

What strange memorials of unnoticed men,

The wild, the wise, the wondrous, and the bold,  
Who now must sleep forgotten in this glen,

Unconscious tenants of the senseless mould,  
That pillows now alike the fallen brave,  
The lofty hero, and the crouching slave.

But bright eyes will be streaming in despair,

And fond hearts breaking for them—though no wife,  
Nor child, nor mother, comes with pious care

To seek, amidst the relics of the strife,  
Some tenderly beloved one, yet there are

Many who, could they see this waste of life,  
Would in the wildness of their agony  
Sink by them on the bloody turf and die.

Yet full as sweetly as in peaceful hours

The nightingale pours forth from brake and bough  
Her vesper strains—and still the warden flowers

Are softly waving, though they mingle now  
With ringlets, (stained with blood and wet with showers,)

That lately added grace to many a brow  
Of lofty beauty, which dishonoured lies  
Low in the dust, thence never more to rise.

## LOVE, HOPE, AND INDIFFERENCE.

WHILE Love and Hope together slept,  
No blight could touch the blossom;  
Y'clept the heartsease which was kept,  
Indifference, in thy bosom.

Love's fatal bow was all unstrung  
As lutes are in damp weather,  
And all his darts at distance flung,  
Lay harmlessly together.

Young Hope with golden locks upbound,  
All peacefully lay sleeping;  
Her brow a wreath of poppies crown'd,  
With night-dews drenched and weeping.

Her radiant eyes were veiled beneath  
Their lids of snowy whiteness;  
And e'en in sleep her balmy breath,  
Increased the blossoms' brightness.

Grave Prudence whispered, "Rouse not Hope,  
And Love will ne'er awaken;  
But if you give his sister scope,  
He'll wound, or I'm mistaken."

But, oh, it chanced Love's sleeping sighs,  
Disturbed Hope's quiet dreaming,  
Who smiled as she unclosed her eyes,  
A smile with rapture beaming.

It happened in her 'wakening start,  
She touched Love with her pinion,  
Who woke and cried, "Where'er *thou* art,  
*I* also claim dominion.

"And I'll assert my power, although  
Its sphere be somewhat narrow;"  
The urchin paused, and seized his bow,  
And aimed his keenest arrow.

Indifference in her icy nest,  
Sought vainly to evade it,  
And, oh, the blossom in her breast  
Grew pale, and drooped, and faded.

Then Hope, who saw the heartsease die,  
Began from Love to sever;  
The syren knew Despair was nigh,  
And took her flight for ever.

## THE EARLY BLEST.

THY mother's sad eyes in wild anguish wept o'er thee,  
And the tears of a father flowed fast to deplore thee,  
And thine own feeble cries told the struggle within,  
When thou, sinless babe! paidst the forfeit of sin.

There was speechless despair when life's last rose had  
faded,  
And thy death-darkened eyes with their cold lids were  
shaded,  
And thy young limbs were wrapped in the robes of the  
dead,  
And for ever consigned to their lone narrow bed.

They mourned for the hope that affection had cherished;  
They saw it in dust, and they deemed it had perished;  
But they knew not that Mercy directed the blow,  
That laid their beloved and their beautiful low.

Like the blossom that's plucked ere rude winds have  
profaned it,  
Or the snow-wreath that melts ere a soil has distained it,  
Thou wert snatched from a world of corruption and strife,  
And saved from the cares and temptations of life.

They heard not the summons exultingly given,  
Which called thee from earth and its conflicts to heaven:  
They saw not the prospects that brightened around  
thee,  
When the cold hand of death in its fetters had bound  
thee;  
They heard not the joy-notes, triumphant and clear,  
Which angels exultingly poured on thine ear.—

“Heir of mortal sin and pain,  
Thou hast 'scaped each earthly stain.  
Child of sorrow, care, and woe,  
Grief and care thou ne'er wilt know:  
Life's dark page can never be,  
Happy Babe! unrolled to thee;  
Tears can never dim that eye  
Brightening now with ecstasy!

“Child whom Jesus died to save,  
Wake, and triumph o'er the grave!  
Cast its gloomy thralls aside;  
Thou art freed and justified!  
Death hath touched but could not slay.—  
Heir of glory, come away!

“Leave the sable bier and shroud,  
Mount the morning's golden cloud:  
Come through realms of azure space!  
Come to thine appointed place!  
Thou wert purchased with a price;  
Thou shalt enter Paradise.

“ Come through sunbright fields of air,  
Ever shining, ever fair:  
Come where blessed spirits dwell,  
Come to joys ineffable:—  
Come through boundless fields of space;  
Come to thine appointed place.

“ Come where heavenward souls are winging;  
Come where angel harps are ringing;  
Come where seraphs ever cry,  
‘ Glory be to God on high!’  
Come where shining cherubim  
Pour the everlasting hymn.  
Thou shalt join that radiant train;  
Thou wilt swell their raptured strain.

“ Come, thou highly-favoured one!  
Come before thy Maker’s throne:  
Come where guilt can enter never:  
Come and praise the Lord for ever.”

## THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

ALL wept and sorrowed o'er the early bier  
Of Jairus' daughter, when the Lord drew near,  
And, moved with a divine compassion, said,  
"Mourn not in hopeless anguish for the maid,  
She doth but slumber." Then the faithless  
crowd  
Expressed their scorn and unbelief aloud—  
Pointed the marbled brow, and rayless eyes,  
And cried, "Shall yon unconscious clay arise  
At thy behest? And shall unconquered Death  
Resign his spoil, and bow thy power beneath?"  
So spoke the scoffers, but the maiden's hand  
The Saviour took, and at his high command  
And thrilling touch, the spirit lately fled  
Returns once more, and she the newly dead,  
In whose cold breast each pulse had ceased to beat,  
Where neither breath remained nor vital heat,  
Feels the immediate presence and the might  
Of the All-powerful Source of life and light;  
At whose creative word existence flowed,  
Who now restores the being he bestowed—  
And death's pale captive wakening at his word,  
Bursts the grim tyrant's chain, to glorify her Lord.

## THE FACTORY CHILD.

I HEAR the blithe voices of children at play,  
And the sweet birds rejoicing on every green spray;  
On all things the bright beams of summer have smiled,  
But they smile not on me, the poor Factory Child.

The gay sports of childhood to me they deny,  
And the fair paths of learning I never must try—  
A companion of creatures whom guilt has defiled,  
Oh, who does not pity the Factory Child!

Oh, who would not mourn for a victim like me,  
A young heart-broken slave in the land of the free,  
Hardly tasked, and oft beaten, oppressed and reviled—  
Such, such, is the lot of the Factory Child.

In the dead of the night, when you take your sweet sleep,  
Through the dark dismal streets to my labours I creep;  
To the din of the loom, till my poor brain seems wild,  
I return—an unfortunate Factory Child!

The bright bloom of health has forsaken my cheek,  
My spirits are gone, and my young limbs grown weak;  
Oh, ye Rich and ye Mighty! let Sympathy mild  
Appeal to your hearts for the Factory Child!

Oh, pity my suff'nings, ere yet the cold tomb  
Succeed my loathed prison, its tasks, and its gloom,  
And the clods of the valley untimely are piled  
O'er the pale wasted form of the Factory Child!

## J O Y.

Joy! we search for thee in vain  
In the monarch's gilded train;  
In the mask's fantastic crowd,  
Or the revels of the proud;  
In the camp or festive hall,  
At the rout or midnight ball;  
There thy counterfeits abound,  
But thyself art seldom found.

Nor art thou in pleasure's throng,  
Though the laugh be loud and long,  
And the wine-cup sparkle brightest,  
And the voice of glee sound lightest,  
Where the sons of mirth and folly  
Drown all feelings pure and holy;  
Yet they cannot banish care—  
Joy! thy spirit is not there.

Hand in hand with Peace and Love  
Thou descendedst from above;  
Thou art of celestial birth,  
Though a sojourner on earth;  
And from earthly dross refined,  
Savour'st still of angel kind.

Thou in all that's pure and fair  
Dost delight, O Joy! to share;  
Thou art in the grateful flowers  
When they drink soft evening showers—  
In the blithe lark's matin lay,  
When he greets the rising day—  
In creation's vesper song,  
Warbling with the wingèd throng—  
In the unseen cuckoo's voice,  
Shouting to the woods, "Rejoice!"  
Thou art on the dewy lawn,  
Sporting with the lamb and fawn,  
And joining in the frolic play  
Of childhood's happy holyday,  
When, from toils and tasks set free,  
All its accents breathe of thee.

Thou the homeward bark dost greet,  
Thou art near when lovers meet—  
In the glances that reveal  
All that hearts responsive feel;  
And when faithful hands unite,  
Thou art mingling in the plight;  
But delight'st all scenes above  
In the home of wedded love:  
Thou art in the mother's breast  
When she sings her babe to rest;  
In the infant's smiling eye,  
When he wakes and sees her nigh;

In all that's lovely, sweet, and holy—  
Thou art e'en in melancholy,  
Listening in the hallow'd tear  
Affection sheds o'er virtue's bier:  
But thou art divinest when,  
Touched with sorrow, erring men  
From their crimes repentant turn,  
And with rapt devotion burn;  
Then, O Joy! thou'rt felt in heaven  
By angels over souls forgiven.

## THE NEW YEAR.

THE waves of Time in sure but silent tide  
Are flowing onward in their swift career,  
Bringing Eternity each hour more near;  
And we with careful glance behold them glide  
From us for ever.—And with thoughts allied  
To mirth or madness, hail another year,  
Born, like its elder brethren, to appear,  
Then dream-like to Oblivion's caverns slide,  
Vain and forgotten, as it ne'er had been;  
Or heeded only in its flight by those  
To whom its joyless course, however brief,  
Is marked by torturing cares and ceaseless woes;  
Unlike the bright perspective youth has seen,  
Which gilds Life's ills with hope, and smiles at grief.

## THE WINTER ACONITE:

OR,

## NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE New-year's-gift is a welcome flower,  
For she gladdens the gloom of the wintry hour;  
When midst the dark tempests and blasts of the north,  
From her mantle of green she looks cheerily forth.  
The jonquil, the tulip, the hyacinth gay,  
Depart with the vanishing glories of May,  
And the roses of summer with summer take flight,  
But a wintry gem is the Aconite.

When the trees of the forest are leafless and bare,  
And the hedge-rows are stripped of their coronals fair,  
And the pride of the garden is faded and gone,  
She springs from the cold earth all lovely and lone.  
When a brief gleam of sunshine dissolves the deep snow,  
It is pleasant to gaze on her beautiful glow;  
At a time when no object in nature looks bright,  
Save the golden hue of the Aconite.

Before the pale snowdrop or daisy may dare  
To brave the rude hail, or the bleak frosty air,  
Or the crocus peeps forth, or the sweet celandine,  
Like a beacon of hope does the Aconite shine.  
Then speak not of friends who will shrink from our side  
In moments when friendship by sorrow is tried;  
Give me those whose true love through each storm sheds  
    a light,  
Like the bloom of the wintry Aconite.

## THE LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

From Britain's Isle in olden time,  
By the strong power of truth sublime,  
    The pagan rites were banished;  
And spite of Greek and Roman lore,  
Each god and goddess famed of yore,  
    From grove and altar vanished.

For they, as sure became them best,  
To Austin and Paulinus' heest,  
    Respectfully submitted,  
And left the land without delay,  
Save Cupid, who still held a sway,  
    Too strong to passively obey,  
    Or be by saints outwitted.

For well the boy-god knew that he  
Was far too potent e'er to be  
Deposed and exiled quietly,  
    From his beloved dominion;  
And sturdily the urchin swore  
He ne'er, to leave the British shore,  
    Would move a single pinion.

The saints at this were sadly vexed,  
And much their holy brains perplexed  
    To bring the boy to reason;

And when they found him bent to stay,  
They built up convent-walls straightway,  
And put poor Love in prison.

But Cupid, though a captive made,  
Soon met within a convent shade  
New subjects in profusion;  
Albeit, he found his pagan name  
Was heard by pious maid and dame,  
With horror and confusion.

For all were there demure and coy,  
And deemed a rebel heathen boy  
A most unsaintly creature.  
But Cupid found a way with ease  
His sliest votaries' tastes to please,  
And yet not change a feature.

For by his brightest dart, the elf  
Affirmed he'd turn a saint himself,  
To makè their scruples lighter.  
So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,  
His wreathèd locks, and playful wiles,  
Beneath a bishop's mitre.

Then Christians reared the boy a shrine,  
And youths invoked Saint Valentine  
To bless their annual passion;  
And maidens still his name revere,  
And, smiling, hail his day each year,  
A day to village lovers dear,  
Though saints are out of fashion.

## THE CROCUS.

Oh, pleasant is the hopeful hour,  
When from her lowly bed  
We mark the early Crocus' flower  
Upear her golden head!

To greet the first soft smile of spring  
She opes her joyous eye,  
Ere blackthorn buds are blossoming,  
Or sky-lark sings on high.

When southern breezes melt the snow  
She struggles into birth,  
And sheds a bright rejoicing glow,  
Like sunshine, on the earth.

We deem the weary winter past,  
When from her darksome tomb  
The merry Crocus bursts at last,  
In her perennial bloom.

And as her earthward part decays,  
Her frame of living gold  
Becomes, to our admiring gaze,  
More beauteous to behold.

The bulb that slumbered in the ground  
Hath felt a quickening change,  
And wakes, with bright apparel crowned,  
As beautiful as strange.

E'en thus the spirits of the just  
In glorious forms shall rise,  
When God shall summon from the dust  
His chosen to the skies.

## MARCH WINDS.

THY rushing winds, wild March, I hear,  
In their aerial strife,  
With wintry storms still hovering near,  
Like demons o'er the infant year,  
To mar its budding life.

Sweep on, blithe winds, through wood and vale,  
And lift your choral voice,  
Ye scatter back the pelting hail,  
O'er biting frost and snow prevail,  
We hear you and rejoice.

March winds, ye raise a mighty shout,  
Like victor warriors now;  
The glorious sun, that long in doubt  
Had veil'd his beams, through clouds looks out,  
And shows his kingly brow.

Ye've swept the rebel hosts away,  
Their stormy banners rent,  
That still press'd on in black array—  
Aye battling through the changeful day  
In Spring's blue firmament.

Pale, pining sickness quits the hearth,  
For health is on your wings;

A green shade steals upon the earth,  
The golden jonquil wakes to birth,  
The purple violet springs.

The bow of hope is in the sky,  
It gleams through fitful showers,  
And thousand birds, unseen but nigh,  
Pour forth a mingling melody,  
Amidst the leafless bowers.

Those lifeless branches, bare and grey,  
Have felt the quickening call,  
And soon shall verdant wreaths display,  
To deck the blooming brow of May,  
And June's bright coronal.

Victorious winds, your task is done,  
Stern Winter's zone is riven,  
The genial season is begun,  
In joyous glimpses shines the sun,  
The gay lark chants in heaven.

Go, winds, in ocean's coral caves  
Your own wild requiems sing,  
Or murmur to the dashing waves  
Where the grey swan her plumage laves,  
Blithe March is on the wing.

Begone ere April's tears expand  
The young buds on the spray;  
The time of blossoms is at hand,  
And calls for days serene and bland,  
Rude winds, away, away!

## APRIL DAYS.

THE first sweet day has gaily smiled  
Of April's changeful weather:  
But April, like a wayward child,  
Oft smiles and weeps together.

Yet precious are her balmy tears  
To earth's enamoured bosom;  
And lovelier in her smile appears  
Each fresh unfolded blossom.

When buds in orchard bowers expand,  
And trees, late bare and hoary,  
Are dressed like some fair sister band,  
In spotless virgin glory;

Such pageant passes all the power  
Of human pride to render;  
The clothing of God's simplest flower  
Outvies a monarch's splendour.

Go, mark the cherry's snowy bloom,  
In its unsullied brightness,  
And ask, if ever mortal loom  
Wove web to match its whiteness.

The lively varying hues survey,  
Where yonder bank discloses,  
Like stars along the milky way,  
Those groups of pale primroses.

The blue-bells, from their emerald stems,  
Above them gently bending  
Their graceful buds, like sapphire gems,  
With softer colours blending.

That purple wreath, whose name I fear  
Would mock my powers of rhyming,  
In rich, but dark profusion there,  
Among the blackthorn climbing.\*

The golden furze, the celandine,  
The bird's-eye, gaily peeping,  
And lowly violets, that decline  
Their heads, like Beauty weeping.

Observe them all, and thousands more,  
In fair succession budding;  
If thou canst count the flowery store  
Young April's mantle studding.

Then say if painter could impart  
Such tints, so soft, yet glowing,  
Or groups combine, with skilful art,  
Like these, all wildly growing?

\* The major periwinkle.

Behold, in yonder crystal stream,  
The bright-winged myriads dancing,  
Like flashes of a rainbow gleam,  
Through tearful sunshine glancing.

And mark how each small glittering thing  
His gracious power confesses,  
Who wills the sweet return of spring,  
And all creation blesses.

Thy glories, Lord, each month displays,  
To every wondering nation;  
And cold the heart, on April days,  
That feels not adoration.

## THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

By the heaven's celestial blue,  
By the morning's diamond dew,  
By the day-star's lengthened march,  
By the rainbow's glowing arch,  
Which in changeful skies appears,  
Born, like Hope, of smiles and tears!  
By the rosy-tinted west,  
By the dawn in saffron drest,  
By the pleasant noon-tide hours,  
By the soft descending showers,  
By the southern gale's caress,  
And nature's growing loveliness,  
By the sparkling of the rill,  
By the zephyr on the hill,  
By the sun's increasing force,  
By the planet's radiant course,  
And the smiling face of earth,  
Spring, sweet Spring! we hail thy birth.

By the blithe lark, soaring high  
And wakening heaven with harmony;

By the blackbird's carol gay,  
And sprightly linnet's roundelay,  
And warbling voice of finch and thrush,  
Heard from every brake and bush;  
By the swallow's circling flight,  
By the bat's career at night,  
By the nightingale's love-song,  
Lonely moonlight groves among;  
By the glowworm's fairy lamp,  
On mossy bankside, green and damp,  
Sparkling like some truant gem,  
From the bright moon's diadem;  
By the cuckoo's jocund cry,  
By the enfranchised butterfly,  
And busy wild bee on the wing,  
We perceive the birth of Spring.

By the meadow's emerald shade,  
By the corn's aspiring blade,  
By the daisy-spangled vale,  
And velvet cowslip in the dale;  
By the primrose-bordered rill,  
And the unfolding daffodil;  
By the golden crocus' flowers,  
And freshly-budding hawthorn bowers;  
By the vinca's purple wreath,  
And the jacinth's bells beneath,  
Bending from their graceful stem,  
Each a waving sapphire gem;

By the violet's soft perfume,  
By the fragrance of the broom,  
By the blossom on the bough,  
By the hillock's flower-crowned brow,  
And the young leaves' verdant pride,  
And a thousand traits beside,  
Of purest joy and holiest mirth,  
Spring! Creation greets thy birth.

## THE LADY'S FOUNTAIN.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE.

ONE morn, in the delicious month of May,  
When lordly bowers were left to bud unseen  
By aught save poet's eye, that ne'er can tire  
With gazing on the glories of the spring;  
I had been roaming over hill and dale,  
Contemplating, with ever-new delight,  
Nature and Nature's charms that lay around,  
Like the fair pages of an open book,  
Where each bears impress of the hand divine  
Which hath inscribed such countless beauties there.

The woods were in the full luxuriant pride  
Of fresh unfolded leaves, that never look  
So beautiful as when they first assume  
Their blended hues of many-tinted green,  
In that enchanting season of the year,  
And gleam through rainbow smiles and fitful showers  
Or flutter in light dalliance with the breeze—  
The soft caressing breeze, whose balmy breath

Is laden with the incense of the spring,  
Stolen from the scented brier, in hedge-row wild,  
The modest cowslips' ever fragrant bells,  
And lowly beds of unseen violets.

The air was full of sweet and pleasant sounds,  
Such as the busy city never hears;  
The hum of insect joy, and song of birds,  
Warbling amidst those deep-embowering groves  
Their notes of happiness the live-long day,  
Till every brake was vocal with their love;  
While listening Echo from her mystic haunts  
Returned in mellow cadence to the ear  
The lonely cuckoo's oft-repeated cry,  
And tender wood-dove's melancholy tone.

And there the gay, coquettish butterfly,  
Newly enfranchised from her prison-house,  
Where she had slept the wintry hours away,  
Displayed her painted plumage to the sun  
On every verdant bank or blossomed spray;  
Then soared, exulting, in the bright blue air,  
Beyond the baffled gazer's vain pursuit,  
Proud to attract, perchance, admiring eye,  
Yet tremblingly aware that every touch  
To her would be as fatal as a stain;  
There, too, the busy wild bee, at his task,  
Flitted on roving wing from flower to flower,  
Murmuring his love to each, deceitful thing!  
And leaving none unwooed that crossed his path.

There was so much around, above, below,  
To charm the fancy and attract the eye  
Of musing moralist, that, when at length  
I broke the spell of my sweet reverie,  
I found that I had wandered far from home.  
'Twas near the full meridian of the day,  
And I was faint and weary, when I gained  
The shade of a sequestered lane, whose banks  
Were gemmed with blue-bells and pale primroses,  
From which the sun had not kissed off the dew—  
So closely 'twas o'ercanopied with trees;  
The changeful aspen and umbrageous ash,  
Majestic oak, tall elm, and feathery birch,  
Planted on either side a gentle hill,  
Apart, but vainly striving to unite  
Their graceful branches in a green arcade,  
Like friends whom sympathy's fond power unites  
But destiny for ever separates.  
Light, flexible stems of hazel waved below,  
With woodbine wreaths and budding eglantine;  
And the white-breasted hawthorn shed its snows  
In fragrant showers on every passing breeze  
That swept the blossomed branches with its wing.  
It was a lovely spot; but that which lent  
The crowning charm of interest to the scene,  
And formed a picture meet for Reubens' touch,  
Or Beechey's glowing pencil to portray,  
Was a fair peasant-child, with guileless brow  
And rosy dimpled cheek, whose sunny hair  
Parted in artless ringlets from her neck,

And veiled her features with its golden shade,  
As, with untutored grace, she stooped to fill  
Her earthen pitcher at a fountain cell  
Beside the way, whose simple urn received  
The limpid gushings of a slender spring—  
Aye trickling from the rifted bank above.  
And when the little maid observed I viewed  
With wistful glance her sparkling liquid freight,  
With that untaught but winning courtesy  
Which springs spontaneously from kindly hearts,  
She proffered to my parched and fevered lip  
A welcome draught of the pure element;  
And, raising to my face her deep blue eyes  
With sweet, confiding look, she, smiling, said,  
“ This is the Lady’s Fount; we call it so,  
Because the noble lady at the hall  
When first the waters of this pleasant spring,  
That long were sealed, gushed from the gnarled roots  
Of an old tree beneath the woodman’s axe,  
Built up this little fountain for the sake  
Of thirsty and o’er-weary travellers,  
Who, when they bow to drink, should bless her name.”

This was among the gentle charities  
That form the grace of life, and make their way  
Resistlessly to every heart that feels  
The touching charm of those benignant traits,  
Which, when they emanate from minds like hers  
To whom I dedicate these simple lines,  
Add brighter lustre to nobility,

And win from all that love and reverence  
Which rank and wealth alone could ne'er obtain.

Such were my thoughts, so slowly I pursued  
My homeward path—and ne'er in after-years  
Did proud cascade, through which the sparkling  
showers  
Were tanght to flow in falls fantastical,  
In sparry grot or gardens of the great,  
Though graced by classic taste, with all the boast  
Of Grecian art, and sculpture's fairest forms—  
Create in me that thrilling interest  
With which I first beheld the Lady's Fount.

## THE MISTY LANDSCAPE.

THE blue mist sleeps on Henham's fairest bowers  
And hangs its wavy pall on wood and hill,  
And veils with silvery wreaths the pastoral rill,  
That winds its devious course 'midst dewy flowers,  
And, swollen with the gush of summer showers,  
Pours from its slender urn with hoarser trill;  
But, save its rippling murmurs, all is still  
As the deep calm of midnight's voiceless hours,  
'Tis beautiful, that soft and quiet scene!  
But lo! the breeze is up, and every tree  
Bursts into bold relief and brighter green;  
The sunbeam struggles through its vapoury shroud,  
And sheds a glorious smile on land and sea,  
And azure gleams 'twixt every parting cloud.

## J U N E.

Oh ! month of many blossoms! thou dost come  
In all thy summer beauty, like a bride  
Whose hair is wreathed with roses. The gay hum  
Of bees doth greet thee—thou hast well supplied  
The busy labourers with a countless sum  
Of flowers, expanding now on every side  
To thy sweet breath, in garden, mead, and vale,  
On mossy bank, wild heath, and wooded dale.

The cuckoo hails thee with her joyous voice;  
And the departing nightingale delays  
Her flight to bid thee welcome. I rejoice  
To see once more thy long, long sunny days,  
And nights of starry splendour—but my choice,  
Amidst thy many charms, bewildered strays,  
Delighted and enamoured with them all—  
Pausing on each, uncertain where to fall.

Whether upon thy dew-bespangled morn,  
Thy bright meridian, or mild evening hours,  
When day's last tints so gloriously adorn  
The glowing west—thy ever balmy showers,  
The breeze that wantons in thy blossomed corn,  
Or softly sighs amidst thy woodbine bowers,  
Kisses the crystal streams and meadows gay,  
And steals fresh fragrance from the new-mown hay.

Fair June! thy gifts are so profusely spread,  
That busy Fancy is uncertain how  
And where to rest—the very ground we tread  
Is rich with treasures—I have turned me now  
To cull the strawberry from its lowly bed,  
Yet am no less attracted by the bough  
On which, bright blushing through the foliage green,  
The tempting cherries, red and ripe, are seen.

Thou art the loveliest daughter of the year,  
And of thy sister months there is not one  
(Though all in turn are fair) that may appear  
So beautiful as thou.—The hastening sun  
Doth spread too swiftly on in his career,  
And brings thee to a close; soon will be done  
Thy days, delightful June, and we shall sigh  
O'er thy short reign and pleasing memory.

## JULY

JULY, like some bright-eyed queen,  
Robed in splendour thou art seen;  
But no monarch ever wore  
Robe so richly broidered o'er;  
Zoned art thou with eglantine,  
And the starry jessamine;  
Decked with throatwort's azure bell,  
And the stately asphodel:  
Fragrant pink, of doubtful dye,  
Painted pea and pheasant-eye;  
Flaunting Margarets, gaily pied,  
And the lily's snowy pride;  
Gorgeous poppy, clustered stock,  
Amaranth and hollyhock;  
Sweet and lovely mignonette,  
'Neath lady's lattice duly set;  
Heather buds of purple hue,  
And damask roses washed in dew,  
With the lavish woodbine twining,  
'Midst thy sunny locks are shining;

Throned upon the new-made hay,  
Loving, laughing, bright, and gay,  
July, thine is joyous sway!  
Harvests ripen in thy gaze,  
Peerless queen of summer days!  
Plumy barley whitens now,  
On the upland's smiling brow;  
Oats their waving locks unfold,  
And early rye is tinged with gold,  
And a browner shade appears  
On the full wheat's bending ears.  
Fishes in the streams are leaping,  
Winds in silent caves are sleeping,  
Save the light, caressing gale,  
That sighs along the watered vale,  
And fondly woos, with wanton wings,  
The leaves to fitful flutterings,  
And in soft aerial strain,  
Murmurs blessings on thy reign.

## THE HARVEST WREATH.

COME, walk with me, this beautiful morn,  
In the pathway-fields, through the waving corn;  
For the sun is up, and the early breeze  
Is at play, like a wanton among the trees.  
The leaves are now of a darker green  
Than the hue at their first unfolding seen:  
And richer and deeper that shade is thrown,  
Near the fields which the ripening harvests crown;  
For the landscape is tinged with a golden light,  
On hill and lea:—'tis a glorious sight!  
A sight that lifts, from the fruitful clod,  
The eye of praise to Nature's God.

Come, roam with me, for the hour is fair,  
There's a breathing freshness in earth and air;  
And we'll pause and gather a gorgeous wreath,  
From the flowers that are sheltered the corn beneath.  
There are velvet campions, both white and red,  
And poppies like morning glories spread,  
That flash and glance in their scarlet sheen,  
The bending ears of the wheat between.

And mark, when it bows to the breeze's sway,  
How it shows the cockle in rich array,  
And the lowly bind, with its delicate tinge,  
And the azure succory's silken fringe:  
The modest scabious, of meeker blue,  
And silvery gallium,\* of virgin hue;  
The gay fluellen, and ox-eye bold,  
And their gaudy neighbour, the marigold.  
The thistle is here, but it should not be  
Admitted, I think, in such company;  
So we'll pass it by, though its purple globe  
Might outvie the tints of an emperor's robe,  
And the martial leaves that begird its stem  
Are like guards round a regal diadem;  
It is armed at all points with a hostile fence,  
Eager to wound for each slight offence,  
Like vulgar pride in its consequence.  
So we'll none of the thistle tribe or nation,  
Nor the surly teazle, its near relation:  
But the honey-wort is a herb of grace,  
And shall find in our garland a fitting place;  
And the blue cyanus we'll not forget,  
'Tis the gem of the harvest coronet.

\* White Lady's Bedstraw—an autumn flower, of great elegance and delicious fragrance.

## THE HARVEST.

The Harvest! the Harvest! how fair on each plain  
It waves in its golden luxuriance of grain!  
The wealth of a nation is spread on the ground,  
And the year with its joyful abundance is crowned:  
The barley is whitening on upland and lea,  
And the oat-locks are drooping all graceful to see;  
Like the long yellow hair of a beautiful maid,  
When it flows on the breezes, unloosed from the braid.

The Harvest! the Harvest! how brightly the sun  
Looks down on the prospect! its toils are begun,  
And the wheat-sheaves so thick in the valleys are piled,  
That the land in its glorious profusion has smiled;  
The reaper has shouted the furrows among,  
In the midst of his labour he breaks into song;  
And the light-hearted gleaners, forgetful of care,  
Laugh loud, and exult as they gather their share.

The Harvest! the Harvest! once more we behold  
Fair Plenty arrayed in its livery of gold;  
We are spared to exult in its bounties again,—  
A year hath been granted—and shall we remain  
Forgetful of **HIM** who hath lengthened our days?  
Great God of the Harvest! to Thee be the praise!  
Thou hast prospered our toils, and hast given the increase,  
And established the land in abundance and peace!

## SEASIDE FLOWERS.

THE wild sea-cliff, though rude it be,  
Is wreathed with many a flower  
That blossoms there, unscathed and free,  
Through storm and shower.

There, bright as gems of fairy lore,  
Or eastern poet's dream,  
The hornèd poppies gild the shore  
With sunny gleam.

The threatening clouds and tempests dark  
No terrors have for them,  
When billows 'whelm the gallant bark  
From stern to stem;

When men who've braved the cannon's roar  
Are pale with speechless dread,  
The stonecrop calmly mantles o'er  
Her rugged bed.

The red-bind to the barren soil  
Clings safe, 'midst all alarms,  
While drowning seamen vainly toil,  
With fainting arms.

The burnet there securely grows,  
And scorns to turn away,  
When o'er her hardy bosom blows  
The drifting spray.

Eringo to the threatening storm,  
With dauntless pride uprears  
His azure crest and warrior form,  
And points his spears.

Unbidden there the borage springs,  
Grey lichens creep beneath,  
And graceful persicari flings  
Her rosy wreath.

And there the emerald samphire oft  
Appears a tempting sight,  
And lures the vent'rous boy aloft  
To scale the height.

Unvalued wormwood lifts her head  
Amidst surrounding gloom;  
And behen's blushing stars bespread  
Their radiant bloom.

The bugloss' buds, of crimson hue,  
To azure flowers expand;  
Like changeful banner, bright to view,  
By wild winds fann'd.

There gay chrysanthemums repose,  
And when stern tempests lour,  
Their silken fringes softly close  
Against the shower.

But there are days, serene and mild,  
When all that mighty deep  
Lies tranquil, like some placid child,  
That smiles in sleep.

And playful wavelets, if they swell,  
They, as they gently curl,  
Assume the colours of the shell  
That shrines the pearl.

'Tis sweet, in pleasant hours like these,  
To pace the glittering sand,  
And court the light, caressing breeze  
That sweeps the strand,

And whirls the blow-balls' new-fledged pride  
In mazy rings on high,  
Whose downy pinion, once untied,  
Must onward fly,

Each is commissioned, could we trace  
The voyage to each decreed,  
To convoy to some distant place  
A pilgrim seed;

As surely chartered as yon sail,  
Like white-winged butterfly,  
Before the gently-drifting gale  
That glideth by,

There's nothing left to chance below;  
The Great Eternal Cause  
Hath made all-beauteous order flow  
From settled laws.

That soaring mote, now lost in light,  
The impulse but obeys,  
That wings it for aerial flight,  
And shapes its ways;

Unconscious of His high intent,  
Whose love is over all,  
And hath its freight in mercy sent,  
Where'er it fall.

His wisdom thus we dimly see,  
Who through creation's chain,  
Hath formed all things in harmony,  
And nought in vain.

## THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the lengthening twilight hours,  
By the chill and frequent showers,  
By the flowerets pale and faded,  
By the leaves with russet shaded,  
By the grey and clouded morn,  
By the drooping ears of corn,  
Ripened now, and earthward tending,  
As man, when full of years, is bending  
Towards his kindred dust, where he  
Lowly soon shall withering be;  
By the harvest-moon's long light,  
Shedding splendour on the night;  
By the silence of each grove,  
Vocal late with notes of love;  
By the meadows overspread  
With the spider's wavy thread ;  
By the soft and shadowy sky,  
By the thousand tears that lie  
Every weeping bough beneath,  
Summer! we perceive thy death!

Summer! all thy charms are past;  
Summer! thou art waning fast:  
Scarcely one of all thy roses  
On thy faded brow reposes.  
Day by day, more feebly shining,  
Sees thy glorious beams declining;  
Though thy wan and sickly smile  
Faintly lingers yet awhile.  
Thrush and nightingale have long  
Ceased to woo thee with their song;  
Cuckoo's notes are heard no more  
From the hill or wooded shore;  
And on every lonely height  
Swallows gather for their flight;  
Streams that, in their sparkling course,  
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse;  
While the gale's inconstant tone,  
Sweeping through the valleys lone,  
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,  
Requieums for sweet Summer's death!

## AUTUMN FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the closing year,  
Ye bloom amidst decay;  
And come, like friends sincere,  
When wintry storms appear,  
And all have passed away,  
That dressed gay spring's luxuriant bowers  
With garlands meet for sunny hours.

When rose and lily fade,  
And later amaranths fail,  
And leaves, in grove and glade,  
Assume a russet shade,  
And shiver in the gale;  
Or, withering, strew the chilly plain,  
With blighted hopes of summer's reign:

'Tis then, when sternly lours,  
O'er nature's changing face,  
Dark clouds and drifting showers,  
Ye come, ye come, sweet flowers!  
With meek and touching grace;  
And o'er the parting season's wing  
A wreath of lingering beauty fling.

The hare-bell, bright and blue,  
That decks the dingle wild,  
In whose cerulean hue  
Heaven's own blest tint we view,  
On day serene and mild;  
How beauteous, like an azure gem,  
She droopeth from her graceful stem!

The foxglove's purple bell,  
On bank and upland plain;  
Sun-loving pimpernell,  
And daisy in the dell,  
That kindly blooms again,  
When all her sisters of the spring  
On earth's cold lap are withering.

The bindweed, pure and pale,  
That sues to all for aid;  
And when rude storms assail  
Her snowy virgin veil,  
Doth, like some timid maid,  
In conscious weakness, most secure,  
Unscathed its sternest shocks endure.

How fair her pendant wreath  
O'er bush and brake is twining!  
While meekly there beneath,  
'Midst fern and blossomed heath,  
Her lowlier sister's shining;  
Tinged with such tender hues as streak  
A slumbering infant's glowing cheek.

And there viorna\* weaves  
Her light and feathery bowers,  
'Midst russet-shaded leaves,  
Where robin sits, and grieves  
Your hast'ning death, sweet flowers!  
He sings your requiem all the day,  
And mourns because ye pass away.

\* Viorna—traveller's joy.

## FALLING LEAVES.

LEAVES that are strewn on the cold lap of earth,  
How changed are ye of cheer,  
Since the gay morning of the year;  
When from the budding bough  
Ye freshly sprang to birth!  
What are ye now?  
The trembling sport of each capricious gust,  
Which, in its ruffian play,  
Doth whirl ye far away;  
Then to the reckless tread  
That rudely tramples ye to dust,  
Unpitying spread!  
Oh, when I think of the first vernal hues  
Of that delicious green,  
At your unfolding seen,  
So fair, but brief of date;  
Poor fallen leaves I cannot choose  
But mourn your fate!  
Ye have rejoiced in dews and balmy showers,  
And in the sunny pride  
Of spring and summer-tide,  
And wantoned with the breeze,  
That murmured through the blossomed bowers  
And waved the trees!

And ye exulted for a little day,  
When tinged by autumn skies  
With the deceitful dyes,  
That deck the parting year,  
Whose brightness heraldeth decay,  
And speaks it near!

Wild winds will chant your requiem a brief space,  
And soon the showers will fall  
On your funereal pall,  
To weep your closing scene,  
And, blent with earth, ye'll leave no trace  
Ye e'er have been!

How ye resemble the uncertain things  
That form earth's transient joys,  
Vain and delusive toys,  
In fickle charms arrayed,  
To which the fond heart madly clings,  
E'en while they fade!

They fade, and leave a wintry waste behind,  
Too oft, in youth's fair prime,  
To which revolving Time  
Can bring no second spring;  
But o'er a crushed and blighted mind  
Sweeps its dark wing!

Oh! seek the flowers immortal in their bloom,  
Nor gather wreaths to twine  
O'er every idol shrine,  
To which that love is given,  
Designed to gild earth's dreary gloom  
With lights of heaven!

## NOVEMBER.

WREATHED in her coral crown and scanty robe  
Of lingering russet leaves, November comes,  
Silent and gray, and through her misty veil  
Casts on the dying year a mournful smile,  
Fitful and brief, succeeded still by tears—  
Not the bright pearly drops which April weeps  
O'er swelling buds, when violets scent the gale,  
And the sweet primrose opes her fragrant breast  
To drink the genial gift, on mossy bank  
And green enamelled meads, but chilly showers,  
That flood the garden walks, and sweep the last  
Autumnal garland from the widowed thorn.

Her path is strewn with rude October's spoils,  
The sallow foliage withering 'neath her step,  
Oft crisped, by early frosts and powdered o'er,  
With fickle traceries of morning gems  
That sparkle for the hour, but melt away  
In silent tears before the noon tide beam.  
She brings the swarthy storm-cloud in her train,  
The rattling hail, and soft descending snow  
That falls and disappears within the hour,  
And falls again, but findeth not the earth  
Ready to don her wintry livery.

The hunter's horn is heard upon the hill,  
And volleying rifles booming through the vale,  
And baying dogs and frequent gay halloo  
Proclaim the banded sportsmen's eager joy,  
In the deep covert of the woodland glade.

Now shines the fisher's moon, and by her cold  
But friendly beam, full many a vent'rous skiff  
Shoots from the sheltering bay or inland creek,  
Hoists up her sloping sail, and pushes out  
Into the open main, but tacks anon  
To cast her sweeping nets, with practised skill,  
Amidst the shoal that hovers on the coast,  
Tracked by the wandering sea-bird skimming o'er  
The pale grey wave, and diving for her prey!  
The crew of each frail bark, some three or four  
Experienced men, accustomed to endure  
The hardships and the perils which attend  
The fisher's life. They love the toil that wins  
Their children's food, and as they leave the shore,  
With one accord their strong deep voices raise  
A cheerful chorus, timing to their oars  
The old familiar strain their fathers sang:  
"Blow the wind northerly, steady breeze blow,  
Gentle north-wester, boys! Steady, heave ho!"  
Describing in rude verse the scaly spoil  
They win in every season of the year.  
'Tis pleasant to behold the boat's return  
From short successful voyage, when laden deep  
With all her goodly draughts—the latest ta'en,

Fresh glistening from the briny element,  
And fluttering still with life. How merrily  
The crew exulting fling them on the beach  
In plenteous heaps, while wives and children haste  
To lend their ready aid, and in kind phrase  
Of fond affection, speak their welcome home.  
While yet the sail was but a distant speck  
On the horizon's verge, their anxious eyes  
Had recognised the dear familiar boat.  
With trembling hope, for, oh, it sometimes haps,  
The boat and dearly purchased freight return,  
But the brave crew are missing! One wild wave  
Raised by a sudden gust, hath swept, perchance,  
O'er her low deck, and hurried all away,  
Even in sight of port. Such tragedies  
Too oft befall upon our Suffolk coast,  
When, with a shriek, the tempest riseth up  
And rends November's foggy shroud away;  
From the long slumbering main-swart billows toss  
Their foaming heads, and charge upon the shore  
Like steeds that rush to battle in their wrath.

## DECEMBER IN THE OLDEN TIME.

“THE fields make heavy cheer!” So said of yore  
Our Saxon shepherds, when December spread  
His hoary mantle over hill and dale,  
And raised ‘midst leafless woods the wild lament  
Of the departing year: while silent birds  
Sore prest with hunger left their sheltering bowers,  
And timidly approach’d the haunts of man,  
In quest of food. Full oft the slender print  
Of their light furtive footsteps might be traced  
In the fresh sprinkling of new-fallen snow,  
At early morn, around the cottage door  
Or window sill, where the kind maidens strewed  
The crumbs for their repast at eventide,  
In tender pity gathered up for them  
From the last plenteous meal.

Then pale-faced want  
Looked to the ladye, “giver of the bread,”\*  
For kindly succour in that time of need;  
Nor feared a stinted dole or stern rebuke

\* Such was the ancient signification of the word.

From patriarchal chief, who lent his alms,  
For Jesu's sake, with gracious look and word,  
And begged the poor man's prayer in recompence  
Of that frank charity which brought, he deemed,  
God's blessing on the cheerful-giver's store.  
Christmas was then, I ween, a joyous time  
For high and low; a general festival,  
Held in dear memory of him who took  
Our nature on him; and as at this time  
Was of a Virgin mother born, to save  
Lost sinners from the penalty of sin;  
Born as a pilgrim and a wayfarer  
In this lone vale of tears, beneath the roof  
Of humblest stable. Royal David's race  
Could find no sheltering corner in the inn  
Of David's town.

Ah, faithless Bethlehem!  
By prophets warned in vain, thou knewest not  
Thy time of visitation, couldst not see  
The herald star, bright journeying from the east,  
That pointed to the shed, where Mary lulled  
The heavenly babe to rest, and cradled him  
In the rude manger, while the seraphim,  
To shepherds watching o'er their flocks that night,  
Told the glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
And all the shining choristers of heaven  
Descended in effulgent pomp, to sing  
The first triumphant anthem, that proclaimed  
The Advent of the Lord, with peace on earth,  
Good-will to men, and glory unto God—

God in the highest, praised for evermore!  
Sweet anthem, still repeated by the church,  
When time brings round the anniversary  
Of that celestial birth she celebrates,  
With thanks to God and bounties to the poor,  
But not as once in kindly fellowship,  
With every link of that extended chain,  
Which should unite, in one dear family,  
All who confess the blessed Redeemer's name!  
The pleasant customs of the good old time  
Have passed away; we have no carols now  
From infant lips to hallow Christmas eve,  
And usher in the Advent of their Lord  
With hallelujahs, which did early warm  
Young hearts with love and reverence to his name!  
The poetry of life, which strewed erewhile  
December's snows with flowers, and made the pulse  
Of withered age beat in blithe unison,  
With youth rejoicing in its holiday  
Is rudely trampled down by Mammon's law.  
The poor have lost their pageants, festivals,  
Their manly sports, the sympathies that bound  
The high and low in friendly brotherhood  
Are rent asunder; England's merry days  
Live but in song and tale!

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Hours that were wasted in pleasure or grief,  
Howe'er ye were checkered, your sojourn was brief;  
Ye have glided away in your rapid career,  
And have brought us again to the close of the year.

Ye are faded and gone, like the flowers of the Spring,  
Or the glories which beams on bright Summer days fling,  
Or the leaves that were scattered by Autumn's rude gale,  
Or the snow-wreaths that melt as they sink in the vale.

Ye are blent with the shadows of ages gone by,  
That veiled in the mists of obscurity lie;  
And have fleeted like clouds that at sunset were seen,  
Yet left not a trace that they had ever been.

The days that are gone are like dreams of the past,  
And the hours of the future shall vanish as fast,  
Till they silently lead to that moment when life  
Shall recede on their wings with its hopes and its strife.

The joys and the sorrows ye brought in your course,  
That brightened or saddened—whate'er was their source,  
Shall soften in distance, till all shall appear  
Like the storms and the sunshine that vary the year.

Oh, years that so swiftly have glided away,  
I'll not mourn your departure, nor court your delay;  
Your flight does but lead to that season when peace  
Shall descend on the heart and its tumults shall cease!

When youth with its envied enchantments shall seem,  
As we musing look back, like a feverish dream;  
Oh, who for its fairest possessions would bear  
Again its wild conflicts of hope and despair?

Oh, who would retrace life's best journey, if they  
Must recall with the roses the thorns of their way,  
The pangs they have suffered, the cares they have known,  
In the troubled review of the years that are flown?

Then days of the future, though fancy no more,  
Your perspective shall paint in bright hues as of yore;  
When I joyfully greeted each year as it rose,  
Nor dreamed of the griefs that should sadden its close:

Ye yet in your course may divinely bestow  
A charm that shall soften and heal every woe,  
That Time has inflicted, whose wing, as he flies,  
Brings peace to the good, and fresh joys to the wise.

## TIME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILLICAJA.

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,  
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide  
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,  
That ere their flight was noted, they were past—  
A river that to Death's dark shores doth fast  
Conduct all living, with resistless force;  
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,  
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.  
Its current with creation's birth was born,  
And with the heavens commenced its course sublime  
In days and months still hurrying on untired.  
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,  
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired,  
“The river's name?”—  
My thoughts responded—“Time!”

## TIME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETROCCHI.

I ASKED of Time, "Who raised the structure fair,  
Which your stern power has crumbled to decay?"  
He answered not, but fiercely turned away,  
And fled on swifter pinions through the air.  
I said to Fame, "O thou who dost declare,  
With lofty voice, the glories of the past,  
Reveal the tale!" Her eyes on earth she cast,  
Confused, and sad, and silent, in despair.  
Then turned I, wondering, where with ruthless stride  
I saw Oblivion stalk, from stone to stone,  
O'er the fallen towers: "O answer me!" I cried;  
"Dark power! unveil the fact!" But in dread tone,  
"Whose it *was once*," he sullenly replied,  
"I know not—reck not—*now* it is my own!"

## NIGHT IN THE METROPOLIS.

DEEP midnight o'er the crowded city throws  
Her sable mantle, and essays to hide,  
In shades congenial to their gloom, the woes  
Which those abodes of luxury and pride,  
Alike with poverty's sad haunts, enclose;  
Yet has her friendly influence vainly tried  
To veil those restless scenes where guilt appears,  
Rivalled alone in sway by care and tears.

'Tis night; but darkness hangs in middle air,  
Waving her dusky pinions, nor descends  
On those unquiet streets, where the red glare  
Of countless lamps with their dull sway contends;  
And, like the joyless mirth that revels there,  
Seems but to mock the brightness which it lends  
The lower space, while shadows more profound,  
Marked by that light, hang heavily around.

The moon is at her full—but her fair beams  
Fierce not the hovering vapours which are spread  
Before her glory, though at times she seems,  
Labouring through that dense canopy, to shed

Her sickly, faint, and melancholy gleams;  
Like the dim glance of eyes from which are fled  
The light of youth, and every pleasing ray  
Of hope that charmed and cheered life's better day.

'Twere strange to see, and passing sad to trace,  
The causes which have scared or banished sleep  
From those who now, in this unquiet place,  
Vigils as varying as their fortunes keep.  
Ah! here are those who, having run the race  
Of frantic folly, now awake to weep,  
In bitter floods of unavailing tears,  
Their blighted prospects and their wasted years.

Ah! let not yet the restless brow of pain  
Expect the soothing blessings of repose;  
This is the hour when Pleasure's heartless train  
Pursue their maddening course, reckless of those  
Who, worn with toil or suffering, sigh in vain  
For sweet forgetfulness of care to close  
Their weary eyes, till the gay revels cease,  
And the approach of morn at length brings peace.

Lo! here the poet, by his lamp's dim light,  
Twines in rapt musings the immortal wreath  
Of smiling Fame, losing in visions bright  
His dark reality.—And with hushed breath,  
There through the lonely watchings of the night,  
Sits the pale mourner by the bed of death,  
Anxious with erring fondness to delay  
The spirit's freedom from its bonds of clay..

Wrought to his frenzy's pitch, the gamester there  
Stakes his last hope upon the faithless die;  
Waiting the happy morn, yon plighted pair  
Would bid the lingering moments swifter fly;  
Whilst the doom'd felon, writhing in despair,  
Hears at dread intervals the watchman's cry  
Proclaim the waning hours, whose gloomy knell  
Alone disturbs the silence of his cell.

When hours are numbered, 'tis a fearful thing  
To note their flight, and feel them glide away,  
Conscious of nothing but their vanishing,  
Yet willing to give worlds for the delay  
Of one poor moment, when the next may bring  
That awful sentence, " 'Tis too late to pray,  
Time is to you no more, and Hope's fair light  
Breaks not the darkness of eternal night."

## MORNING IN THE METROPOLIS.

EMERGING slowly from the breast of night,  
O'er the dim shadowy city morn awakes;  
She comes—but veiled in vapours from the sight;  
Unlike her glorious rising when she breaks  
O'er vale and mountain in a flood of light;  
And with her balmy breathing softly shakes  
Sleep from reviving nature, and appears  
Bride-like in blushes, smiling through her tears.

But here, pale struggling through a misty shroud,  
Her sickly and diminished beams are shed  
O'er half-distinguished spires and structures proud,  
And streets that echo scarce the lonely tread  
Of one of that conflicting busy crowd,  
That yesterday in waves tumultuous spread,  
In quick succession flowing far and wide,  
Far as the eye could glance on every side.

That eager, hurried, agitated mass,  
Has passed like clouds on the horizon seen;  
Or as reflections on a mirror-glass,  
Leaving no vestige that they e'er had been.

So o'er Life's stage the multitude shall pass,  
Like shadows fading from a dial—e'en  
As those have vanished who once filled this place,  
And that they e'er existed left no trace.

Deep silence, which inspires a secret chill,  
Reigns at this hour unbroken and profound;  
'Tis something awful, that strange breathless still,  
Contrasted with the life that teems around;  
The crowded thousands, who shall shortly fill  
These streets with all the busy mingled sound  
Of overflowing throngs, whose noisy rush  
Resembles some swollen torrent's ceaseless gush.

See, spectre-like, amidst that loneliness,  
Unconscious of the keen inclement air  
That rudely pierces through her tattered dress,  
Glides yon pale tearless victim of despair;  
Once rich in health, and joy, and loveliness;  
But who would in the woe-worn features there  
Recall the bright remembrance of her youth,  
Her maiden charms, her purity, and truth.

She starts, as one more fallen rushes by  
With loud delirious laughter—and her own  
Dark doom of deep and bitter misery  
Appears more dreadful, as that maddening tone  
Rings on her ear—and with a shuddering sigh,  
She on the days of peace for ever flown  
A moment thinks; then prays that o'er her woes,  
And blighted fame, the grave may early close.

Port of the world! where luxury and pride  
Increase, and streets of palaces arise;  
Where gathering riches teem on every side,  
And drooping genius unregarded sighs;  
And slighted worth, and merit when allied  
To chilling penury with hopeless eyes;  
See wealth misspent, whose smallest part would heal  
Their bitter griefs, and cure the cares they feel.

City of splendour and of wretchedness!  
Oh, could we like yon rising sun survey  
The secrets of each dwelling and recess  
Within thy bounds, how should we turn away  
From those dire scenes of horror and distress,  
Where conscious guilt would shun the eye of day!  
And restless sorrow starts from transient sleep,  
In fresh awakened agonies to weep.

Forbear the search, nor seek the veil to raise,  
That hides the sum of human crime and woe;  
In mercy hides—for who could calmly gaze  
On all the sufferings one short hour could show,  
Spent in that sad espial of the ways  
And griefs of those, whose various fates below  
So widely differ, but alike who are  
Strangers and pilgrims in this world of care.

## THE HOME OF A BRITON.

THE heart of a Briton, howe'er he may roam,  
Finds no spell of such power as the thoughts of his Home;  
Oh, that word's purely British; no nation beside,  
Whate'er be its splendour, its wealth, and its pride,  
Has the sweet word of Home.

The tender ideas with which it is fraught  
Conduct the rapt soul, on the pinions of thought—  
Though the wild waves of ocean roll darkly between,  
And mountains, and deserts, and realms intervene—  
To the land of his Home.

What makes its remembrance so thrillingly sweet?  
'Tis the sphere of his comforts, the sacred retreat  
Where sympathies mingle, and love ever blends  
The fond ties of parents, and kindred, and friends,  
That are centred in Home.

Where childhood's first pleasures, its smiles, and its tears,  
And every delight that Life's fresh morn endears,  
When all things were lonely and all things were new,  
And even its griefs in a pensive review  
Gave a charm to our Home.

And the Home of a Briton, though lowly the cot,  
Is the temple of Freedom, the thrice-hallow'd spot,  
Which the laws of his country so nobly protect,  
That monarchs themselves must observe and respect  
All the rights of his Home.

Though the pale hand of Death its loved circle may thin,  
And sorrow or strife mar the sunshine within;  
Yet no power from without can disturb or annoy,  
Or unbidden intrude on the care or the joy  
That are found in his Home.

## THE VISION.

SHE rose before him, in the loveliness  
And light of days long vanished, but her air  
Was marked with tender sadness, as if Care  
Had left his traces written, though distress  
Was felt no longer.—Through her shadowy dress,  
And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair,  
Trembled the silvery moon-beams, as she there  
Stood, 'midst their weeping glory, motionless,  
And pale as marble statue on a tomb.  
But there were traits more heavenly in her face,  
Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom  
Which his false love had blighted—and she now  
Came like some angel messenger of grace,  
And looked forgiveness of his broken vow.

## THE HOME-BOUND SHIP.

THE ship was homeward bound—the thrilling cry  
Of “Land!—our native land!” from tongue to tongue  
Had been proclaimed, and hearts were beating high  
With Hope’s sweet tumult, as its echo rung;  
And rapture smiled or wept in many an eye,  
While in the shrouds aloft the sea-boy sung  
Snatches of songs, which bring to those who roam  
The thoughts of welcome, and of home, sweet home.

But gallantly before the favouring gales  
She moves in all her pride, a pageant fair;  
The breezes wanton in her swelling sails,  
And her gay fluttering pennons fan the air;  
While music is on deck, the dance prevails,  
And every shape of gladness revels there,  
Through the far wasted night; as with her store  
Of Indian wealth the vessel nears the shore.

But, hark! e’en now with awful change of cheer,  
The billows rave, the eddying whirlwinds blow,  
And breaks the dismal sound on every ear,  
Of crashing contact with dread rocks below,

And the wild shriek of agonizing fear;  
“The ship is sinking,” in deep tones of woe,  
Bursts from the lips of all, with piercing cries  
For succour, as the roaring waters rise.

And hues of death were seen on every face;  
And signs of terror e'en among the brave;  
And lovers folding in a last embrace  
The trembling forms of those they could not save.  
Then, for the lowered boats, the frantic race  
And desperate struggle, while the ocean wave  
Grew level with the deck, and kissed the feet  
Of those for whom remained not a retreat.

There was the sob, the sigh, the whispered prayer,  
And dismal outcry borne the billows o'er;  
While some absorbed in silent grief were there,  
Who breathed no plaint, but gazed upon the shore  
With the fixed glances of intense despair,  
And thought of those they should behold no more,  
With whom was fondly linked each tender tie  
That knits life's cords, and makes it hard to die.

That pause of bitter agony is past,  
And the still agitated waters glide  
O'er the last vestige of the buried mast;  
But striving stoutly with the eddying tide,  
The greedy billows, and the roaring blast,  
In furious and tempestuous wrath allied,  
And rising o'er their mingled might is seen  
A gallant stripling with undaunted mien.

His widowed mother's hope—the aid and joy  
Of orphan sisters—on the treacherous main,  
With firm resolve no hardships could destroy,  
For them Life's needful comforts to obtain,  
Had early ventured this heroic boy,  
Deeming all sufferings light and terrors vain,  
That frowning Fortune sternly might oppose  
To bar the vent'rous path he nobly chose.

And must that glowing heart be 'whelmed beneath  
The raging waters of the restless deep?  
And that fair form, untimely chilled in death,  
Unshrouded in its gloomy caverns sleep?  
E'en now with fainting limbs and labouring breath  
He strives, while thoughts of those who soon may weep  
In cureless anguish for his fate, comes o'er  
His soul, and nerves his failing arm once more.

His reeling eye grows dim, while from the strand  
The fishers cheer him—and intent to save,  
The life-boat, launched by her determined band  
Of dauntless heroes, dances o'er the wave;  
He sees not, feels not, does not understand  
His own deliverance from a watery grave,  
Till his fond mother's joyful sobs he hears,  
And reads his recent peril in her tears.

OF ALL THE BRAVE VESSELS THAT  
RIDE THE BLUE SEA.

Of all the brave vessels that ride the blue sea,  
There's none like the life-boat, so gallant and free;  
For when the clouds gather, and wild winds rave,  
She skims like a bird o'er the stormy wave,

Away, away,  
Through foam and spray,  
She leaves the bay.

The good ship is drifting before the gale;  
The main-mast is shivered, and rent each sail—

Hark to the cry!  
The glad cry that bursts, 'midst their wild despair,  
From the pale crew, who mark by the lightning's glare,

She is nigh,  
She is nigh,  
She is nigh—

The brave life-boat is nigh.

## A DEATH-BED SCENE.

'Twas the soft season of departing day,  
And the light breezes, with their fragrant breath,  
Gave double sweetness to the eve of May,  
And waved in wanton sport the woodbine wreath  
That shaded a low casement, where the ray  
Of western glory entering, stole beneath  
The blossomed branches, and upon the bed  
Of death a bright and trembling radiance shed;  
And gave a touching and unearthly grace  
To features that retained much loveliness,  
Although imprinted with the withering trace  
Of that deep grief no language could express;  
Whose withering touch had early from her face  
Stol'n the sweet smiles; yet you might aptly guess  
What they had been by the angelic air  
That, e'en in Life's last struggles, lingered there.  
And there was beauty on that faded brow,  
Which, though her mortal sufferings might impair,  
They could not banish; and its tintless snow  
Was well contrasted by the raven hair  
That fell in negligent, disordered flow,  
O'er the pale cheek, so exquisitely fair,  
On which one fluttered hectic spot alone  
Told that it was not formed of Parian stone.

One white and wasted hand, of faultless mould,  
Pillowed her cheek, the other lifelessly  
Rested beside her, damp, relaxed, and cold;  
The book of Holy Writ lay open nigh,  
As it had fallen from her powerless hold;  
And the dim glances of her failing eye  
Appeared attracted by the sinking sun,  
Whose earthly race, like hers, was almost run.

Who would have deemed the form so calm and still,  
That in such pulseless languor rested now,  
Had trembled with the agitating thrill  
Of stern conflicting pangs, and felt the glow  
Of vivid hope, and the alternate chill  
Of freezing doubts! and, lastly, learned to know  
The certainty of all her wildest fears  
Scarce dared to image—woe too great for tears!

She had been one who had too deeply loved  
A mortal object, and on that false die,  
Like a rash gamester, staked her all, and proved  
The blindness—yea, the utter vanity,  
Of those too ardent feelings, which had moved  
Her to exalt in secret rivalry,  
'Gainst Heaven itself, the idol who possessed  
The unreserved devotion of her breast.

He failed her, as all worldly trusts will fail  
Those whose reliance is so fondly placed  
On them, as hers was.—One light envious tale,  
Heard from unworthy lips, in sooth effaced

The love of years, as the first wanton gale  
Destroys the characters unwisely traced  
On treacherous sand, and as its breath sweeps o'er,  
They fade before it, and return no more.

The truth came o'er her, like a sudden blow  
That crushes into numbness every sense  
E'en of its smart, and tears refused to flow,  
In the keen agony and pangs intense  
That followed this irremediable woe.  
Her heart grew cold; and though she tore from thence  
His worshipped image, yet the bitter strife  
Sapped the internal principles of life.

From day to day she faded, like some flower  
On which untimely blights are withering shed,  
Whose bosom meets the sunbeam and the shower,  
Reckless of both. The charm of life had fled,  
She felt, for ever; yet, in that dark hour,  
That dayspring from on high had visited  
Her long benighted spirit, and the dew  
Of peace descended—peace divine and true.

Yea, the dense mists which had obscured her sight  
Vanished beneath its influence; and her soul,  
In the first dawn of that celestial light,  
Beheld the clouds of mortal sorrow roll  
For ever from her; and the stormy might  
Of earthly passions, in their vain control,  
Bound her no longer, and her closing eyes  
Looked through the shades of death to endless ecstasies.

## GREEN YARROW.

GREEN YARROW! nature's simplest child,  
Thy leaves of emerald dye,  
And silvery blossom undefiled,  
In rugged path, or barren wild,  
The traveller passes by,  
With reckless glance and careless tread,  
Nor marks the kindly carpet spread  
Beneath his thankless feet;  
So poor a meed of sympathy  
Do gracious herbs of low degree  
From haughty mortals meet.

They've driven thee from the gay parterre,  
Where costly plants are growing :  
The cultured spot thou must not share,  
Where Phlox and Amaryllis are,  
And Lychnis buds are blowing;  
Nor may thy feathery leaves be seen,  
The shaven blades of grass between,  
On velvet lawn or plot;  
And thou art from the springing corn  
Expell'd, alas! with equal scorn,  
For farmers love thee not.

But thou a resting-place hast found,  
Which none disputes with thee :—  
The silent churchyard's lonely bound,  
Where sweetly on the hallowed ground  
Thou growest, wildly free :  
Aye mantling o'er each nameless mound,  
Thy graceful foliage creeps around,  
And thy pale blossoms wave,  
Wet with the late descending shower,  
Beneath the yew's funereal bower;  
And mourners, at the evening hour,  
Behold and bless the gentle flower  
That decks the peasant's grave.

## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

In a lone mossy dingle,  
With green trees o'erhung,  
Their wild song of sorrow  
Three Highland maids sung;  
Who were doomed with their people  
In exile to roam,  
O'er the stormy Atlantic  
To seek for a home.

For the hearths of their fathers,  
By want's chilling hand,  
Had been sternly extinguished  
That morn in the land;  
And they came, for the last time,  
All weeping, to bring  
The cool gushing waters  
From that pleasant spring.

It was piteous to see  
How their sweet eyes grew dim,  
With their fast-flowing tears,  
As they hung o'er its brim;  
And looked their farewell  
To that beautiful spot,  
Endear'd by those ties  
Which could ne'er be forgot.

And oft from their vessels,  
Replenished in vain,  
They restored the pure stream  
To the fountain again;  
As fondly they lingered,  
And loth to depart,  
They sobbed forth their grief  
In the anguish of heart:—

“ Dear fountain of our native glen!  
Far hence we’re doomed to go;  
And soon for other urns than ours  
Thy crystal streams will flow.

“ Thy snowy lilies still will bloom,  
On this delightful spot;  
Dear fountain of our native glen!  
Though we behold them not.

“ And thou wilt, from thy sparkling cell,  
Still softly murmur on,  
When those who loved thy voice to hear  
To other lands are gone.

“ Dear fountain of our native glen,  
Which we no more must view!  
With breaking hearts thy children pour  
Their long—their last adieu.”

## THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

I DREAM'D in my desolate prison room  
A dream of joy in the lonely night;  
I had burst from captivity's sorrows and gloom,  
And my bosom o'erflowed with a gush of delight,  
As in freedom I stood on my own native shore  
And beheld the dear home of my childhood once more.

I gathered fresh flowers by the beautiful stream  
Where I wove the bright garlands in youth's early day;  
I saw the blue skies and the sun's glorious beam,  
And tasted the fresh genial breezes of May:  
Oh! never before had such rapture been mine,  
Or suns and blue skies appeared half so divine.

And never had Nature's young livery of green  
Seemed so fair as the verdure I gazed upon then;  
I would not have exchanged for the gems of a queen,  
One bud of the violets that bloomed in that glen;  
For the lowliest herb that grew wildly and free,  
Had a charm that before was ne'er recked of by me.

And friends were around me—the friends of my youth,  
And he the beloved and lamented of years,  
Devoted as when he first pledged his fond truth,  
I gazed on once more through my fast-flowing tears;  
But my dream was dispelled as his soul-thrilling tone  
In my sleeping ear whispered, "I still am thine own."

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## REQUIEM.

BLEST are the dead in the Lord who repose,  
For their labours are ended, they rest from their woes;  
"Yea," saith the Spirit, "they rest from their strife,  
They have 'scaped from the cares and temptations of life."

Their days of probation and sorrow are done,  
Their warfare is o'er, and their battle is won.  
Through the portals of death they in triumph have trod,  
And have entered their joy in the presence of God.

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## ENIGMA.

From a race the most scorned and ignoble it springs,  
Yet is loved by the learned and trusted by kings;  
The sceptre's a bauble when placed by its side,  
And the crown would be useless if this were denied.  
'Tis the power of the monarch, the people's defence,  
It can win them to peace, or to madness incense,  
It is silent—yet eloquence has at command;  
'Tis the statesman's assistant, the pride of each land;  
It is voiceless—and yet from the south to the north,  
To the ends of the earth has its language gone forth.  
It familiar has been with the learning of ages,  
With the folly of fools, and the wisdom of sages.  
More various its uses, in good or in ill,  
Than the changes of April, or womankind's will.  
Death oft hangs on its motion, and life is its gift;  
It can sink to despair, or to ecstasy lift,  
'Tis the aider of good, or promoter of evil,  
The servant of God, or the tool of the devil.

## THE BRIDE.

A HOLY softness glistened in her eyes,  
As bright in tearful smiles the new-made Bride  
Surveyed the wedded lover by her side,  
Now linked to her for ever, with the ties  
Of Heaven's own blest cementing; and with sighs  
That breathed of speechless fondness, she replied  
To his enraptured words, and strove to hide  
Those sweet effusions, which at times would rise  
To dim her radiant glances, like the dews  
Which fall on summer mornings, and bespoke  
Her heart's o'erflowing transport—while the hues  
Of Love's celestial painting softly broke  
O'er her fair cheek, and added blushing grace  
To each divine expression of her face.

## THE SHOOTING STAR.

Oh! for an angel's mighty wing,  
To track thy radiant flight,  
Thou unexplained, mysterious thing,  
That glancest through the night.

Traveller of paths to man unknown,  
Through boundless fields of air,  
Scarce marked by mortal eyes, are gone,  
None knows, none guesseth where.

Comet art thou? or wandering star,  
On thine appointed round?  
Or seraph, in his shining car,  
On some high mission bound?

As erst the heavenly bow was here  
A sign from God to man,  
Appear'st thou to some distant sphere,  
Beyond our glance to scan?

Or to some doomed and guilty world,  
Denouncing wrath divine,  
With red destroying flag unfurled,  
Dost thou avenging shine?

Or hast thou, from the birth of Time,  
Since first heaven's azure arch  
Was brightly spanned, with steps sublime,  
Pursued thy wondrous march?

Say, hast thou thine appointed place  
Amidst the starry train,  
Which thou dost through unbounded space,  
Press onward to obtain?

Or wilt thou that unwearied course  
Through countless ages run,  
With fresh and unabated force,  
As when 'twas first begun?

When young creation's birth-day song  
By morning stars was sung,  
And from the rapt angelic throng,  
The loud hosannas rung?

Meteor or Star! whate'er thou art,  
Our purblind race below  
May muse, and dream, and guess in part,  
But ne'er will fully know!

Weak Reason's powers could never reach  
To thy meridian height;  
Nor Science her disciples teach  
To calculate thy flight.

Go, tell Presumption, all must err  
Who venture on thy road;  
And bid the proud philosopher  
Walk humbly with his God.

## THE SHOOTING STAR.

## ILLUSTRATION.

THIS poem was suggested by a curious fact first noticed in the travels of Don Antonio d'Ulloa, in 1754, to South America, for the purposes of astronomical observation. This learned man scaled the heights of some of the mightiest Andes, and endured great hardships for the advancement of his favourite science, and among other observations he noticed that the Shooting-Stars, which had formerly been supposed to be mere meteors, produced by electric vapours in the region of clouds, appeared the same as formerly to him, though he stood on the highest peaks of the Andes attainable to the foot of man, and was elevated some thousand feet above the clouds. He saw thunder-storms and other effects of electric atmosphere go on *beneath* his feet, but the Shooting-Stars seemed as far above him as they did when he was on the usual level of the earth. From this fact he drew the conclusion that learned men had been greatly mistaken regarding their nature, and the observations of recent writers have confirmed his opinion, without being able to define what these beautiful and curious appearances really are. They chiefly appear in the Milky Way, that beautiful white arch that crosses the heavens, directly over-head, but no one can tell when they are coming, or where they go. They are oftener seen in November than in any other month. Sir John Herschel made some curious observations, at the Cape, on these stars, in November, 1835, but could not form any decisive opinion respecting their nature.

## THE LAST LOOK.

WHEN doomed by distress through the world's friendless  
track,

As pilgrims and strangers, in sorrow to roam,  
How fondly the spirit from distance flies back,  
In the last lingering look that we turn on sweet home!  
Though its lustre through tear-drops be destined to gleam,  
When the heart to the eye its deep tenderness sends,  
Yet cold would the lip's warmest eloquence seem  
To the language that speaks in the last looks of friends!

And, oh! when condemn'd in distraction to sever,  
What anguish can equal the pangs which they prove,  
Who meet in an hour when they're parting for ever,  
In all its wild fondness, the last look of love?

Long, long its expression sad fancy shall treasure,  
And the soul, as it glances o'er memory's book,  
Shall recall, 'midst the whirl of ambition or pleasure,  
The tender remembrance of love's parting look.

When life to its final departure advances,  
And all must be left for the grave's deep repose,  
Oh! who can forget the last farewell that glances  
From the eyes of a parent beloved ere they close?

How often, when Fame has recorded the story  
Of deathless renown, have fond bosoms been rent  
By the thought, though the hero expired in his glory,  
His last envied look on a stranger was bent!

## THE ADVENT OF PEACE.

Rejoice, ye heavens! and thou, O earth, give ear!  
The Lord hath spoken—yea, our God reveals  
The glorious message of redeeming grace,  
Which bids the heathen world look up and live.  
Nations that sat within the gloomy shade  
Of death's dark vale, have seen the day-spring dawn,  
And brighten from on high. Salvation's light  
Hath risen on tribes long wandering in the mists  
Of pagan errors, wild, perplexed, and drear.  
"Their feet are on the mountains who declare  
The news of peace. Envoys from distant lands,  
Resigning all the social joys of home,  
And tender ties of kindred and of love,  
They come through perils of the land and sea,  
Braving toil, hardships, and the deadly blight  
Of pale disease upon a foreign shore;  
And count all sufferings light for His dear sake,  
Who sends them forth as his ambassadors.

Break into songs, ye isles! now taught to hymn  
His hallowed name; who while ye knew Him not,  
Bore on the cross the burden of your guilt,  
And paid your ransom with his precious blood.  
Ye who have slept so long in Error's thrall,—  
Afric and Hindostan, awake and throw

Your hideous idols to the moles and bats,  
And with one voice proclaim—Jehovah reigns!  
Islam, thy turbanned hordes shall hear the call  
Which bids them from the strong delusion turn,  
With which the False One subtilely beguiled  
Immortal souls with promise of a heaven;  
Whose grossness should excite the shame of earth.  
The Crescent shall be trampled in the dust,  
And the Cross rise triumphantly once more  
Through the wide East; and in Sophia's fane  
The long, long silenced anthems shall resound,  
While Greek and Turk in sweet communion join  
To sing Hosanna to the Lamb of God.  
Israel's long wandering thousands shall return  
To Him who hath redeemed them with a price,  
And made his mortal nature of their seed.  
He wills them not to perish, but extends  
The everlasting arms of Grace and love  
To fold them with the chosen of his flock.  
Oh, come, blest advent of celestial peace!  
When the pure faith of Christ alone shall reign,  
And knit the jarring nations in one bond  
Of brotherly accord, and calm the storms  
Of war and faction, that so long have shook  
The troubled world.

Those days already dawn,  
Which kings and martyrs of the olden time,  
Through the dim veil of coming ages saw,  
While yet far off, with faith's prophetic eye,  
And sighed to witness their accomplishment.

## SONNET.

## THE IRISH MOTHER'S VIGIL.

IN the low clay-built shed, amidst her train  
Of famished babes, the sleepless mother's eye  
Watches her stricken darlings, as they lie  
Moaning around her, in their restless pain,  
Through that long night of horror, which again  
Hath darkly closed upon her agony,  
Since the last meal was shared, and lips parched dry  
With withering famine, called on her, in vain,  
For food—"Oh, food!" She hath it not to give.  
Oh! if the coarsest scraps that menials waste,  
And pampered animals disdain to touch,  
In homes luxurious, could be brought with haste  
To her relief, they would be prized—how much!  
Yea, that poor mother and her babes might live.

## SONG.

## THE QUEEN AND ALL DEGREES.

THE Queen of merry England,  
The royal and the fair,  
Our English-born Victoria,  
For her we'll breathe the prayer—  
Oh, Queen of merry England,  
Auspicious be thy reign;  
And may thy glorious annals be  
Unsullied by a stain!

The noblemen of England,  
The bulwarks of the crown,  
Whose fathers won by lofty deeds,  
Their honours and renown.  
Oh, noblemen of England,  
Be worthy of their fame;  
And let your own bright deeds adorn  
The proud descent ye claim!

The gentlemen of England,  
The virtuous and the free,  
Who boast the happiest lot of all,  
Nor high nor low degree.

Oh, gentlemen of England,  
In country and in town;  
Be faithful to the people's cause,  
And loyal to the crown!

The merchants of old England,  
Whose honour and whose worth  
Are known in every port and mart,  
Throughout the peopled earth.  
Oh, merchants of old England,  
Propitious be each breeze,  
That homeward wafts your golden sails—  
Ye princes of the seas!

The seamen of old England—  
The bravest of the brave;  
Who've humbled every hostile fleet,  
That ever swept the wave.  
Oh, seamen of old England,  
Ye'll triumph yet again,  
Where'er ye bear Britannia's flag,  
Along the rolling main!

The soldiers of old England,  
Who fought in France and Spain,  
Whose conquering might has well been proved,  
On many a deathless plain.  
Ye valiant men of England,  
Your swords are in the sheath,  
But round your brows will ever bloom,  
The fadeless laurel wreath!

The peasantry of England—  
Those men of hardy mould;  
Whom foreign foes have ne'er subdued,  
The fearless and the bold.  
Oh, peasantry of England,  
Your worth is ne'er denied,  
For ye have been in every age,  
Your country's strength and pride!

## HYMN OF THE BLIND.

GREAT God! these darkened orbs of mine,  
Thy works no longer see,  
And sun and moon, and planets shine  
No longer now for me.

But though the bright, the glorious day,  
To me is ever night,  
Yet thou canst shed a heavenly ray  
To make that darkness light.

Father, no other light I seek,  
Than thy redeeming grace,  
Then turn upon the blind and weak  
The brightness of thy face.

Oh! bid my kindling spirit rise  
From earthly thralls set free;  
And fix these dim extinguished eyes,  
For ever Lord on Thee!

## THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

SPIRIT! who to shrouded eyes  
Bringest such wild fantasies  
As no waking glances yet,  
In this work-day world, have met;  
Thou, who o'er the mind and brain  
With thy bright ideal train,  
Wrapt in slumber's mantle stealest,  
And such wond'rous power revealest,  
That Earth's proudest children still  
Are the puppets of thy will,  
In the moment when each sense  
Bows to thine omnipotence.

In thy mystic dramas we  
Must perforse the actors be,  
And submit to every change,  
Be it ne'er so wild and strange.  
Taking at thy will the shape  
Of owlet, kitten, bat, or ape.  
Mightiest monarchs, in the hour  
Of thy *more* despotic power,  
Lay aside their regal state  
For a wandering beggar's fate;

Whilst the landless wight in thee  
Grasps imperial dignity.  
Through the fen, the flood, the fire,  
We must go at thy desire,  
Over desert, rock, and mountain,  
Treach'rous sands and frozen fountain,  
Deep in gloomy caves of ocean,  
Where the waves with restless motion  
Howl above with ceaseless roar,  
On bleak Norway's stormy shore;  
For we passively obey  
Thy unknown mysterious sway.

Oft thou dost to lovers bring  
All the trembling hopes that spring  
In the bosom's sealed recess,  
Nurst in tearful tenderness;  
Which they, waking, dare not own,  
And confess to thee alone.  
Thou, to eyes that weep in vain,  
Bring'st the loved and lost again,  
In angelic looks revealing  
All the warmth of earthly feeling,  
Lingering in the radiant breast  
Of the purified and blest;  
But thou dost with visions drear  
Shake the murderer's couch with fear;  
Who indeed could aptest tell  
All the terrors of thy spell.

Spirit, who, in gay confusion,  
Through the regions of illusion  
Lead'st in brilliant flights the mind,  
By dull reason unconfined;  
Who, poor, grave, reflective elf,  
Loves not sparklers like thyself,  
But presumes not e'er to throw  
Chills on thy poetic flow;  
For the scene which thou dost grace,  
Is for her no time or place.  
When through fairy land thou rangest,  
And as wind unfettered changest,  
With the flash of Fancy's wing,  
To some wild fantastic thing  
Yet unthought-of, but all-glowing  
With magic lights of thine own throwing,  
Which in hues divine and bright,  
After thou hast ta'en thy flight,  
Long and lovely leave behind  
Shades of glory on the mind.

## THE MANIAC.

SWEET summer flowers were braided in her hair,  
As if in mockery of the burning brow  
Round which they drooped and withered—singing now  
Strains of wild mirth, and now of vain despair,  
Came the poor wreck of all that once was fair,  
And rich in high endowments, ere deep woe  
Like a dark cloud came o'er her, and laid low  
Reason's proud fane, and left no brightness there.  
Yet you might deem *that grief* was with the rest  
Of all her cares forgotten, save when songs  
And tales she heard of faithful love unblest,  
Of man's deceit, and trusting maiden's wrongs.  
Then, and *then only*, in her lifted eyes,  
Remembrance beamed, and tears would slowly rise.

## THE INFANT.

I saw an infant—health, and joy, and light  
Bloomed on its cheek and sparkled in its eye;  
And its fond mother stood delighted by,  
To see its morn of being dawn so bright.  
Again I saw it, when the withering blight  
Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie  
On that sad mother's breast—stern Death was nigh,  
And Life's young wings were fluttering for their flight.  
Last, I beheld it stretched upon the bier,  
Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,  
Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,  
Which on its placid cheek unheeded lay;  
But on its lip the unearthly smile express'd,  
“Oh! happy child! untried and early blest!”

## THE MUSIC SHELL.

THE opinions of learned men oft waver  
About the invention of Crotchet and Quaver;  
And many a brain has been puzzled in vain,  
To decide if the brother of Tubal Cain  
Or Orpheus the Greek,

Be entitled to claim  
The honour and fame  
Of giving to music the visible signs,  
Implied in those mystical dots and lines,  
Which in every nation and age are found  
As the silent language of tuneful sound.

But no antiquarian has yet been able  
To elicit the truth from the mists of fable,  
Or the period to trace, when with bar, line, and space,  
Science checked the wild rushings of Melody's pace;

And bound her in fetters,  
And taught her her letters,  
Which, combined in a thousand sweet concords, impart  
Those raptures which thrill from the ear to the heart,  
And give memory and life to the exquisite strain,  
Which else might be never repeated again.

But the forms of those magical letters existed  
Before the bright sisters of Helicon twisted  
The chords of the Lyre; and with fingers of fire,  
Struck the notes which could heroes and minstrels inspire;

And ere viols were strung,  
Or minstrels had sung,

When the fifth day's creation was finished on earth,  
And the waters brought forth of their kinds to the birth,  
They were found in the depths of Ocean's cells,  
Inscribed on the scrolls of the Music Shells.\*

And there you may see them still imprinted,  
By Nature's own exquisite pencil tinted,  
With the five-fold line, distinct and fine,  
And the spaces between, where the characters shine,  
In roseate spots,  
Or ebony dots,  
All as perfectly traced as if lady fair  
With her delicate hand had copied them there,  
As they lie in their coral caves below,  
Where the Amber weeps, and the sea-weeds grow.

\* The musical notes and lines so marvellously distinct on the Music Shell are considered by most people as entirely artificial. They are regarded as a practical imposition, and supposed to be figured by the shell-dealers by means of muriatic acid or aquafortis. But the Music Shells are brought out of the sea by the fishermen of the West India islands with the living creatures inhabiting them, and at the same time figured on the surface of the shells with the appearance of musical notes. At the Geological Museum, the author has seen fossil Music Shells with the dots and lines clearly impressed, which shells most probably assumed the fossil state long before a human hand ever wrote a musical note.

## MARY AND HER BABE.

“ Kind Heaven but outreach thine arms for thy child,  
All that earth could bestow on my passage has smiled,  
I have blossomed awhile, and have loved.”

SCHILLER.

We thought not, when life's morning sun  
On Mary shone so bright,  
Its course should ere the noon be run,  
And set in early night.

We thought not, when the bridal wreath  
Of faithful love was bound,  
How soon its flowers relentless Death  
Should scatter on the ground.

We thought not, when the hopes of life  
Around her fairest smiled,  
And with fond arms the youthful wife  
Embraced her new-born child;

And all a mother's first sweet joy  
Suffused her eyes with tears,  
As she beheld her lovely boy,  
And thought of future years;

C C

That even then, with ruthless power,  
Stern Death his dart had aim'd,  
And, 'midst the raptures of that hour,  
His gentle victim claim'd.

**A**las! that all the ties which love  
Could wind around the heart—  
The dearest, best, that earth e'er wove—  
Should thus be rent apart!

But thus, the fairest hopes we form  
On earth's frail joys alone,  
Are crush'd by every passing storm,  
And wither'd and o'erthrown!

And thus, amidst our deepest grief,  
To each the thought must come,—  
Why weep we o'er our sojourn brief?  
This world was not her home!

## SCULPTURED FLOWERS

FOUND AMONG THE RUINS OF COVEHITHE CHURCH  
ON THE COAST OF SUFFOLK.

FLOWERS of unmelting snow! what cunning hand  
Forgotten now, and mingled with the dust  
Of centuries gone by, first called ye forth,  
In your unfading beauty, from the cold  
Unconscious stone, and grouped ye to adorn  
With your perennial bloom the monument  
Of grandeur that has left no trace behind!

Say were ye moulded 'neath Italian skies  
By practised sculptor, whose creative touch  
Bade leaves, and swelling buds, and tendrils spring  
As with a magic spell, thus fair and free,  
Then sent ye costly gems of polished art  
To England's ruder shores, in that dark age  
When the strong arm that grasped the blood-stained sword  
Alone was prized by England's warlike kings  
And fierce unlettered peers?—Ah! no, I deem  
That foreign hand ne'er grouped ye, for I trace  
In your familiar forms our wilden rose,  
The star anemone that haunts the wood  
And bowery Vinca's ever graceful wreath,  
Dear native flowers, that bloom on English soil,

And fairest bloom in Suffolk's woodland glades,  
Fit models for a native sculptor's hand.  
And ye were wrought perchance within the shade  
Of dim monastic melancholy cell,  
Where the cowled artist charmed his lonely hours  
With realizing bright ideal things  
And peopled solitude with loveliness,  
Forming a world peculiarly his own.  
Ah, well for him no jealous brother knew,  
How oft his breviary neglected laid *lay*  
And beads remained untold, while o'er his work  
He with suspended chisel fondly hung,  
And gazed enamoured with the trembling joy  
Of conscious skill, and mused and dreamed the while  
Of the proud guerdon of immortal fame  
That should reward his toil, and render him,  
The boast and glory of the favoured land  
That gave such master birth—

Poor cheated Elf!

These severed fragments of a broken wreath,  
Sole relics of some desecrated tomb  
Long crumbled to decay, and lost amidst  
The ivied desolation that doth reign  
In Covehithe's ruined fane, alone survive  
The wreck of time and change, and mutely bear  
Mysterious witness of the graceful skill  
Of nameless sculptor of the ooden time!

THE RUINS OF THE HOLYROOD CHAPEL,  
AT BLITHEBURGH.

'Tis sweet in Blitheburgh's desolated pile  
To linger at the close of summer's day,  
And watch the western sun's departing smile,  
Gilding the wrecks of grandeur passed away,  
Where, o'er the mouldering arches rent and grey  
The ivy wreaths in wild profusion spread,  
Mantling the ruthless progress of decay—  
And tangled briers impede the stranger's tread  
And guard the silent chambers of the dead.

The dead!—Where are they? I have gazed around  
The hallowed precincts of the ruin'd fane,  
In search of stone or undulating mound  
To point one mortal resting-place in vain;  
The very graves of that forgotten train  
Who worshipped in this temple, are no more;  
Time's wasting hand hath swept the burial plain,  
And dark Oblivion waves his banner o'er  
Those frail memorials of the days of yore.

Fame keeps no vigils o'er the nameless dust,  
Here rudely mingled in its last repose,  
No record tells who sleep in holy trust,  
'Neath the green turf on which the wilden-rose

And harebell bloom—nor grey Tradition shows  
In oral verse, or sable letter'd page,  
Or legendary lore, or tale, of those  
Who slumber here—or warrior, saint, or sage,  
The wise or valiant of a vanished age.

The tenant of the castle and the cot  
Are here united in one common fate,  
Their woes, their crimes, their glories are forgot,  
And all the proud distinctions of the Great,  
Wealth, high degree, and dignity, and state  
Are levelled now—the cold unconscious clod  
Reveals no secrets, and preserves no date  
Of aught that rests beneath the peaceful sod,  
Waiting the last dread summons of its God.

Strange generations of forgotten men  
Have thronged the portals of this crumbling fane,  
In the long course of by-gone ages, when  
It towered in Gothic grandeur o'er the plain,  
And echoed with the organ's pealing strain,  
While from the springing windows high aloof  
The sunbeams glanced through many a pictured stain,  
On banners blazoned rich of silken woof,  
That streamed from pillar'd arch or fretted roof.

Here the pale cloistered votress sought the shrine,  
To pray, to meditate, or weep alone,  
And knightly chiefs to muse on themes divine,  
Kept fast and vigil at the altar stone;  
But altar, shrine, and worshippers are gone,

The quire is hushed, and now the lapwing's cry  
From Bulchamp's marshy meads in plaintive tone  
And the wild sea-wind as it rushes by  
Sweep through the roofless pile a funeral melody.

And the sweet linnet pours her liquid song.  
Amidst the ivied covert where she broods,  
And the breeze sighs the whispering reeds among,  
Or shakes the slumbering mist from Henham woods  
That crown in leafy pride these solitudes,  
And bound with varied tints of waving green,  
The distant view from ocean's dark blue floods,  
And fairest seem when evening's deep serene  
To holiest musings consecrates the scene.

---

## PHILLIS AND THE PAINTER.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI GHERARDO DE ROSSI.

“Pingimi un Amorino.”

“Thou! whose art I most approve,  
Skilful Painter! paint me Love:”  
Phillis to Apelles cries.—  
“How should I?” he straight replies.

Much surprised at this, the maid  
Turned about, and quickly said,  
“If, indeed, thou dost not know,  
List, and I will tell thee how.

“ Paint a boy with angel face,  
Full of charms, and full of grace,  
In whose every look shall shine  
Tenderness and truth divine.

“ O'er those eyes no fillet bind,  
For I know he was not blind  
On that day when first his dart  
Through their glances reached my heart.

“ Let his lips divinely smile,  
Make him lord of each soft wile,  
Parent of each pleasing joy;  
Thus, oh, thus depict the boy!

“ Heardst thou not?—Begin thy task;  
When 'tis finished, come and ask  
Large rewards, and thou shalt have  
All thine eager wish can crave.”

Phillis ceased—and he again  
Answered, “ Simple maid! in vain  
Thou wouldest tax, with guileless heart,  
All the magic of my art.

“ Ere I seek to picture Love,  
Wait awhile, fair maid, and prove,  
If I may indeed portray  
All the charms he wears to-day.

“ Phillis, these enchantments bright,  
All are brief and swift of flight;  
Even now a dark alloy  
Mingles in thy cup of joy.

“Pause a trifling space, and see  
If Love remain unchanged to thee;  
If he should—return! and I  
Will freely give what thou wouldest buy.”

Joyful went fair Phillis home,  
Sure again with joy to come,  
And the promised semblance claim,  
Of Love still smiling, still the same.

But the sad reverse—alas!  
Vain illusions, how ye pass!  
Hope’s enchantments, bright and fair,  
All dissolve in empty air.

Love the maid has learned to know,  
As her fierce and cruel foe;  
Charms and smiles have vanished all,  
And his sweets have turned to gall.

“Ah!” the experienced Painter said,  
“How your brilliant colours fade;  
See, how Love betrays the truth  
Of ardent and confiding youth.”

## THE COTTAGE EMIGRANTS.

WHEN yellow leaves were falling  
From every trembling spray,  
I met three cottage children  
One bleak autumnal day.  
They'd all day long been roaming  
Among the purple heath,  
And plaited many a ferny crown,  
And many a harebell wreath.  
They'd sung to every merry bird  
That gaily flitted by,  
And chased upon his lonely flight  
The year's last butterfly.  
They'd drank the crystal waters  
Of many a gushing spring,  
And blithely traced with jocund feet  
The fairies' emerald ring.  
To them the bramble yielded  
Refreshment by the way,  
When they cull'd its luscious treasure,  
And the hawthorn's coral spray.  
And often as they rested  
On rustic stile or rail,  
They artlessly recounted  
Some pretty childish tale.

'Twas pleasant, in my lonely walks,  
To meet that loving train;  
But now, at morn or eventide,  
I look for them in vain.

Stern Want has rudely forced them  
With exiled bands to roam,  
To seek in distant lands the bread  
They could not win at home.

And soon their native England,  
And Suffolk's verdant vales,  
Will seem like dreamy memories,  
Or scenes in fairy tales.

But brighter hopes shall greet them  
Amidst the pathless wild,  
Than e'er on Britain's cultured soil  
For British peasants smiled.

The hands that wove the useless flowers  
Are called the sheaves to bind,  
While golden harvests of their own  
The sons of labour find.

The children's faces brighten  
Around the evening blaze,  
While Industry forgets the toils  
Of busy, well-spent days.

And when those toils rewarding,  
Broad lands at length they'll claim,  
They'll call the new possession  
By some familiar name.

The name beyond all others,  
Endeared in grief or mirth,  
Of that far-distant village  
Which gave the exiles birth.

---

### ON THOUGHTS OF HIGH AND TENDER MELANCHOLY.

Oh, thoughts of high and tender melancholy,  
That steal with holy softness o'er the soul!  
Who would exchange for the vain noise of folly,  
Your soothing influence and divine control?

The world's delusive colours fade before ye,  
When the afflicted breast admits your sway;  
Oh, come with all your solemn sweetness o'er me,  
And chase the gloom of earthly cares away!

What though ye wear the pensive veil of sadness,  
And bid us weep o'er idly wasted years,  
'Tis yours to calm the tumult and the madness  
Of feverish hopes and agonizing fears.

Pure from the base alloy of earthward feeling,  
Ye point the frailty of all human bliss;  
To breaking hearts and tearful eyes revealing  
A world more worthy of our love than this.

## THE LILIES OF JERUSALEM.

“ Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

FAIR Lilies of Jerusalem!

Ye wear the same array  
As when imperial Judah's stem  
Maintained its regal sway.

By sacred Jordan's desert tide,  
As bright ye blossom on  
As when your simple charms outvied  
The pomp of Solomon.

The lonely pilgrim's heart is fill'd  
With holiest themes divine,  
When first he sees your colours gild  
The fields of Palestine;

Fresh springing from the emerald sod,  
As beautiful to see,  
As when the meek incarnate God  
Took parable from ye.

What Rose, amidst her fragrant bowers,  
That steals the morning's glow,  
Or Tulip, queen of Eastern flowers,  
Was ever honoured so?

But ye are of the lowly train  
Which he delights to raise;  
Ye bloom unsullied by a stain,  
And therefore ye have praise.

Ye never toiled, with anxious care,  
From silken threads to spin  
That living gold, refined and rare,  
Which God hath clothed ye in;

That ye, his simplest works, should shine  
In such adornment drest,  
That mightiest kings of Judah's line  
Could boast of no such vest.

Ye still as mute memorials stand  
Of Scripture's sacred page,  
Sweet Lilies of the Holy Land!  
And bloom in every age.

Ye've seen the terrors of the Lord  
By signs and wonders shown,  
And kingly rebels to his power  
Amidst their pride o'erthrown.

Ye flourished when the captive band,  
By prophets warned in vain,  
Were led to fair Euphrates' strand  
From Jordan's pleasant plain;

In hostile lands to weep, and dream  
Of things that still were free,  
And sigh to see your golden gleam,  
Sweet flowers of Galilee!

And ye have seen a darker hour  
On Zion's children fall,  
Than when Chaldea's vengeful power  
Assailed her leagured wall.

Ye saw the eagles from afar  
On wings of terror come;  
And godless priests maintain a war  
'Gainst earth-subduing Rome:—

The meteor sword that high in air  
O'er guilty Salem swept,  
And all her burden of despair  
O'er which Messiah wept.

Ye bloomed unscathed, meek lowly flowers!  
On that terrific night,  
When marble fanes and rock-built towers  
Crashed downward from their height.

Ye have survived Judea's throne,  
Her temple's overthrow,  
And seen proud Salem sitting lone,  
A widow in her woe;

Her children from that pleasant place  
As outcasts sent to roam,  
While Ishmael's misbelieving race  
Lay waste their forfeit home.

But, Lilies of Jerusalem!  
Through every change ye shine,  
And stilly golden urns begem  
The fields of Palestine.

The *amaryllis lutea*, one of the lilia, derives much interest from the following remarks by Sir James Edward Smith :—

“There is a celebrated Scripture text of great beauty to which I have ventured to apply a botanical elucidation: ‘Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow,’ &c. This is commonly applied to the white lily, or the tulip, neither of which grows in Palestine. It is natural to presume that the divine Teacher, according to his usual custom, called the attention of his hearers to some object at hand; and as the fields of the Levant are overrun with the *amaryllis lutea*, whose golden liliaceous flowers in autumn afford one of the most brilliant and gorgeous prospects in nature, the expression of ‘Solomon in all his glory’ is peculiarly appropriate. The valleys near Jerusalem are carpeted with this flower.”

THE END.

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the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."—1 PETER, iii. 15.

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